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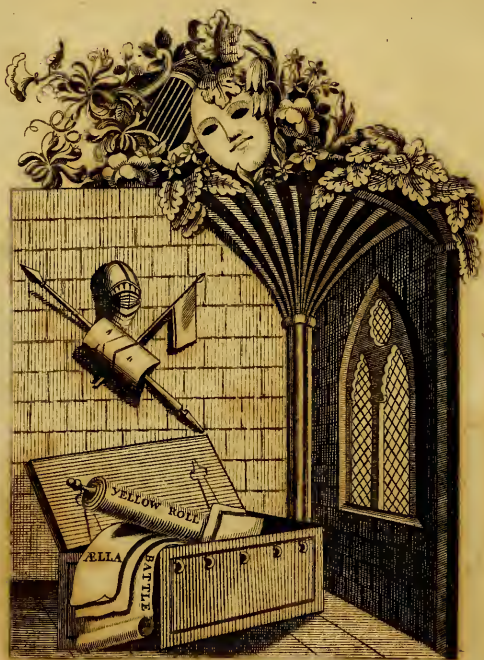
THE
COLERIDGE
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Poems. Supposed to have been
written at Bristol by Thomas
Rowley and others in the fif-
teenth century. Cambridge,
1794. Contains monody on the
death of Chatterton by Cole-
ridge.

P O E M S,

Supposed to have been written at Bristol in the 13th Century.

By THOMAS ROWLEY.



Que trae L'huomo del sepolcro ed in vita il serba. Petrarca.

C A M B R I D G E.

Printed by B. Flower for the Editor

(and sold by J. and J. Merrill & W. H. Lunn, Cambridge.)

Egertons, Military Library; Debrett, Piccadilly, Edwards, Pall Mall,

& Deighton, Holborn, London.

St. Hampden

P O E M S,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

A T

B R I S T O L,

B Y

THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

C A M B R I D G E:

PRINTED BY B. FLOWER, FOR THE EDITOR;

AND SOLD BY THE PRINTER; BY J. AND J. MERRILL,
AND W. H. LUNN, CAMBRIDGE; BY THE BOOK-

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HOLBORN, LONDON.

1794.

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P R E F A C E.

THE controversy concerning the authenticity of the Poems ascribed to ROWLEY, has called forth the abilities of the most competent judges; and has been free from the rancor and animosity which too often disgrace the page of the controversialist. Truth, and not victory, appears to have been the aim of each party, but no decision, which can be regarded as final, has hitherto been given, upon this truly curious and important subject.

Many years have now elapsed since the controversy subsided: to revive it is by no means the intention of the present Editor. His sole design is to furnish the public with a neat Edition of these Poems, which, whether the Author of them may have been ROWLEY, or CRATTERTON, or some third person, (as has been ridiculously supposed) fully entitle him to be ranked in the fourth place among our British Poets: Shall the productions of his genius live no longer than while disputes concerning his name may exist? The Iliad is still pre-

served: the contentions for its Author's birth-place are forgotten.

Whatever may be the cause, these Poems are not so generally known, or, at least, so generally read, as they deserve to be. The highly advanced price of every Edition now extant, has undoubtedly hindered many, and the obsolescence of the dialect has deterred others from becoming intimately acquainted with them: They who seek literature only as an amusement, in the hour of relaxation, have thrown down the work in disgust at being compelled so often to recur to a Glossary, or an Etymological Dictionary. The Editor thinks he may assert, that he has wholly removed the first obstacle, and the second he has endeavoured to diminish, by subjoining at the bottom of every page to CHATTERTON's explanations, those from the DEAN OF EXETER's Edition, and by supplying, as far as was in his power, what that gentleman, amid his indefatigable researches, may have casually omitted.

L. S.

PEMEROKE COLL. JULY 20, 1794.

PREFACE

P R E F A C E

TO THE

FORMER EDITIONS.

THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS. that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most consider-

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62 1461 - 1482

80. 1558 - 1602

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able part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: " The first discovery of certain MSS. " having been deposited in Redclift church, above three " centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time " of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing " to a publication in *Farley's Weekly Journal*, 1st of " October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, " as it was said, from a very antient MS. This excited " the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the " original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no " account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; " but after much enquiry it was discovered, that the " person who brought the copy was a youth, between " 15 and 16 years of age, whose name was Thomas " Chatterton, and whose family had been sextons of " Redclift church for near 150 years. His father, who " was now dead, had also been master of the free-school " in Pile-street. The young man was at first very unwilling to discover from whence he had the original; " but, after many promises made to him, he was at last " prevailed on to acknowledge, that he had received " this, *together with many other MSS.* from his father, " who had found them in a large chest in an upper " room over the chapel on the north side of Redclift " church.

Soon

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton*, and, partly as presents,

a 4

partly

* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short life. He was born on the 20th of November, 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April, 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS., "written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk," concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem," in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, translated from the Saxon (in the same style with ETHELGAR,) p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of Saxon achievements, &c. p. 245.—ELINOÛRE and JUCA, written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 218. In the subsequent month of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the bookfellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his

partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse. Other copies were dis-

posed

his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

In a letter to his sister, dated 30th May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "*The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawp them with the appearance of it.*"

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance

posed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum*, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770, Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may

have

appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving from it is inserted at p. 197. Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 187, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Brislowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS. and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him, and still less, that all the other compositions which he professed to have copied from antient MSS. were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been desirous that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT

OF THE

S E V E R A L P I E C E S

CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ÆLLA, a Tragycal Enterlude. p. 1

This Poem, with the *Epistle*, *Letter*, and *Entroductionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's transcript, 1769." The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie. p. 110

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. 1. in Chatterton's hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS. p. 130

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

THE

THE TOURNAMENT.

p. 137

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *oure Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 153

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the

the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. says only; "Item (1 Edw. IV.) was taken Sir Baldewine Fulford and beheaded at Bristow." But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex William Hastings of Hastings Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all trefons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers trefons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c." If the commission came soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast in the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster window, as described in the poem. In an old account of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then
the

the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

"Item for washyng the church payven ageyns }
Kynge Edward 4th is comynge. } iiij d. ob.

BALADE OF CHARITIE

p. 173

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed:

" To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.

D. B."

VERSES TO LYDGATE.

p. 180

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

ibid.

LYDGATE'S ANSWER.

p. 183

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them

them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below *.

* *Verses to Lydgate.*

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee.*

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte*.

Songe to Ælla.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe to Ælle*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lorde of the castelle of Bysstowe ynne daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses:

ver. 6. for *braflynge*, r. *burflynge*.

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlye*.

23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore*.

Lydgate's answer.

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varfes*, r. *pene*.

antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*.

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thyng*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate*. — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. — Chat. *fyghte*.

Songe to Ælla.

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. — Chat. *Dacya's*.

Orig. *whose lockes*. — Chat. *whose hayres*.

11. Orig. *burlye*. — Chat. *bronded*.

22. Orig. *kennest*. — Chat. *hearst*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dysmall*.

26. Orig. *Yprauncynge*. — Chat. *Ifrayning*.

30. Orig. *gloue*. — Chat. *glare*.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. p. 185

ON THE SAME. p. 186

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "*A Discorfe on Briflowe, by Thomas Rowlie.*" See the Preface, p. xi. n. *

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 187

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 188

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished

citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the meantime, the Reader may see several particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerfet' Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Tanner's Not. Monast. Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY*.—*Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his List of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there said that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolytbe* by Bishop Carpenter on 19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Subdeacon*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th. of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 197
 ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. Ibid.
 THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same. 198
 ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 199

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of *Rowley* is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Iscamm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 1, and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 110; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled, "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the "*Discorse of Bristowe*." Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.] He has also appeared above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songes* in *Ælla*, p. 10. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £.500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "*certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt.*" which had been pawned to him for £. 160.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

p. 200

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

205

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

211

b 2

These

These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page: "*Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*"

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "*Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*" which see below, p. 110.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

p. 218.

This poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, "*Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest.*" And it has the following subscription; "D. B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between hooks] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22. and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o. 1.

p. 222

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o. 2.

251

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's

ton's

ton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the poem marked N^o. 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; "*Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*" Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N^o. 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title: "*Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.*" The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

THE Editor thinks himself happy in the permission of
an ingenious Friend, to insert the following Monody.

M O N O D Y

ON THE

DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

WHEN faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desert wild,
 Slow journeys onward, poor Misfortune's child,
 When fades each lovely form by Fancy dress'd,
 And inly pines the self-consuming breast;
 No scourge of Scorpions in thy right arm dread,
 No helmed Terrors nodding o'er thy head,
 Assume, O DEATH! the Cherub Wings of PEACE,
 And bid the heart-sick Wanderer's Anguish cease!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unblest Stones protect
 From Want, and the bleak freezings of Neglect!
 Escap'd the sore wounds of Affliction's rod,
 Meek at the Throne of Mercy, and of God,
 Perchance thou raisest high th' enraptur'd hymn
 Amid the blaze of Seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis Nature's bosom-startling call)
 I weep, that heaven-born Genius *so* should fall,
 And oft in Fancy's saddest hour my soul
 Averted shudders at the poison'd Bowl.
 Now groans my sickening Heart, as still I view
 The Corse of livid hue;
 And now a Flash of Indignation high
 Darts thro' the Tear, that glistens in mine Eye!

Is this the Land of song-ennobled Line ?
Is this the Land, where Genius ne'er in vain

Pour'd forth her lofty strain ?

Ah me ! yet Spenser, gentlest Bard divine,
Beneath chill Disappointment's deadly shade
His weary Limbs in lonely Anguish lay'd !

And o'er her Darling dead

Pity hopeless hung her head,

While " mid the pelting of that pitiless storm,"
Sunk to the cold Earth Otway's famish'd form !

Sublime of Thought and confident of Fame,
From Vales, where Avon winds, the Minstrel came,
Light-hearted Youth ! aye, as he hastes along,

He meditates the future Song,

How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Danish foes ;

And as floating high in air,

Glitter the sunny Visions fair,

His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows !

Friend to the friendless, to the sick man Health ;

With generous Joy he views th' *ideal* Wealth ;

He hears the Widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of Praise ;

He marks the shelter'd Orphan's tearful gaze ;

Or, where the sorrow-shrivell'd Captive lay,

Pours the bright Blaze of Freedom's noon-tide Ray ;

And now indignant grasps the patriot steel,

And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Clad in Nature's rich array,

And bright in all her tender hues,

Sweet

Sweet Tree of Hope ! thou loveliest Child of Spring !
How fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,
Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume !
And Fancy hovering round on shadowy wing,
On every blossom hung her fostering dews,
That changeful wanton'd to the orient Day !
Ah ! soon upon thy poor unshelter'd Head
Did Penury her sickly mildew shed :
And soon the scathing Lightning bade thee stand,
In frowning Horror o'er the blighted Land !

Whither are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams, that lighten'd o'er thy face !
Youth of tumultuous Soul, and haggard Eye !
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view :
On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd Dew :
And dreadful was that bosom-rending Sigh !

Such were the struggles of the gloomy Hour,
When Care of wither'd brow,
Prepar'd the Poison's death-cold power :
Already to thy Lips was rais'd the Bowl,
When near thee stood Affection meek,
(Her Bosom bare, and wildly pale her Cheek)
Thy fullen gaze she bade thee roll
On Scenes that well might melt thy Soul ;
Thy native Cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy native Cot, where still at close of Day
Peace smiling sat, and listen'd to thy Lay ;
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy Mother's thrilling tear ;

See,

See, see her Breast's convulsive throë,
 Her silent Agony of Woe !
 Ah ! dash the poison'd Chalice from thy Hand !
 And thou had'st dash'd it at her soft command,
 But that Despair and Indignation rose,
 And told again the Story of thy Woes ;
 Told the keen Insult of th' unfeeling Heart,
 The dread Dependence on the low-bred mind,
 Told every pang, at which thy Soul might smart,
 Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combin'd !
 Recoiling quick thou bad'st the Friend of Pain,
 Roll the dark tide of Death thro' every freezing Vein !

Ye Woods ! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
 To Fancy's ear sweet is your murm'ring deep !
 For *here* she loves the Cypress Wreath to weave,
 Watching with wistful eye the fad'ning tints of Eve.
 Here far from Men amid this pathless grove,
 In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
 Like Star-beam on the rude sequester'd Tide,
 Lone-glittering, thro' the Forest's murky pride.

And here in Inspiration's eager Hour,
 When most the big soul feels the mad'ning Power,
 These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
 Round which the screaming Sea-gulls soar
 With wild unequal steps he pass'd along,
 Oft pouring on the winds a broken song :
 Anon upon some rough Rock's fearful Brow,
 Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is desired to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages, throughout the following part of this book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of THOMAS CRATTERTON, except those in Italics, the greater part of which are copied from the DEAN OF EXETER's Edition of these Poems, though the present Editor has made considerable additions.

Æ L L A:

A

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR,

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE.

WROTENN BIE,

T H O M A S R O W L E I E;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS ROUSE NEMPTRE TRE

RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN

HOWARD.]

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, bie *Thomas Rowleie*, Preeſte, the Auſthoure.

CELMONDE, bie *Johan Iſcamm*, Preeſte.

HURRA, bie Syrr *Thybbotte Gorges*, Knyghte.

BIRTRA, bie Maſtre *Edwarde Canynge*.

Odherr Partes bie *Knyghtes, Mynſtrelles*.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON
ÆLLA.

'TYS fonge bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent¹ tym,
Whan Reafonn hylt^{1*} herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preefte delyvered alle the lege² yn rhym;
Lych peyncted³ tylytynge speares to please the fyghte,
The whyche yn yttes felle⁴ use doe make moke⁵
dere⁶, 5

Sykedyd theire auntyante lee⁷ deftlie⁸ delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtnes gare⁹ rhym mote bee thenne,
Butte este¹⁰ nowe flyeth to the odher fyde;
In hallie¹¹ preefte apperes the ribaudes¹² penne,
Inne lithie¹³ moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: 10
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere¹⁴ widhout teethe,
Make pleafaunce to the sence, botte maie do lyttel
scathe¹⁵.

¹ Ancient. ^{1*} Hid, concealed. ² Law. ³ Painted. ⁴ Bad, pernicious.
⁵ Much. ⁶ Hurt, damage. ⁷ Song. ⁸ Sweetly, rather, agreeably.
⁹ Cause. ¹⁰ Oft. ¹¹ Holy. ¹² Rake, lewd person. ¹³ Humble
rather insinuating. ¹⁴ Adder. ¹⁵ Hurt, damage. *rev. & col!*

Supple

B

Syr

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore¹⁶,
 Kennis¹⁷ Latyn att fyrst fyghte from Frenche or Greke,
 Pyghtethe¹⁸ hys knowlachynge¹⁹ ten yeres or more, 15
 To ryng upon the Latynne worde to speke.
 Whoever speke the Englysch ys despyfed,
 The Englysch hym to please mosse fyrste be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem²⁰ fynge;
 Can preache so wele, eche hynde²¹ hys meneynge
 knowes; 20

Albeytte these gode guyfts^{22*} awaie he flynges,
 Beeynge as badde yn vearle as goode yn prose.
 Hee fynge of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
 Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddeth theyr blodde.

To maydens, hufwyfes, and unlored²² dames, 25
 Hee redeth hys tales of merrymment & woe.
 Lough²³ loudlie dynneth²⁴ from the dolte²⁵ adramcs²⁶;
 He swelles on laudes²⁷ of fooles, tho' kenneth²⁸ hem foe.

¹⁶ Learning. ¹⁷ Knows. ¹⁸ Plucks or tortures. ¹⁹ Knowledge.
²⁰ A service used over the dead. ²¹ Peasant. ^{22*} Gifts. ²² Un-
 learned. ²³ Laugh. ²⁴ Sounds. ²⁵ Foolish. ²⁶ Churls, rather
 dreamers. ²⁷ Praises. ²⁸ Knows.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 3

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and fynge,
 At merrie yaped ²⁹ fage ³⁰ somme hard-drayned water
 brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beynde ³¹ hys lynes.
 Geofroie makes wearfe, as handycraftes theyr ware;
 Wordes wythoute fenfe fulle groffyngelye ³² he twynes,
 Cotteynge ^{32*} hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
 Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, 35
 Nemoe you from ytte kenn, than gyf ³³ you neere begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of miefelfe to write,
 Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possels,
 To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
 Wyll make miefaultes, miemeynte ³⁴ of faultes, be lefs. 40
 ÆLLA wythe thys I fende, and hope that you
 Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

²⁹ Laughable. ³⁰ Tale, jest. ³¹ Beyond. ³² Foolishly, *vulgarly*,
abjectly. ^{32*} Cutting. ³³ If. ³⁴ Many.

4 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Playes made from hallie ³⁵ tales I holde unmeete;

Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;

Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jefus treate, ⁴⁵

In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.

Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie ³⁶ mote ne heare,

Bee placed yn the fame. Adieu untylle anere ³⁷.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

³⁵ Holy. ³⁶ Strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its ancient
signification stood for *modesty*. ³⁷ Another.

LETTER

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE
CANYNGE.

STraunge dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of oures,
Nete ³⁸ butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe shapelië poesie hast losse yttes powers,
And pyñant ³⁹ hystorie ys onlie grace;
Heie ⁴⁰ pycke up wolfsome ⁴¹ weedes, ynstedde of flowers, ⁵
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate ⁴²,
Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie ⁴³, ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shewwhatttheyregrandfieres,&greatgrandfieres bore,¹⁰
Emarischalled ⁴⁴ armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades, & tounë folck, lett fyke ⁴⁵ thynges alone,
Ne fyghte for fable yn a fieldë of aure ⁴⁶;

³⁸ Nought. ³⁹ Languid, insipid. ⁴⁰ They. ⁴¹ Noxious, loathsome.
⁴² Esteem. ⁴³ Heraldry. ⁴⁴ Blazoned. ⁴⁵ Such. ⁴⁶ Or, in heraldry.

6 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE,

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 15

Shee nillynge ⁴⁷ to take myckle ⁴⁸ aie dothe hede,

A man ascaunfe ⁴⁹ uppon a piece maye looke,

And shake hys hedde to styrre hys rede ⁵⁰ aboute;

Quod he, gyf I askaunted ⁵¹ oere thys booke,

Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute; 20

Eke ^{51*}, gyf ⁵² unto a view percase ⁵³ I tooke

The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,

Aserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,

Thorow hem ⁵⁴ al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes ⁵⁵, gyff I faie, onwise 25

Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelie ⁵⁶

To hy storie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,

Whyche amenufed ⁵⁷ thoughtes of poefie;

Somme drybblette ⁵⁸ share you shoulde to yatte ⁵⁹ alyfe ⁶⁰,

Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hy storie; 30

⁴⁷ Unwilling. ⁴⁸ Much. ⁴⁹ Obliquely. ⁵⁰ Wisdom, council.
⁵¹ Glauced. ^{51*} Also. ⁵² If. ⁵³ Perchance. ⁵⁴ Them. ⁵⁵ Grey-
beards. ⁵⁶ Curiously. ⁵⁷ Lessened, ⁵⁸ Small. ⁵⁹ That. ⁶⁰ Allow.

Inſtedde of mountynge onn a wynged horſe,
 You onn a rouncey ⁶¹ dryve yn dolefull courſe.
 Canynge & I from common courſe dyſſente;
 Wee ryde the ſtede, botte yev ⁶² to hym the reene;
 Ne wylle betweene craſed ^{63*} molterynge ⁶⁴ bookes be-
 pente, 35

Botte ſoare on hyghe, & yn the ſonne-bemes ſheene;
 And where wee kenn ſomme iſhad ⁶⁴ floures beſprente ⁶⁵,
 We take ytte, & from ould rouſte doe ytte clene;
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one paſture bee,
 Botte ſometymes ſoare ⁶⁶bove trouthe of hyſtorie. 40

ſaie, Canynge, whatt was vearſe yn daies of yore?
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes ſetyvelie ⁶⁷ bewryen ⁶⁸,
 Notte fyke as doe annoie thys age ſo fore,
 A keppened ⁶⁹ poyntelle ⁷⁰ reſtynge at eche lyne.
 Vearſe maie be goode, botte poeſie wantes more, 45
 An onliſt ⁷¹ lecturn ⁷², and a ſonge adygne ⁷³;

⁶¹ Cart horſe. ⁶² Give. ^{63*} Broken. ⁶⁴ Muſſy, mouldering. ⁶⁵ Bro-
 ken, ſcattered. ⁶⁶ Spread. ⁶⁷ Elegantly. ⁶⁸ Declared, expreſſed,
 diſplayed. ⁶⁹ Studied. ⁷⁰ A pen, uſed metaphorically, as a muſe or
 genius, rather exactneſs. ⁷¹ Boundleſs. ⁷² Subject, lecture. ⁷³ Ner-
 vous, worthy of praiſe.

8 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a groate,

The thyng yttts moste bee ytttes owne defense;
Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear. 50

Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sense;
And dygne, & wordie ⁷³ thoughtes, ys all hys care.

Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere;
Goode Bylhoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie, 55
Hee wysche ⁷⁴ you healthe & felinesse ⁷⁵ for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

⁷³ Worthy. ⁷⁴ Wishes. ⁷⁵ Happiness.

E N T R O D U C T I O N N E.

SOMME cherifaunei ⁷⁶ 'tys to gentle mynde,
 Whan heie have chevyced ⁷⁷ theyre londe from bayne ⁷⁸,
 Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
 And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
 Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne ⁷⁹ everych fteyne ⁸⁰, 5
 Whyleft al her ⁸¹ gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
 Lyche fetyve ⁸² baubels ⁸³ geafonne ⁸⁴ to be feene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys ⁸⁵ castell ⁸⁶ ftede,
 Whyleft Saxons dyd the Englyfche fceptre fwaie,
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede, 10
 Then feel'd ⁸⁷ hys eyne, and feeled hys eyne for aie,
 Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
 To faie what he, as clergyond ⁸⁸, can kenne,
 And howe hee fojourned in the vale of men.

⁷⁶ Comfort. ⁷⁷ Preserved, *redeemed*. ⁷⁸ Ruin. ⁷⁹ Inter. ⁸⁰ Fault, blot. ⁸¹ Their ⁸² Neat, comely. ⁸³ Jewels. ⁸⁴ Rare. ⁸⁵ Bristol.
⁸⁶ Castle. ⁸⁷ Closed. ⁸⁸ Taught.

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A,

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

BEFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys
wayne

Throwe halfe his joornie, dyghte ¹ yn gites ² of goulde,
Mee, happeles me, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces
chayne.

Ah! Birtha, whie, dydde Nature frame thee fayre? ⁵

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle ³ canne bewreene ⁴?

Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are?—

Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vyfage
sheene,

Yatt shemres ⁵ onn thie comelie semlykeene ⁶,

Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne
made redde,

10

¹ Cloathed. ² Robes, mantles. ³ A pen. ⁴ Expreffs. ⁵ Shines.
⁶ Countenance.

Orr scarlette, wythe waylde ⁷ lynnene clothe ywreene ⁸,

Syke ⁹ would thie spryte upponn thie vyfage spredde.

Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte

Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moste
parte,

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere ¹⁰! 15

Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee.

Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the beere,

And hymm, herr, and myfelfe, attenes ¹¹ wyll flea.

Affyst mee, Helle! lett Devylls rounde mee tende,

To flea miefelfe, mie love, & ekemie doughtie ¹² friende. 20

Æ L L A, B I R T H A,

Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie ¹³ priestedyd makemeknyghte,

Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,

Howe bie mie honde the prevyd ¹⁴ Dane shoulde blede,

Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

⁷ Chosen. ⁸ Covered. ⁹ Such. ¹⁰ Another. ¹¹ At once.

¹² Mighty, valiant. ¹³ Holy. ¹⁴ Hardy, valourous.

Notte, whann I fyrſte behelde thie beauteous hue, 25
Whyche ſtrooke mie mynde, & rouzed my ſofter ſoule;
Nott, whann from the barbed ¹⁵ horſe yn fyghte dyd
viewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,¹⁶
Dydd I fele joie wyth fyke reddoure¹⁷ as nowe, 30
Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne¹⁸ of the soule,
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytyfnede¹⁹ vowe:
Now hallie²⁰ Ælla's felyneffe²¹ ys grate;
Shap²² haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate²³.

BIRTH A.

Mie lorde, and husbande, fyke ²⁴ a joie is myne; 35
Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe faie,
Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;
Inne sothe, I have botte meeded, ²⁵ oute thie faie ²⁶;
For twelve timestwelve the mone hath bin yblente ²⁷, 40

¹³ Armed. ¹⁶ Lamentation. ¹⁷ Violence. ¹⁸ Physician. ¹⁹ Binding, enforcing. ²⁰ Happy. ²¹ Happiness. ²² Fate. ²³ Lessen, decrease. ²⁴ Such. ²⁵ Recompensed. ²⁶ Faith, constancy. ²⁷ Blinded.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 13

As manie tymes hathe vyed ²⁸ the Godde of daie,
 And on the grasse her lemes ²⁹ of fylverr sente,
 Sythe thou dydst cheefe ³⁰ mee for thie fwote ³¹ to bee,
 Enactynge * ³¹ ynn the same moſte faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte, 45
 Whanne deyſde ³² bie thieſelfe, for wante of pheeres ³³,
 Awhylſt thie merryemen ³⁴ dydde laughe and jeaſte,
 Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all eares.
 Thou wardeſt ³⁵ mee as gyff ³⁶ ynn hondred ſeeres,
 Aleſt ³⁷ a daygnous ³⁸ looke to thee be ſente, 50
 And offrendes ³⁹ made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,⁴⁰
 Offe ſcarpes ⁴¹ of ſcarlette, & fyne paramente ⁴²;
 All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed ⁴³ to mee,
 I faie ytt, I moſte ſtreve ⁴⁴ thatt you ameded ⁴⁵ bee.

Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe, 55
 Thie gentlenes doth corven ⁴⁶ them ſoe grete,
 Lyche bawſyn ⁴⁷ olyphauntes ⁴⁸ mie gnattes doe ſhewe;
 Thou doeſt mie thoughtes of paying love amate ⁴⁹.

²⁸ Viewed. ²⁹ Lights, rays. ³⁰ Chuse. ³¹ Sweetheart, bride. * ³¹ Acting.
³² Seated under a canopy. ³³ Fellows, equals. ³⁴ Followers. ³⁵ Watchest.
³⁶ If. ³⁷ Least. ³⁸ Disdainful. ³⁹ Presents, offerings. ⁴⁰ Equals,
 companions. ⁴¹ Scarfs. ⁴² Robes of scarlet. ⁴³ Bounded, confined.
⁴⁴ Strive. ⁴⁵ Rewarded. ⁴⁶ Represent. ⁴⁷ Large. ⁴⁸ Elephants. ⁴⁹ Destroy.
 Botte

Botte hann mie aftyonns straughte ⁵⁰ the rolle of fate,
 Pyghte ⁵¹ thee fromn Hell, or broughte Heaven down
 to thee, 60

Layde the whol worlde a falkdstole ⁵² atte thie feete,
 On smyle woulde be suffycyll ⁵³ mede ⁵⁴ for mee.

I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
 Bott be hys borrower styлле, & thyne, mie fwete, for aie.

B I R T H A.

Love, doe notte rate your achievmentes ⁵⁵ foe smalle; 65

As I to you, fyke love untoe mee beare;

For nothyngge paste will Birtha ever call,

Ne on a foode from Heaven thyinke to cheere.

As farr as thys frayle brutylle ⁵⁶ fleisch wylle spere, ⁵⁷

Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you; 70

Be notte toe slacke yn love, ne overdea re

A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

Æ L L A.

This gentle wordis toe thie volunde ⁵⁸ kenne ⁵⁹

To beemoe clergionde ⁶⁰ thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

⁵⁰ Stretched. ⁵¹ Plucked. ⁵² Kneeling-stool. ⁵³ Sufficient. ⁵⁴ Reward.
⁵⁵ Services. ⁵⁶ Frail. ⁵⁷ Allow. ⁵⁸ Memory, understanding, disposition.
⁵⁹ Make known. ⁶⁰ Learned.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 15

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYN-
STRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleffyngeſ ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde! 75
Oft maie the moone, yn fylverr ſheenynge lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varied bleffyngeſ ſhedde,
Beſprengeynge⁶¹ far abroad miſchaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, ſo bryghte,
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80
Wythe ſelyneſſe⁶² as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,⁶³
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreate!
I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,
Have brought you jubbeſ⁶⁴ of ale, at nyghte youre
brayne⁶⁵ to breake.

Æ L L A.

Whan fopperes paſte we'lle drénche youre ale foe
ſtronge, 85
Tyde⁶⁶ lyfe, tyde death.

⁶¹ Scattering, diſperſing. ⁶² Happineſſe. ⁶³ Cloathed. ⁶⁴ Jugs. ⁶⁵ Care.
⁶⁶ Betide or happen.

C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr ⁶⁷ swayne;

Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe

From the floures of yellowe hue;

Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

90

W O M A N N E.

No, bestoikerre ⁶⁸ I wylle go,

Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees ⁶⁹,

Lyche the fylver-footed doe,

Seekeynge sheltterr yn grene trées.

M A N N E.

See the mofs-growne daifey'd banke,

95

Pereynge ⁷⁰ ynne the streame belowe;

Here we'lle fyttē, in dewie danke; * ⁷⁰

Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

⁶⁷ Shepherd. ⁶⁸ Deceiver. ⁶⁹ Meadows. ⁷⁰ Appearing. * ⁷⁰ Damp, moisture.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 17

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erste ⁷¹ mie grandame saie,
Yonge damoyfelles ⁷² schulde ne bee, 100
Inne the fwotie ⁷³ moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree,

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, fyttē, and harke,
Howe the ouzle ⁷⁴ chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree ⁷⁵, greie morn larke, 105
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie ⁷⁶,
Tellynge lecturnyes ⁷⁷ to mee,
Myfcheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

⁷¹ Formerly. ⁷² Damsels. ⁷³ Pleasant. ⁷⁴ The blackbird. ⁷⁵ Gold-
Anch. ⁷⁶ Loudly. ⁷⁷ Lectures.

G

MANNE.

M A N N E.

See alonge the mees ⁷⁸ fo grene
 Pied daifies, kyngge-coppes fwote ;
 Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
 Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

W O M A N N E.

Shepster fwayne, you tare mie gratche ⁷⁹ 115
 Oute uponne ye ! lette me goe.
 Leave mee fwythe ⁸⁰, or I'lle alatche, ⁸¹
 Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

M A N N E.

See ! the crokyng ⁸² brionie
 Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraie ; 120
 Rounde the oake the greene ivie
 Florryschethe ⁸³ and lyveth aie.

Lette us feate us bie thys tree,
 Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres ;
 Comme, and doe notte coyen ⁸⁴ bee ; 125
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

⁷⁸ Meadows. ⁷⁹ Apparel, ⁸⁰ Quickly. ⁸¹ Accuse, cry out. ⁸² Crooked,
 swifling. ⁸³ Flourishes. ⁸⁴ Coy.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 19

Drooried ⁸⁵ cattles wyll after kynde;

Gentle doves wyll kyss and coe:

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde, ⁸⁶

Tyll fyr preeſte make on of two. 130

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;

I wyll no mannes lemanne ⁸⁷ be;

Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſynge,

Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, ⁸⁸ 135

To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,

I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,

So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe

Wee attenes ⁸⁹, thoſ honde yn honde, 140

Unto diviniſtre ⁹⁰ goe,

And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

⁸⁵ Modest. ⁸⁶ Separated. ⁸⁷ Miſtreſs. ⁸⁸ Son. ⁸⁹ At once. ⁹⁰ A
divine.

Æ L L A:

M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
 Honde, and harte, and all that's mync;
 Goode fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte, 145
 Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle⁹¹ lyve,
 Hailie,⁹² thoughe of no estate;
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
 Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate. 150

Æ L L A:

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
 And there ys monie for yer fyngeyne now;e;
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleffynges telle?

C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, bleffynges are botte fewe, I trowe.⁹³

⁹¹ A cottage. ⁹² Happy. ⁹³ Think.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 21

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde⁹⁴, we have; and, gyff you please, wille
fyngge, 155

As well as owre choughe-voyses⁹⁵ wylle permytte.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you swotelie⁹⁶ tune the strynge,
And stret⁹⁷, and engyne⁹⁸ all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and fyngge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddyngge⁹⁹ flourettes bloshes¹⁰⁰ atte the lyghte; 160

The mees¹⁰¹ be sprenge¹⁰² wyth the yellowe hue;

Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte; ¹⁰³

The nesh¹⁰⁴ yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

⁹⁴ Lord. ⁹⁵ Hoarse, as raven voices. ⁹⁶ Sweetly. ⁹⁷ Stretch. ⁹⁸ Rack.
⁹⁹ Budding. ¹⁰⁰ Blush. ¹⁰¹ Meadows. ¹⁰² Sprinkled. ¹⁰³ Cloathed.
¹⁰⁴ Tender.

The trees enlefed ¹⁰⁵, yntoe Heavenne straughte ¹⁰⁶,
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to wheftlyng ¹⁰⁷ dynne ¹⁰⁸
 ys broughte, 165

The evenyng commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
 The roddie ¹⁰⁹ welkynne ¹¹⁰ sheeneth to the eyne;
 Arounde the alestake ¹¹¹ Mynstrells fynge the fonge;
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;
 I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle, 179
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethyng styll;

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne ¹¹², whann, ynn Paradyse,
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd homage to hys mynde;
 Ynn Womman alleyn ¹¹³ mannes pleasaunce lyes;
 As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde. 175
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and fee
 Wynter, and brownie ¹¹⁴ hylles, wyll have a charme for
 thee.

¹⁰⁵ Full of leaves. ¹⁰⁶ Stretched. ¹⁰⁷ Whiffling. ¹⁰⁸ Sound. ¹⁰⁹ Red.
¹¹⁰ Sky. ¹¹¹ Maypole. ¹¹² Thought. ¹¹³ Alone. ¹¹⁴ Brown.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake¹¹⁵ and sonne-brente¹¹⁶ doe
appere,

Wyth hys goulde honde guylteynge¹¹⁷ the falleynge
lese,

Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle¹¹⁸ the yere, 180

Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte;

Whanne levynne fyres¹¹⁹ and lemes¹²⁰ do mete from far
the fyghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde¹²¹ as even skie,

Do bende the tree unto the fructyle¹²² grounde; 185

When joicie¹²³ peres¹²⁴, and berries of blacke die,

Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;

Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,

Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced¹²⁵ wyth somme
care,

¹¹⁵ Naked. ¹¹⁶ Sun-burnt. ¹¹⁷ Gilding. ¹¹⁸ Fill up. ¹¹⁹ Flashes of lightning. ¹²⁰ Meteors. ¹²¹ Red. ¹²² Fertile. ¹²³ Juicy. ¹²⁴ Pears. ¹²⁵ Stained, alloyed.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wroghte ¹²⁶ to bee of neidher kynde; 190
 Angelles alleyne fromme chafe ¹²⁷ defyre bee free;
 Dheere ¹²³ ys a fomwhatte evere yn the mynde,
 Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllid bee;
 Ne feyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere ¹²⁹,
 Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne
 fayre: 195
 Wommen bee made, notte for hemfelves botte manne,
 Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
 Fromme an ynutylye ¹³⁰ membre fyrste beganne,
 Ywroghte ¹³¹ with moche ¹³² of water, lyttel fyre;
 Therefore theie feke the fyre of love, to hete 200
 The milkyness of kynde, and make hemfelves complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres ¹³³
 To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,
 Botte wommenne este ¹³⁴ the spryghte of peace so
 cheres ¹⁴⁵,

Tochelod ¹³⁶ yn Angel joie heie ¹³⁷ Angeles bee;

¹²⁶ Formed. ¹²⁷ Hot. ¹²⁸ There. ¹²⁹ Health. ¹³⁰ Useless. ¹³¹ Com-
 posed. ¹³² Much. ¹³³ Fellows, equals. ¹³⁴ Often. ¹³⁵ Cherishes, soothes.
¹³⁶ Joined. ¹³⁷ They.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 25

Go, take thee fwythyn¹³⁸ to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante¹³⁹ or blessed hie¹⁴⁰ yn proovyng marriage
lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybhot Gorges,

As Elynour bie the green leffelle¹⁴¹ was fyttyng,
As from the fones hete she harried¹⁴²,
She fayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hofen was knyt-
tyng,
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrefter boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette¹⁴³,
Does no cheryfauncys¹⁴⁴ from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as foone as I aske ytte.

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefse¹⁴⁵ to mynde spynnyng,
I fyllle wanted somethyng, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle¹⁴⁶ han ne wynnyng¹⁴⁷.

¹³⁸ Quickly. ¹³⁹ Cursed. ¹⁴⁰ Highly. ¹⁴¹ Arbour. ¹⁴² Hastened.
¹⁴³ Terms in Archerie. ¹⁴⁴ Comforts. ¹⁴⁵ Choice. ¹⁴⁶ Hung with Armour.
¹⁴⁷ Allurements.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes, 220

Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, ¹⁴⁸ somme bleachynge,

Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens, ¹⁴⁹

Thann swythynne ¹⁵⁰ you fynde mee a teachynge,

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, ¹⁵¹ he loved me welle,

And nothyng unto mee was nede ynge, 225

Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,

In sothen ¹⁵² twoulde bee wythoute rede ynge ¹⁵³.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,

As hee the fatte derkynnes ¹⁵⁴ wae chacynge,

Shee putte uppe her knyttynge, and to hym wente shee; 230

So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

Æ L L A.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;

Wee wyll permytte you antecedente ¹⁵⁵ bee;

There swotelie fynge eche carolle, ¹⁵⁶ and yaped ¹⁵⁷ jeaste;

And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee; 235

¹⁴⁸ Card. ¹⁴⁹ Assistance. ¹⁵⁰ Immediately. ¹⁵¹ Father. ¹⁵² Truth.

¹⁵³ Wisdom, deliberation. ¹⁵⁴ Young deer. ¹⁵⁵ To go before. ¹⁵⁶ Song.

¹⁵⁷ Laughable,

Comme;

Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spoufe-feaste goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted ¹⁵⁸ everych
woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

M E S S E N G E R E.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
Lyche scolles ¹⁵⁹ of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie ¹⁶⁰ hoaste, 249
Are ragyng, to be quanfed ¹⁶¹ bie none botte thee;
Haste, fwyfte as Levynne ¹⁶² to these royners ¹⁶³ flee:
Thie dogges alleyn can tame thys ragyng bulle.
Hastefwythyn, fore ¹⁶⁴ anieghe * ¹⁶⁴ the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesterres rolle of dome bee fulle. 245
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker ¹⁶⁵ flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die,

Æ L L A.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moſte be gon.
Was ever lockleſs dome ſo hard as myne!
Thos from dysportyfmente ¹⁶⁶ to warr to ron, 250
To chaunge the ſelke * ¹⁶⁶ veſte for the gaberdyne! ¹⁶⁷

¹⁵⁸ Drowned. ¹⁵⁹ Shoals. ¹⁶⁰ Valiant. ¹⁶¹ Stilled, quenched.
¹⁶² Lightning. ¹⁶³ Ravagers. ¹⁶⁴ Before. * ¹⁶⁴ Near. ¹⁶⁵ Battle.
¹⁶⁶ Enjoyment. * ¹⁶⁶ Silk. ¹⁶⁷ Military cloak.

BIRTHA.

B I R T H A.

O! lyche a nedere,¹⁶⁸ lette me rounde thee twyne,
 And hylte¹⁶⁹ thie boddie from the fchaftes of warre.
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,¹⁷⁰
 Botte kenn the dynne of flughornes¹⁷¹ from afarre. 225

Æ L L A.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,
 Than groffyshe¹⁷² to forbydde thie hongered guesstes to
 eate?

O mie upswalynge¹⁷³ harte, whatt wordes can faie
 The peynes, thatte passlethe ynn mie soule ybrente?¹⁷⁴
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spoufalle daie, 260
 O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendement.¹⁷⁵
 Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente
 As thous faste dented¹⁷⁶ to a load of peyne?
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
 And for a bodykyn¹⁷⁷ a swarthe¹⁷⁸ obteyne? 265

¹⁶⁸ *Adler.* ¹⁶⁹ *Hide.* ¹⁷⁰ *Run.* ¹⁷¹ *Warlike instruments of music.* ¹⁷² *Rudely, sternly.* ¹⁷³ *Swelling.* ¹⁷⁴ *Burnt up.* ¹⁷⁵ *Comprehension.* ¹⁷⁶ *Joined.*
¹⁷⁷ *Body, substance.* ¹⁷⁸ *Ghost, or shadow.*

O! whie,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 29

O! whie, yee feynctes, oppress yee thos mie fowle?
 How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme,¹⁷⁹ mie dreerie¹⁸⁰
 dole?¹⁸¹

C E L M O N D E.

Sometyme the wyfeste lacketh pore mans rede.¹⁸²
 Reafonne and counynge wytte este¹⁸³ flees awaie.
 Thanne, loverde¹⁸⁴ lett me faie, wyth hominaged drede
 (Bieneth your fote ylayn)¹⁸⁵ mie counselle faie; 271
 Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen¹⁸⁶ laie,
 The foemenn, everych honde-poynte,¹⁸⁷ getteth fote.
 Mieloverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte¹⁸⁸ forfraie,¹⁸⁹
 And all the sabbataners¹⁹⁰ goe aboute. 275
 I speke, mie loverde, alleyn¹⁹¹ to upryse
 Youre wytte from maruelle, and the warriour to alyse.¹⁹²

Æ L L A.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells¹⁹³ yn mie harte;
 Mie foulghe¹⁹⁴ dothe nowe begynne to fee herfelle;
 I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte, 280
 To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.¹⁹⁵

¹⁷⁹ Strange. ¹⁸⁰ Dire, grievous. ¹⁸¹ Sorrow. ¹⁸² Counsel, advise. ¹⁸³ Often.
¹⁸⁴ Lord. ¹⁸⁵ Prostrate, lying. ¹⁸⁶ Still, dead. ¹⁸⁷ Moment. ¹⁸⁸ Prepared.
¹⁸⁹ Battle. ¹⁹⁰ Booted soldiers. ¹⁹¹ Only. ¹⁹² Set free. ¹⁹³ Arrows, darts.
¹⁹⁴ Soul. ¹⁹⁵ Pernicious.

Botte howe canne tynge¹⁹⁶ mier rampyng e fourie¹⁹⁷ telle;
 Whyche ryfeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
 Ne coulde the queede,¹⁹⁸ and alle the myghte of Helle,
 Founde out impleasaunce¹⁹⁹ off fyke blacke ageare.²⁰⁰ 285
 Yette I wyll bee mie selfe, and rouze mie spryte
 To acte wythe rennome,²⁰¹ and goe meet the bloddie
 fyghte.

B I R T H A.

No; thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's fyde;
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
 I, lyche a nedre,²⁰² wyll untoe thee byde; 290
 Tyde * ²⁰² lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us
 twayne.

I have mie parte of drierie ²⁰³ dole ²⁰⁴ and peyne;
 Itte brasteth ²⁰⁵ from mee atte the holtred ²⁰⁶ eyne;
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng e ²⁰⁷ spryte wyll
 drayne,
 Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne. 295
 Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;
 For wyth thie femmlykeed ²⁰⁸ mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

¹⁹⁶ Tongue. ¹⁹⁷ Fury. ¹⁹⁸ Devil. ¹⁹⁹ Unpleasantness. ²⁰⁰ Appearance, dress.
²⁰¹ Renown. ²⁰² Adder. * ²⁰² Betide. ²⁰³ Grievous. ²⁰⁴ Sorrow. ²⁰⁵ Bursteth.
²⁰⁶ Hidden. ²⁰⁷ Dying. ²⁰⁸ Countenance.

A TRAGÝCAL ENTERLUDE. 31

Æ L L A.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;

Yett I muste bee myselfe; with valoures gear

I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte²⁰⁹ mie lymbes yn

stele,

300

And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

B I R T H A.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?

Is shee so rou²¹⁰ and ugsumme²¹¹ to hys fyghte?

Entrykeynge²¹² wyght!*²¹² ysleathall²¹³ warrefodeare?

Thou prycest mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305

Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe

Hong pendaunte²¹⁴ bie thie swerde, and craved for thy

morthie.²¹⁵

Æ L L A.

Dydestthoukenne howe mie woes, asstarresybrente,²¹⁶

Headed bie thefe thie wordes doe onn mee falle,

Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310

Wakyng mie slepynge mynde to honnoures calle.

²⁰⁹ Cloath, prepare, fasten. ²¹⁰ Horrid, disgusting. ²¹¹ Terrible. ²¹² Deceitful. * ²¹³ Man. ²¹³ Deadly. ²¹⁴ Depending. ²¹⁵ Death. ²¹⁶ Burning.

Of felynesse²¹⁷ I pryze thee moe yan all
 Heaven can mee fende, or counynge wytt acqyre,
 Yette I wyll leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
 Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre. 315

B I R T H A.

Moste Birtha boon²¹⁸ requeste and bee denyd?
 Receyve attenes²¹⁹ a darte yn felynesse and pryde?
 Doe staie, att leaste tyll morrowes sonne apperes.

Æ L L A.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannesmyttee²²⁰ powere;
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe²²¹ bane²²² for
 yeares; 320
 Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a fyngle hower.
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure²²³
 Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede
 Calls, for the rodeynge²²⁴ of some doughtie²²⁵ power,
 To royn yttes royners,²²⁶ make yttes foemenne
 blede. 325

²¹⁷ Happines. ²¹⁸ A favor. ²¹⁹ At once. ²²⁰ Mighty. ²²¹ Worketh. ²²² Cal-
 emity, damage. ²²³ Around. ²²⁴ Command. ²²⁵ Valiant. ²²⁶ Ravagers.

B I R T H A.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng ²²⁷ wyghte !
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedeſt notte goe, untill thou haſte command
Under the fygnette ²²⁸ of oure lord the kyng.

Æ L L A.

And wouldeſt thou make me then a recreande? ²²⁹ 330
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng !
Heere, Birtha, thou haſt potte a double ſtyng,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

B I R T H A.

Agylted ²³⁰ Ælla, thie abredynge ²³¹ blynge ²³².
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde. ²³³ 335
Yette heare mie ſupplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted ²³⁴ harte the lover and the friende.

²²⁷ Deceitful man. ²²⁸ Seal. ²²⁹ Coward. ²³⁰ Offended. ²³¹ Up-
braiding. ²³² Cease. ²³³ Disclosed. ²³⁴ Swollen.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace²³⁵ be dyghte²³⁶;
 And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;
 Thie name alleyn wylle putte the Danes to flyghte,³⁴⁰
 The ayre thatt bearesytt woulde presse downe the foe.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand²³⁷ doe;
 I moſte, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,²³⁸
 And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweſtlic goe,
 Telle mie Bryſtowans to dyghte yn ſtele; 345
 Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,
 Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

And thou wylt goe: O mie agroted²³⁹ harte!

Æ L L A.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muſte awaie;
 Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte 350
 Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.

²³⁵ *Suit of armour.* ²³⁶ *Clothed.* ²³⁷ *Coward.* ²³⁸ *Welfare.* ²³⁹ *Swollen.*

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 35

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe asſwaie ²⁴⁰

Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be fedde bie
tyngue. ²⁴¹

Yette rouze thie honourè uppe, and wayte the daie,

Whan rounde aboute mee ſonge of warre heie ²⁴²
fyngue. 355

O Birtha, ſtrev ²⁴³ mie agreeme ²⁴⁴ to accaie ²⁴⁵,

And joyous ſee mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

B I R T H A.

Difficile ²⁴⁶ ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle ſtrev

To keepe mie woe behyltren ²⁴⁷ yn mie breaste.

Albeytte nete maye to mee pleaſaunce yev, ²⁴⁸ 360

Lyche thee, I'lle ſtrev to ſette mie mynde atte reſte.

Yett oh ! forgeve, yff I have thee dyſtreſte ;

Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher ſwaie.

Juſte as I was wythe Ælla to be bleſte,

Shappe ²⁴⁹ foullie thos hathe ſnatched hym awaie. 365

It was a tene ²⁵⁰ too doughtie to bee borne,

Wydhout an ounde ²⁵¹ of feares and breaste wyth fyghes
ytorne ²⁵².

²⁴⁰ Affay. ²⁴¹ Tongue. ²⁴² They. ²⁴³ Strive. ²⁴⁴ Torture. ²⁴⁵ Af-
ſwage. ²⁴⁶ Difficult. ²⁴⁷ Hid. ²⁴⁸ Give. ²⁴⁹ Fate. ²⁵⁰ Pain or
Torment. ²⁵¹ Flood. ²⁵² Rent.

Æ L L A.

Thie mynde ys now thiefelfe; why wylte thou bee
 All blanche ²⁵³, al kyngelie, all foe wyfe yn mynde,
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla fee, 370
 Whatte wondrous bighes ²⁵⁴ he now muste leave
 behynde?
 O Birtha fayre, warde ²⁵⁵ everyche commynge wynde,
 On everych ²⁵⁶ wynde I wylle a token fende:
 Onn mie longe shielde ycorne ²⁵⁷ thie name thoul't fynde: —
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie ²⁵⁸ knyghte
 and friende. 375

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *speaking*.

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge ²⁵⁹
 Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe
 flynge.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

²⁵³ Fair. ²⁵⁴ Jewels. ²⁵⁵ Watch. ²⁵⁶ Every. ²⁵⁷ Engraved.
²⁵⁸ Worthy. ²⁵⁹ Stay.

BIRTHA.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 37

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of mie fpryte, mie gentle Ælla ſtaie. 380

Engyne ²⁶⁰ mee notte wyth fyke a drierie woe.

Æ L L A.

I muſte, I wylle; tys honnoure calſ awaie.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted ²⁶¹ harte, braſte²⁶², braſte ynn twaie²⁶³.

Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie ²⁶⁴. 385

I'm flyyng from mieſelfe yn flyng thee.

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, houfband, friend, and loverde ²⁶⁵, ſtaie.

He's gon, he's gone, alaſ! percaſe ²⁶⁶ he's gone for aie.

²⁶⁰ Torture. ²⁶¹ Swelling. ²⁶² Buſt. ²⁶³ Twain. ²⁶⁴ Wait. ²⁶⁵ Lord.
²⁶⁶ Perhaps.

C E L M O N D E.

Hope, hallie ²⁶⁷ fuster ²⁶⁸, fweepeynge thro' the skie,
 In crowue of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 399
 Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
 Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous ²⁶⁹ fyghte,
 Albeytte ²⁷⁰ este thou takest thie hie flyghte
 Hecket ²⁷¹ ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente ²⁷²,
 Nowe comcest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte; 395
 Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente ²⁷³;
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
 Depycte ²⁷⁴ wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde
 aumere ²⁷⁵.

I from a nete ²⁷⁶ of hopelen ²⁷⁷ am adawed ²⁷⁸,
 Awhaped ²⁷⁹ atte the fetyveness ²⁸⁰ of daie; 400
 Ælla, bie nete ²⁸¹ moe thann hys myndbruche ²⁸² awed,
 Is gone, and I moeste followe, toe the fraie.

²⁶⁷ Holy. ²⁶⁸ Sister. ²⁶⁹ Enraptured, joyful. ²⁷⁰ Although. ²⁷¹ Wrapped closely, covered. ²⁷² Blinded. ²⁷³ Fastened. ²⁷⁴ Painted.
²⁷⁵ Robe or girdle. ²⁷⁶ Night. ²⁷⁷ Hopelessness. ²⁷⁸ Awakened. ²⁷⁹ Astonish'd. ²⁸⁰ Agreeableness. ²⁸¹ Nought. ²⁸² Emulation.

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker ²⁸³ staie.

Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the p'lace:

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.

The reste from nethe ²⁸⁴ tymes masque must shew yttes
face, 405

I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse;

Blake ²⁸⁵ stonde the future doome, and joie dothe mee
alyse ²⁸⁶.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne ²⁸⁷?

Haille ²⁸⁸ the robber and the bordelyer ²⁸⁹, 410

Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne ²⁹⁰,

And nothyng does thie myckle ²⁹¹ gastnefs ²⁹² fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bofomme all thee tare.

Thou there dysperpellest ²⁹³ thie levynne-bronde ²⁹⁴;

Whylest mie foulgh's ²⁹⁵ forwyned ²⁹⁶, thou art the
gare ²⁹⁷; 415

Sleene ²⁹⁸ ys mie comforte bie thie ferie ²⁹⁹ honde;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the
ground,

²⁸³ *Contest, battle.* ²⁸⁴ *Beneath.* ²⁸⁵ *Naked.* ²⁸⁶ *Quit.* ²⁸⁷ *Had.*
²⁸⁸ *Happy.* ²⁸⁹ *Peasant, cottager.* ²⁹⁰ *Opposed, left.* ²⁹¹ *Great.* ²⁹² *Ter-*
ribleness. ²⁹³ *Scatterest.* ²⁹⁴ *Lightning.* ²⁹⁵ *Soul.* ²⁹⁶ *Withered,*
²⁹⁷ *Cause.* ²⁹⁸ *Slain.* ²⁹⁹ *Fiery.*

Itte kerveth ³⁰⁰ all abroad, bie braſteynge ³⁰¹ hyltren ³⁰²
wounde,

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes ſhade,
A thyng of wychencref ³⁰³, an idle dreme; 420

On of the fonnis ³⁰⁴ whych the clerche ³⁰⁵ have made,
Menne wydhoute ſpytes, and wommen for to fleme ³⁰⁶;
Knyghtes, who eſte kenne the loude dynne of the
beme ³⁰⁷,

Schulde be forgarde ³⁰⁸ to ſyke enfeeblynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche ³⁰⁹ theyr ſoules, be
breme ³¹⁰, 425

And for theyre chyvalrie alleyn have prayſe.

O thou, whateer thie name,

Or Zabalus ³¹¹ or Queed ³¹²,

Comme, ſteel mie ſable ſpyte,

For fremde ³¹³ and dolefulle dede. 430

³⁰⁰ *Cutteth, layeth waſte.* ³⁰¹ *Burſting.* ³⁰² *Hidden.* ³⁰³ *Wicchcraft,*
³⁰⁴ *Devices.* ³⁰⁵ *Church.* ³⁰⁶ *Terrify.* ³⁰⁷ *Trumpet.* ³⁰⁸ *Loſt.* ³⁰⁹ *Like,*
³¹⁰ *Furious.* ³¹¹ *The devil.* ³¹² *The devil.* ³¹³ *Strange.*

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE, *wyth the*
 ARMIE, *neare* WATCHETTE.

M A G N U S.

SWYTHE ³¹⁴ lette the offrendes ³¹⁵ to the Goddes
 begynne,

To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.

Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ³¹⁶ ynne;

Spreade fwythyn all arounde the hallie ³¹⁷ lyghte.

H I E P R E E S T E *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ³¹⁸ ayre 435

Delethe feasonnes foule or fayre,

Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte ³¹⁹,

The mone yn bloddie gyttelles ³²⁰ hylte,

Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde

Everyche barriere ³²¹ to the wynde; 449

³¹⁴ Quickly. ³¹⁵ Offerings. ³¹⁶ Daggers. ³¹⁷ Holy. ³¹⁸ Murky, gloomy.
³¹⁹ Offended. ³²⁰ Mantles. ³²¹ Boundary.

Whanne

Whanne the oundyng³²² waves dystreste,

Storven³²³ to be overest³²⁴,

Sockeynge³²⁵ yn the spyre-gyrte towne,

Swolteryng³²⁶ wole natyones downe,

Sendyng³²⁷ dethe, on plagues astrodde³²⁷,

445

Moovyng³²⁸ lyke the erthys³²⁸ Godde;

To mee send your heste³²⁹ dyvyne,

Lyghte eletten³³⁰ all myne eyne,

Thatt I maie now undevyfe³³¹

All the actyonnes of th'empprize³³².

450

[*falleth downe and este³³³ rysethe,*

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;

Forr there shall meynthe of mytte³³⁴ menne bee flayne,

M A G N U S.

Whie, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.

Efte have I treynted³³⁵ noyance³³⁶ throughe the hoaste,

Athorowe³³⁷ swerdes, alyche the Queed³³⁸ dystraughte,³³⁹

Have Magnus pressyng³³⁹ wroghte hys foemen loaste³⁴⁰,

³²² *Foaming, undulating.* ³²³ *Strove.* ³²⁴ *Uppermost.* ³²⁵ *Sucking,*
³²⁶ *Overwhelming.* ³²⁷ *Asfride.* ³²⁸ *Earth's.* ³²⁹ *Command.* ³³⁰ *En-*
lighten. ³³¹ *Explain.* ³³² *Understanding.* ³³³ *Afterwards.* ³³⁴ *Mighty,*
³³⁵ *Scattered.* ³³⁶ *Destruction.* ³³⁷ *Through.* ³³⁸ *The devil.* ³³⁹ *Dis-*
tracted. ³⁴⁰ *Loss.*

As

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 43

As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,
 The dyngeynge³⁴¹ ounde³⁴² the fandeie stonde doe tare,
 So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste³⁴³,
 Full meynthe³⁴⁴ a champyonesse breaste received mie
 spear. 460

Mie theelde, lyche sommere morie³⁴⁵ gronfer³⁴⁶ droke³⁴⁷,
 Mie lethalle³⁴⁸ speere, alyche a levyn-mylted³⁴⁹ oke.

H U R R A.

This wordes are greates, full hygge of found, and eke³⁵⁰
 Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comine no rayne.
 Itte lacketh notte a doughtie³⁵¹ honde to speke; 465
 The cocke faiethe drested³⁵², yett armed ys he alleyn.
 Certis this wordes maie, thou motest have sayne
 Of mee, and meynthe of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
 Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle³⁵³,
 And tore the heaulmes³⁵⁴ from heades of myckle
 myghte. 470

Sythence³⁵⁵ fyke myghte ys placed yn this honde,
 Lette blowes this actyons speeke, and bie this corrage
 stonde.

³⁴¹ Noisy, sounding. ³⁴² Wave. ³⁴³ Toss. ³⁴⁴ Many. ³⁴⁵ Marfly.
³⁴⁶ Fen-fire, or meteor. ³⁴⁷ Dry. ³⁴⁸ Deadly. ³⁴⁹ Melted with lightning.
³⁵⁰ Amplification, or boast. ³⁵¹ Valiant. ³⁵² Least, rather vauntingly.
³⁵³ Beaver. ³⁵⁴ Helmets. ³⁵⁵ Since.

MAGNUS.

M A G N U S.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
 And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
 Thou fyghtest anente ³⁵⁶ maydens and ne menne, 475
 Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.
 Este ³⁵⁷ I, caparyfon'd on bloddie stede,
 Havethe thee feene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
 Wythe corfes I investynge ³⁵⁸ everich mede,
 And thou aston ³⁵⁹, and wondrynge at mie myghte. 480
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome ³⁶⁰,
 Albeytte thou wouldest reyne ³⁶¹ awaie from bloddie
 dome ³⁶²;

H U R R A.

How ! butte bee bourne ³⁶³ mie rage. I kenne aryghte
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye ³⁶⁴ peene ³⁶⁵.
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; 485
 Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte be wreene ³⁶⁶,
 I'll prove mie courage onne the burlid ³⁶⁷ greene;
 Tys there alleyn I'll telle thee whatte I bee.

³⁵⁶ Against. ³⁵⁷ Often. ³⁵⁸ Cloathing. ³⁵⁹ Astonished. ³⁶⁰ Renown.
³⁶⁴ Run. ³⁶² Fate. ³⁶³ Confined, stopped. ³⁶⁴ Worthy. ³⁶⁵ Punishment.
³⁶⁶ Declared, exposed. ³⁶⁷ Armed.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 45

Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere ³⁶⁸ adeene ^{368*},
 Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. 490
 Thys mie adented ³⁶⁹ shielde, thys mie warre-speare,
 Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte
 Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
 He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes ³⁷⁰ of blodde he'd
 wryte, 495
 And on thie heafod ³⁷¹ peyncte ³⁷² hys myghte for aie.
 Gyf thou anent ³⁷³ an wolfynnes ³⁷⁴ rage wouldest staie,
 'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
 Lest I in furrie ^{374*} shulde mie armes dysplaie,
 Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche ³⁷⁵ myckle
 woe. 500
 Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte ³⁷⁶ wyth brendyng rage ³⁷⁷;
 Ne seas of smethynge ³⁷⁸ gore wylle mie chafed ³⁷⁹ harte
 asswage.

³⁶⁸ Spear. ^{368*} Worthy. ³⁶⁹ Bruised, battered. ³⁷⁰ Drops. ³⁷¹ Head.
³⁷² Paint. ³⁷³ Against. ³⁷⁴ Wolf's. ^{374*} Fury. ³⁷⁵ Work. ³⁷⁶ Dis-
 tracted. ³⁷⁷ Burning. ³⁷⁸ Smoking. ³⁷⁹ Enflamed.

HURRA.

H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art

That doest aslee ³⁸⁰ alonge ynn doled ³⁸¹ dystresse,

Strynge ³⁸² bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle ³⁸³ yn harte, 505

I almost wyfche ³⁸⁴ thie prowes were made lesse.

Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugdomnefs ³⁸⁵

To thee and recreandes ³⁸⁶) thondered on the playne,

Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers ³⁸⁷ pressie !

Swefter thanne federed ³⁸⁸ takelle ³⁸⁹ dydste thou

reyne ³⁹⁰.

510

A ronnynge ³⁹¹ pryze onn feyncte daie to ordayne,

Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze wylle

gayne.

M A G N U S.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned ³⁹² tyngue ³⁹³!

Myrriades of neders ³⁹⁴ pre ³⁹⁵ upponne thie spryte !

Maieft thou fele al the peynes of age whylst yyng ³⁹⁶, 515

Unmanned, uneyned ³⁹⁷, excloded aie the lyghte,

³⁸⁰ Slide, or creep. ³⁸¹ Painful. ³⁸² Strong. ³⁸³ Lion's cub. ³⁸⁴ Wif.
³⁸⁵ Terror. ³⁸⁶ Cowards. ³⁸⁷ Fugitives. ³⁸⁸ Feathered. ³⁸⁹ Arrow.
³⁹⁰ Run. ³⁹¹ Running. ³⁹² Cursed. ³⁹³ Tongue. ³⁹⁴ Adders. ³⁹⁵ Prey.
³⁹⁶ Young. ³⁹⁷ Blind.

Thie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 47

Thie senses, lyche thiefelfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
 A fcoff to foemen and to beastes a pheere³⁹⁸;
 Maie furched³⁹⁹ levynne⁴⁰⁰ onne thie head alyghte,
 Maie on thee falle the fhuyr⁴⁰¹ of the unweere⁴⁰²; 520
 Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,
 Maie thie bante⁴⁰³ boddie quykke the wolfsome⁴⁰⁴ peenes⁴⁰⁵
 devoure.

Faygne⁴⁰⁶ woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue.
 Denies mie harte the favoure foe toe doe.

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns⁴⁰⁷ kynge, 525
 Wythe fhurie⁴⁰⁸, as thou dydste begynne, perſue;
 Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou⁴⁰⁹,
 Bane⁴¹⁰ onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.
 Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
 The thonder loude, the fwellynge azure rele⁴¹¹ 530
 Thie wordes be hie of dynne⁴¹², botte nete beſyde;
 Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle
 pryde.

Botte doe notte waſte thie breath, leſt Ælla come.

³⁹⁸ Companion, equal. ³⁹⁹ Forked. ⁴⁰⁰ Lightning. ⁴⁰¹ Fury. ⁴⁰² Storm.
⁴⁰³ Cursed. ⁴⁰⁴ Loathsome. ⁴⁰⁵ Tortures. ⁴⁰⁶ Willingly. ⁴⁰⁷ Heaven's.
⁴⁰⁸ Fury. ⁴⁰⁹ Rough, terrible. ⁴¹⁰ Curse. ⁴¹¹ Wave. ⁴¹² Sound.

MAGNUS.

M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder ⁴¹³ fynke toe helle !
 Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome ! 533
 I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneft welle.
 Unlydgefulle ⁴¹⁴ traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle ?
 'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne;
 Bothe fente, as troopes of wolves, to fletre ⁴¹⁵ felle ;
 Botte nowe thou lackeft hem to be all yyne ⁴¹⁶. 540
 Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state,
 Speacke thou yn rage once moc, I wyll thee dyfregate⁴¹⁷.

H U R R A.

I pryze thie threattes joste⁴¹⁸ as I doe thie banes ⁴¹⁹;
 The fede of malyce and recendize ⁴²⁰ al.
 Thou arte a steyne unto the name of Danes; 545
 Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooffe canst calle.
 Thou beeft a worme fo groffile ⁴²¹ and fo smal,
 I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie fworde,
 Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,
 Alyche thie owne feare, flea thee wythe a worde. 550
 I Hurra amme miefel, and aie wyllle bee,
 Asgreate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

⁴¹³ Together. ⁴¹⁴ Rebellious, unloyal. ⁴¹⁵ Slaughter. ⁴¹⁶ Thine. ⁴¹⁷ Break
 connection with. ⁴¹⁸ Just. ⁴¹⁹ Curses. ⁴²⁰ Cowardice. ⁴²¹ Abject.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Blynne ⁴²² your contekions ^{422*}, chiefs ; for, as I stode
 Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,
 Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded ⁴²³ foe, 555
 Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugfolmie ⁴²⁴,
 Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
 To droppe yn hayle, & hele ⁴²⁵ the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them ?

MESSENGER.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none, 560
 Seemyng as tho' theie flynge as persfante ⁴²⁶ too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte ? lettes sette oure warr-arraie.
 Goe, founde the beme ⁴²⁷, lette champyons prepare ;

⁴²² Cease. ^{422*} Contentions. ⁴²³ Frighted. ⁴²⁴ Terribly. ⁴²⁵ Help.
⁴²⁶ Piercing. ⁴²⁷ Trumpet.

Ne doubtynge, we wylle flynge as faste as heie.

Whatte? doest forgard ⁴²⁸ thie blodde? ys ytte for
feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere ⁴²⁹,

And yette ne byker ⁴³⁰ wythe the foldyer garde?

Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe ⁴³¹ the lere ⁴³²;

I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

M A G N U S.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys goode. 570

H U R R A.

For nete ⁴³³ uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens ⁴³⁴
foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MES-
SENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende ⁴³⁵ the commynge foe,

I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie swerde,

⁴²⁸ Lose. ⁴²⁹ The hold of the castle. ⁴³⁰ Battle. ⁴³¹ Underneath.
⁴³² Leather, stuff. ⁴³³ Nought. ⁴³⁴ Ravens. ⁴³⁵ Perceived.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 51

The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
 The armie ys. Dyforder throughe oure hoaste 575
 Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
 Styr, styr, mie lordes!

M A G N U S.

What? Ælla? & foe neare?

Thenne Denmarques roiend⁴³⁶; oh mie ryfynge feare!

H U R R A.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
 Nowe bie mie fworde, thou arte a verie berne⁴³⁷. 580
 Of late I dyd thie creand⁴³⁸ valoure scanne,
 Whanne thou dydst boaste foe moche⁴³⁹ of aycton derne⁴⁴⁰.
 Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte attur⁴⁴¹,
 To cheere the Sabbataneres⁴⁴² to deere⁴⁴³ dede.

M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wylle burne, 585
 Telleyng 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
 Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eidher fyde wylle bee,
 Mie harte I wylle upryſe⁴⁴⁴, & inne the battelle ſlea.

⁴³⁶ Ruined. ⁴³⁷ Child. ⁴³⁸ Cowardly. ⁴³⁹ Much. ⁴⁴⁰ Terrible.

⁴⁴¹ Turn. ⁴⁴² Booted soldiers. ⁴⁴³ Terrible. ⁴⁴⁴ Rouse up.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near*
WATCHETTE.

Æ L L A.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes ⁴⁴⁵ & oure vows,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune ⁴⁴⁶, 590
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
Of certane masterschyppe ⁴⁴⁷ upon hys glestreynge ⁴⁴⁸
browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynn the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknownen to the ugsumme ⁴⁴⁹ gratche ⁴⁵⁰ of fere; 595
Mie blodde embollen ⁴⁵¹, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynn mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persfante ⁴⁵² stele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate,
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde weale. 600
Friends, kynne, & soldyerres, ynn blacke armore
drere ⁴⁵³,

Mie actyons ynytate, mie presente redynge ⁴⁵⁴ here.

⁴⁴⁵ Morning devotion. ⁴⁴⁶ Ready. ⁴⁴⁷ Victory. ⁴⁴⁸ Glittering. ⁴⁴⁹ Hideous.
⁴⁵⁰ Garb, dress. ⁴⁵¹ Swelling. ⁴⁵² Piercing. ⁴⁵³ Terrible. ⁴⁵⁴ Advice.

There ys ne houle, athrow thys shap-scurged ⁴⁵⁵ ille,
 Thatte has ne losse a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted ⁴⁵⁶ the hongerde foyle, 605
 And townes enlowed ⁴⁵⁷ lemed ⁴⁵⁸ oppe the nyghtes.
 Innegyte ⁴⁵⁹ offyreoure hallie ⁴⁶⁰ churched dheiedyghtes ⁴⁶¹;
 Ourefoneslie storven ⁴⁶² ynne theyre smethynge ⁴⁶³ gore;
 Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes ⁴⁶⁴,
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore. 610
 Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
 Ybrende ⁴⁶⁵ yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
 These roynnerres ⁴⁶⁶ of oure hallie houfes flea;
 Brafte ⁴⁶⁷, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the
 flame, 615

Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
 Swepte as the rodde for-weltrynge ⁴⁶⁸ levyn-bronde ⁴⁶⁹,
 Yatte hautes the flynge mortherer oere the lea,
 Soe flie oponne these roynners of the londe. 620

⁴⁵⁵ Fate-scurged. ⁴⁵⁶ Surfeited, cloyed. ⁴⁵⁷ Flamed, fired. ⁴⁵⁸ Lighted.
⁴⁵⁹ Drest. ⁴⁶⁰ Holy. ⁴⁶¹ Clouth. ⁴⁶² Dead. ⁴⁶³ Smoking. ⁴⁶⁴ Pluck. ⁴⁶⁵ Burn.
⁴⁶⁶ Ravagers. ⁴⁶⁷ Burst. ⁴⁶⁸ Blasting. ⁴⁶⁹ Flash of lightning.

Lette those yatte ⁴⁷⁰ are unto yer battayles ⁴⁷¹ fledde,
Take slepe eterne ^{471*} uponne a feerie ⁴⁷² lowynge ⁴⁷³ bedde,

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne on fyre,
And strev ⁴⁷⁴ wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla & Brystowe have the thoughtes thattes hygher, ⁶²⁵
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger ⁴⁷⁵ lyghethe ⁴⁷⁶ banckes of sonde,
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge ⁴⁷⁷ streme,
Wythe dreerie ⁴⁷⁸ dynn enswolters ⁴⁷⁹ the hyghe stonde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye ⁴⁸⁰ breme ⁴⁸¹, ⁶³⁰
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wylle reache the cham-
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ⁴⁸² ne wayte oure gare ⁴⁸³,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre, ⁶³⁵
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende ⁴⁸⁴ fyre :

⁴⁷⁰ That. ⁴⁷¹ Ships, boats. ^{471*} Eternal. ⁴⁷² Fiery. ⁴⁷³ Flaming. ⁴⁷⁴ Strive.
⁴⁷⁵ The bore of the Severn. ⁴⁷⁶ Lodgeth. ⁴⁷⁷ Running. ⁴⁷⁸ Terrible. ⁴⁷⁹ Swallow-
lows, sucks in. ⁴⁸⁰ Fury. ⁴⁸¹ Fierce. ⁴⁸² Luck. ⁴⁸³ Cause. ⁴⁸⁴ Unaccustomed.

Thenne lette oure safetie double moove oure ire,
 Lyche wolfyns ⁴⁸⁵, rovyng for the evnyng pre ⁴⁸⁶,
 See[ing] the lambe & shepfterr ⁴⁸⁷ nere the brire,
 Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre flea; 640
 Thanne, whanne theravenne cokes uponne the playne,
 Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns flayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer ⁴⁸⁸, shalle mie anlace ⁴⁸⁹ sheene,
 Lyche a stryng ⁴⁹⁰ lyoncelle ⁴⁹¹ I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
 Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shall bee sleene ⁴⁹².
 Lyche[a] loud dynnyng ⁴⁹³ streeme scalle ⁴⁹⁴ bemie myghte.
 Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,
 Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves ⁴⁹⁵ be wepte;
 To commyng tymes no poyntelle ⁴⁹⁶ shalle ywrite,
 Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte. 650
 Yourselfes, youre chyl dren, & youre fellowes crie,
 Go, fyghte ynn rennomes ⁴⁹⁷ gare ⁴⁹⁸, be brave, & wyne
 or die.

⁴⁸⁵ Wolves. ⁴⁸⁶ Prey. ⁴⁸⁷ Shepherd. ⁴⁸⁸ Fen meteor. ⁴⁸⁹ Sword. ⁴⁹⁰ Strong-
⁴⁹¹ Lion's whelp. ⁴⁹² Slain. ⁴⁹³ Sounding. ⁴⁹⁴ Shall. ⁴⁹⁵ Daggers. ⁴⁹⁶ Pen.
⁴⁹⁷ Reputation. ⁴⁹⁸ Cause.

I faie ne moe; youre fpryte the reſte wylle faie;
 Your fpryte wylle wrynne ⁴⁹⁹, thatte Eryſtow ys yer
 place;

To honoures houſe I nede notte marcke the waie; ⁶⁵⁵
 Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe trace.
 'Twexte ⁵⁰⁰ ſhappe ⁵⁰¹ & us there ys botte lyttelle ſpace;
 The tyme ys nowe to proove yourſelves bee menne;
 Drawe forthe the bornyſhed ⁵⁰² bylle wythe the fetyve ⁵⁰³ grace,
 Rouze, lyche a wolſynne rouzing from hys denne. ⁶⁶⁰
 Thus I enrone ⁵⁰⁴ mie anlace ⁵⁰⁵; go thou ſheth;e;
 I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe deathe.

S O L D Y E R S.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
 Wee longe to here the raven ſynge yn vayne;
 Onn, Ælla, onn; we certys gayne the daie, ⁶⁶⁵
 Whanne thou doſte leade us to the leathal ⁵⁰⁶ playne.

C E L M O N D E.

Thie ſpeche, O Loverde ⁵⁰⁷, fyreth the whole trayne;
 Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe;
 Go, & fytt crowned on corſes of the ſlayne;
 Go, & ywielde ⁵⁰⁸ the maſſie ſwerde of deathe. ⁶⁷⁰

⁴⁹⁹ Discover. ⁵⁰⁰ Between. ⁵⁰¹ Fate. ⁵⁰² Burniſhed. ⁵⁰³ Agreeable, camely.
⁵⁰⁴ Unſheath. ⁵⁰⁵ Sword. ⁵⁰⁶ Deadly. ⁵⁰⁷ Lord. ⁵⁰⁸ Wield.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes ;
Echone yn phantafie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

Æ L L A.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble fpytes
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer mafter telle.
Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675
Soe wylle we fall upon thefe royners felle.

Oure mowynge fwerdes fhalle plunge hem downe to
helle ;

Theyre throngynge corfes fhall onlyghte ⁵⁰⁹ the ftarres ;
The barrowes ⁵¹⁰ braftyng ⁵¹¹ wythe the fleene fchall
fwelle,

Brynnynge ⁵¹² to commynge tymes our famous warres ;
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe ⁵¹³ of myghte, 681
Sheenyng abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles ⁵¹⁴ of oure famous fyghte fhall faie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie ⁵¹⁵ dede,

⁵⁰⁹Darken, ⁵¹⁰Tombs, ⁵¹¹Burfting, ⁵¹²Declaring, ⁵¹³Flame, ⁵¹⁴Pens, ⁵¹⁵Valiant.

Echone wylle wyffen ⁵¹⁶ hee hanne seene the daie, ⁶⁸⁵
 And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
 Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede;
 Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
 Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
 Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe. 690
 Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes ⁵¹⁷ founde,
 The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder ⁵¹⁸ ryfyng
 grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade,

⁵¹⁶ *Wife.* ⁵¹⁷ *Warlike instruments of music.* ⁵¹⁸ *Yonder.*

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 59

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

F Y R S T E D A N E.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene;
The Saxonnnes come wythe Ælla atte theyre heade; 695
Lette's flev⁵¹⁹ to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

S E C O N D E D A N E.

O goddes! have thoufandes bie mie anlace⁵²⁰ bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged⁵²¹ alle oure troopes are spreade,
Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie. 701
Botte ne⁵²²; I'lle flie, & morth⁵²³ yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle⁵²⁴ marke the goeynge of
my feete.

⁵¹⁹ Strive. ⁵²⁰ Sword. ⁵²¹ Scattered. ⁵²² No. ⁵²³ Murder. ⁵²⁴ Shall.

T H Y R D E

T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge⁵²⁵ forr to scape the brondeynge⁵²⁶ foe,

As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705

Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,

Ourefpyrynge⁵²⁷ battayles⁵²⁸ wrapte ynn fayles of flame.

The burled⁵²⁹ Dacyannes, who were ynne the fame,

Fro fyde to fyde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;

The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710

Theielepe ynto the sea, & bobblynge⁵³⁰ yield yer breathe;

Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,

Bee deathe-doomed captyvestaene, or yn the battle flayne

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous⁵³¹ knyghte,

Bie cravente⁵³² havyoure⁵³³ havethe don oure woe, 715

Despendynge⁵³⁴ all the talle menne yn the fyghte,

And placeyng valourous menne where draffs⁵³⁵ mote

goe.

Sythence⁵³⁶ oure fourtunie⁵³⁷ havethe tourned foe,

Gader⁵³⁸ the fouldyers leste to future shappe⁵³⁹,

⁵²⁵ Thinking. ⁵²⁶ Furious, enflamed. ⁵²⁷ Lofty. ⁵²⁸ Ships. ⁵²⁹ Armed. ⁵³⁰ The noise made by a man in drowning. ⁵³¹ Ungenerous. ⁵³² Coward. ⁵³³ Behavior. ⁵³⁴ Expending. ⁵³⁵ Refuse. ⁵³⁶ Since then. ⁵³⁷ Fortune. or conflict. ⁵³⁸ Collected. ⁵³⁹ Fate.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 61.

To somme newe place for safetie we wylle goe, 720

Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne ⁵⁴⁰;

Lette all the Dacyannes swythe ⁵⁴¹ unto oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes ⁵⁴² wee wylle sprenge ⁵⁴³ sadde dethe
& dole ⁵⁴⁴.

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch ⁵⁴⁵ ourselves there-
ynne: 525

Goddess! here the Saxonnnes lyche a byllowe rolle.

I heere the anlacis ⁵⁴⁶ detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne ⁵⁴⁷;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agennc.

⁵⁴⁰ Retreat. ⁵⁴¹ Quickly. ⁵⁴² Villages. ⁵⁴³ Scatter. ⁵⁴⁴ Lamentation.
⁵⁴⁵ Wash. ⁵⁴⁶ Sword. ⁵⁴⁷ Eminence.

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spyte al feere ! to telle the daie, 730
 The daie whyche scal⁵⁴⁸ astounde⁵⁴⁹ the herers rede⁵⁵⁰,
 Makeynge oure foemennes envyyng hertes to blede,
 Ybereynge⁵⁵¹ thro the worlde oure rennomde⁵⁵² name
 for aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte⁵⁵³,
 From the rodde Easte he flytted⁵⁵⁴ wythe hys trayne,
 The howers drewe awaie the geete⁵⁵⁵ of nyghte, 736
 Her fable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.

The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes playne,
 And on the dewe dyd fnyle wythe shemrynge⁵⁵⁶ eie,
 Lychegottes⁵⁵⁷ of blodde whyche doe blacke armour
 fleyne, 740

Sheenyng upon the borne⁵⁵⁸ whyche stondeth bie ;
 The fouldyers stoode uponne the hillis fyde,
 Lycheyonge enlesed⁵⁵⁹ trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

⁵⁴⁸ Shall. ⁵⁴⁹ Astonish. ⁵⁵⁰ Wisdom. ⁵⁵¹ Bearing. ⁵⁵² Renowned. ⁵⁵³ Cloathed.
⁵⁵⁴ Flew. ⁵⁵⁵ Mantle. ⁵⁵⁶ Glittering. ⁵⁵⁷ Drops. ⁵⁵⁸ Burnish, rather hill. ⁵⁵⁹ In leaf.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres ;
 Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte, 745
 Hys eyne enfemeynge ⁵⁶⁰ as a lowe ⁵⁶¹ of fyre ;
 Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte ;
 Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle ;
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte ; 750
 Eche warrynge harte forr prayse & rennome swelles ;
 Lyche flowelie dynnyng of the croucheynge ⁵⁶² streame,
 Syche dyd the mormryng ⁵⁶³ founde of the whol armie
 feme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to faie
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755
 Moovyng alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boelomme tare
 To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntell ⁵⁶⁴ or hys tyngue ⁵⁶⁵.
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryfeth heaven-were ⁵⁶⁶, 760
 Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous ⁵⁶⁷ & frynge ⁵⁶⁸,

⁵⁶⁰ *Appearing.* ⁵⁶¹ *Flame.* ⁵⁶² *Crooked, winding.* ⁵⁶³ *Murmuring.* ⁵⁶⁴ *Pen.*
⁵⁶⁵ *Tongue.* ⁵⁶⁶ *Towards heaven.* ⁵⁶⁷ *Furious.* ⁵⁶⁸ *Strong.*

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;
 Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym
 fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes dydrynge;
 Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee; 765
 Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
 Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea;
 Where he dydde comme, the flemed ⁵⁶⁹ foe dydde flee,
 Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
 Wythe fythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hem dree ⁵⁷⁰, 770
 Hylles of yer bowkes ⁵⁷¹ dyd ryfe opponne the playne;
 Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tynge; faie nee;
 Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee
 wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys fouldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.
 Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere ⁵⁷² felle; 775
 Heere lorde & hyndlette ⁵⁷³ fonke uponne the playne;
 Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.
 Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, shame to telle!
 Hee foughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's spcere

⁵⁶⁹ Frighted. ⁵⁷⁰ Drive. ⁵⁷¹ Bodies. ⁵⁷² Companion. ⁵⁷³ Peasant.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 65

Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle, 780
 Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
 He groned, & fonke uponne the gorie greene,
 And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes
 fleene.

Spente wythe thefyghte, the Dany the champyons stonde,
 Lyche bulles, whose strengthe & wondrous myghte
 ys fledde; 785
 Ælla, a javelynne grypped ⁵⁷⁴ yn eyther honde,
 Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
 After hys acte, the armie all yspedde ⁵⁷⁵;
 Fromm everich on unmyssynge javlynnes flewe;
 Theie straughte ⁵⁷⁶ yer doughtie ⁵⁷⁷ swerdes; the foe-
 menn bledde; 790
 Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe;
 The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
 Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne
 fledde.

⁵⁷⁴ Grasped. ⁵⁷⁵ Dispatched. ⁵⁷⁶ Stretched. ⁵⁷⁷ Valiant.

The foldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes af-
 fraie. 795

Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes
 flie ;

Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
 Pressyng behynde, the Englyfche foldyerres slaie.
 Botte halfe the tythes of Danylshe menne remayne ;
 Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the fleetre ⁵⁷⁸ slaie,
 Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.
 The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,
 In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
 Mie servant squyre !

C E L M O N D E, S E R V I T O U R E.

C E L M O N D E.

Prepare a fleing horse,
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the
 wynde, 805

⁵⁷⁸ *Slaughter.*

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 67

Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn
 course,
 Leaveynge the gyttelles ⁵⁷⁹ of the merke ⁵⁸⁰ behynde.
 Somme hyltren ⁵⁸¹ matters doe mie prefence fynde.
 Gyv oute to alle yatte I was fleene ynne fyghte.
 Gyff ynne thys gare ⁵⁸² thou doest mie order mynde, 810
 Whanne I retorne, thou shalte be made a knyghte ;
 Flie, flie, be gon ; an howerre ys a daie ;
 Quicke dyghte ⁵⁸³ mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm
 heere—awaie !

C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the tounne
 He waytethe, tulle hys woundes be broghte to ethe ⁵⁸⁴.
 And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,
 Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe ?
 O no ! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe ⁵⁸⁵,
 Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe ;
 Botte—Birtha ys the pryze ; ahe ! yttewere ethe ⁵⁸⁶ 820
 To gayne fo gayne ⁵⁸⁷ a pryze wythe losse of breathe ;

⁵⁷⁹ *Mantle, cloathing.* ⁵⁸⁰ *Darknes.* ⁵⁸¹ *Hidden.* ⁵⁸² *Cause.* ⁴⁸³ *Prepare.*
⁵⁸⁴ *Relief, ease.* ⁵⁸⁵ *Smcke.* ⁵⁸⁶ *Eafy.* ⁵⁸⁷ *Great, advantageous.*

Botte thanne rennome æterne ⁵⁸⁸—ytte ys botte ayre ;
 Bredde ynne the phantafie, & alleyn lyvyng there.

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe confpyre
 To telle me of the faulte I now fchulde doe, 825
 Yette woulde I battentlie ⁵⁸⁹ affuage mie fyre,
 And the fame menes, as I fcall nowe, purfue.
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
 Were blodde, & morthur, mafterie, and warre;
 Thie I wylle holde to now, & hede ne moe 830
 A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie fcarre.
 Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantyng of a thorne,
 Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie fhalle be torne.

⁵⁸⁸ Eternal. ⁵⁸⁹ *Folly, or violently.*

B R Y S T O W E.

B I R T H A, E G W I N A.

B I R T H A.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche ⁵⁹⁰ me joie;
 I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere ⁵⁹¹. 835
 Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure fellynessc ⁵⁹² destroie,
 Floddyng the face wythe woe, & brynne teare!

E G W I N A.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
 Youre harte unto somme cherifaunied ⁵⁹³ reste.
 Youre loverde ⁵⁹⁴ from the battelle wylle appere, 840
 Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dresse;
 Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie;
 Perchaunce the swotie ⁵⁹⁵ founde maie chase your wiere ⁵⁹⁶
 awaie.

⁵⁹⁰ Exhort, recommend. ⁵⁹¹ Grief. ⁵⁹² Happiness. ⁵⁹³ Comfortable.
⁵⁹⁴ Lord. ⁵⁹⁵ Sweet. ⁵⁹⁶ Grief.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O ! fyngē untoe mie roundelaie,

O ! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee, 845

Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,

Lycke a reynynge ⁵⁹⁷ ryver bee ;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys death-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree. 850

Blacke hys cryne ⁵⁹⁸ as the wyntere nyghte,

Whyte hys rode ⁵⁹⁹ as the fommer snowe,

Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,

Cale ⁶⁰⁰ he lyes ynne the grave belowe ;

Mie love ys dedde, 855

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote ⁶⁰¹ hys tyngue as the throstles note,

Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

⁵⁹⁷ Running. ⁵⁹⁸ Hair. ⁵⁹⁹ Complexion. ⁶⁰⁰ Cold. ⁶⁰¹ Sweet.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 71

Defte ⁶⁰² hys taboure, codgelle stote, 860

O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to his deathe-bedde,

Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges, 685

In the briered delle belowe;

Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe fynge,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;

Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude; 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

⁶⁰² Neat.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde, 889
 Nee one hallie ⁶⁰³ Seyncte to fave
 Al the celnefs ⁶⁰⁴ of a mayde,
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle under the wyllowe tree. 885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente ⁶⁰⁵ the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre ⁶⁰⁶,
 Ouphante ⁶⁰⁷ fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.
 Mie love ys dedde, 899
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorme-coppe & thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
 Lyfe & all yttes goode I scorne, 895
 Daunce bie nete ⁶⁰⁸, or feaste by daie.

⁶⁰³ *Holy.* ⁶⁰⁴ *Coldnefs,* ⁶⁰⁵ *Fasten.* ⁶⁰⁶ *Grow.* ⁶⁰⁷ *Elfin.* ⁶⁰⁸ *Night.*

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes⁶⁰⁹, 909
 Bere mee to yer leathalle⁶¹⁰ tyde.
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
 Thos the damfelle spake, and dyed.

B I R T H A.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please;
 Butte mie uncourtlye⁶¹¹ shappe⁶¹² benymmes⁶¹³ mee of
 all ease. 905

⁶⁰⁹ Waterflags. ⁶¹⁰ Deadly. ⁶¹¹ Unpleasant, cruel. ⁶¹² Fate, ⁶¹³ Bereaves.

Æ L L A, *atte* WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes ! brynge mee a
stede !

I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte ;

Albeytte fro mie woundes mie foul doe blede,

I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her fyghte.

Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte ;

Swefte as mie wyshe, &, as mie love ys, stronge. 911

The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

O ! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie

Canne yeve ⁶¹⁴ ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode
leme ⁶¹⁵ myne eie ! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed !

Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane ⁶¹⁶,
& bleffe ;

⁶¹⁴ Give. ⁶¹⁵ Enlighten. ⁶¹⁶ Curse.

On tyme encalede ⁶¹⁷, yanne bie the fame thyng
warmd,

Eftroughted ⁶¹⁸ foorth, and yanne ybrogten lefs.

'Tys Birtha's los whyche doe mie thoughtes poffesse;

I wylle, I muſte awaie: whie ſtaies mie ſtede? 921

Mie huſcarles ⁶¹⁹, hyther haſte; prepare a drefſe,

Whyche couracyers ⁶²⁰ yn haſtie journies nede.

O heavens! I moſte awaie to Byrtha eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne. 925

⁶¹⁷ Frozen, cold. ⁶¹⁸ Stretched forth. ⁶¹⁹ Attendants. ⁶²⁰ Horſe
courſers, couriers.

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE,

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte ; the wyndes are
 fyllle ;
 Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme ;
 The upryfte ⁶²¹ fprytes the fylente letten ⁶²² fyllle,
 Wythe ouphant ⁶²³ faeryes joynynge ynn the dreame ;
 The forreste fheenethe wythe the fylver leme ⁶²⁴ ; 930
 Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn yttes treate ;
 Uponne the lynche ⁶²⁵ of fomme fwefte reynynge ⁶²⁶ ftreame,
 At the fwote banquette I wyllle fwotelie eate.
 Thys ys the howfe ; yee hyndes, fwythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE,

. CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha ftrayte, a ftraungerr waytethe here. 935

⁶²¹ Rifen. ⁶²² Church-yard. ⁶²³ *Elfin*. ⁶²⁴ *Light*. ⁶²⁵ *Brink*,
border. ⁶²⁶ *Running*.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde ! yee feynctes ! I hope thou haste goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys losse ; for heaue newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle ?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyues ; & styll maie use

The behylte ⁶²⁷ blessinges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heaue tydynge thenne have I to feare ? 940

Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie ?

⁶²⁷ Promised.

C E L M O N D E.

For heavie tydynges fwythyn nowe prepare;
 Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous ⁶²⁸ fraie;
 In Wedecester's wallid touné he lyes.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted ⁶²⁹ breast!

C E L M O N D E.

Wythoute your fyghte, he dyes. 945

B I R T H A.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe ⁶³⁰ her Ælla's payne?
 I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

C E L M O N D E.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie ⁶³¹ beere us twayne.

B I R T H A.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, & no waie lynge ⁶³²;

⁶²⁸ Warlike. ⁶²⁹ Swelling, or bursting. ⁶³⁰ Relieve, ease. ⁶³¹ Easily, commodiously. ⁶³² Linger.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 79

Sweetlie caparifons for rydyng brynge; 950
 I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome⁶³³.
 O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the flynge,
 The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
 Thou wouldste see playne thiefelfe the gare⁶³⁴ to bee;
 Aryse, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten me. 955

C E L M O N D E.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;
 Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
 Swythyne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
 To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
 Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys
 bloode, 960
 Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev⁶³⁵ hys harte allé
 cheere;
 Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode⁶³⁶;
 You doe hys spryte, & alle hys pleasaunce bere.
 Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke⁶³⁷,
 Yette love wille be a tore⁶³⁸ to tourne to feere⁶³⁹ nyghtes
 smoke. 965

⁶³³ Feathered lightning. ⁶³⁴ Cause. ⁶³⁵ Give. ⁶³⁶ Life. ⁶³⁷ Dark.
⁶³⁸ Torch. ⁶³⁹ Fire.

A W O D E.

H U R R A, D A N E S.

H U R R A.

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,
 Bewreckeynge ⁶⁴⁷ on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;
 Whatteverre schalle be. Englysch wee wylle flea,
 Spreddyngge our ugſomme ⁶⁴⁸ rennome ⁶⁴⁹ to aſarre.
 Ye Dacyannemenne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are, 980
 Lette nete ⁶⁵⁰ botte blodde ſuffycyle ⁶⁵¹ for yee bee;
 On everich breaste yn gorie letteres ſcarre ⁶⁵²,
 Whatt ſprytes you have, & howe thoſe ſprytes maie
 dree ⁶⁵³.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes ſhore,
 Eſteſoones ⁶⁵⁴ we will retourne, & wanquiſhed bee ne
 moere. 985

⁶⁴⁷ Revenging. ⁶⁴⁸ Terrible. ⁶⁴⁹ Renown. ⁶⁵⁰ Nought. ⁶⁵¹ Sufficient.
⁶⁵² Mark. ⁶⁵³ Drive. ⁶⁵⁴ Quickly.

The battelle losfe, a battelle was yndede;
 Note queedes⁶⁵⁵ hemfelfes culde ftonde fo harde a fraie;
 Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes⁶⁵⁶ dyd blede,
 The Dacyannes fprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde awaie,
 Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie; 999
 Ynn fpyte of foemanne, I moſte faie hys myghte;
 Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes⁶⁵⁷ blodde the lofs wylle paie,
 Brynnynge⁶⁵⁸, thatte we knowe howe to wyne yn
 fyghte;
 Wee wylle, lyke wylfes⁶⁵⁹ enloofed from chaynes,
 deſtroie;—
 Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte⁶⁶⁰ oute the daie
 of joie. 995

Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
 Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure fhuyrie⁶⁶¹ brende⁶⁶²;
 Braſtynge⁶⁶³ alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,
 The talle chyrche-fpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende;
 Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante⁶⁶⁴ tourrettes
 rende, 1000

Pete⁶⁶⁵ everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

⁶⁵⁵ Devils. ⁶⁵⁶ Helmets. ⁶⁵⁷ Peaſants. ⁶⁵⁸ Shewing. ⁶⁵⁹ Wolves. ⁶⁶⁰ Shut.
⁶⁶¹ Fury. ⁶⁶² Burn. ⁶⁶³ Burſling. ⁶⁶⁴ Ancient. ⁶⁶⁵ Pluck up.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 83

Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,
Besprengyng⁶⁶⁶ alle abrode fadde warre & bloddie wcere⁶⁶⁷.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wyllie flie ;
And thence wyllie yssue owte onne all yatte commeth
bie, 1005

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE,

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merknefs⁶⁶⁸ doe affraie mie wommanns breaſte,
Howe fable ys the ſpreddyng^e ſkie arrayde !
Hallie⁶⁶⁹ the bordeleire⁶⁷⁰, who lyves to reſte,
Ne ys att nyghtys ſlemynge⁶⁷¹ hue dyſmayde ;
The ſtarres doe ſcantillie⁶⁷² the fable brayde⁶⁷³; 1010
Wyde ys the ſylver lemes⁶⁷⁴ of comforte wove ;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde ?

CELMONDE,

Merker⁶⁷⁵ the nyghte, the fitter tyde⁶⁷⁶ for love.

⁶⁶⁶ Scattering. ⁶⁶⁷ Tempest. ⁶⁶⁸ Darknefs. ⁶⁶⁹ Happy. ⁶⁷⁰ Cottager. ⁶⁷¹ Terrifying. ⁶⁷² Scarcely, sparingly. ⁶⁷³ Embroider. ⁶⁷⁴ Rays, beams. ⁶⁷⁵ Darker. ⁶⁷⁶ Time.

B I R T H A.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.

Faygne would I fee once moe the roddie lemes⁶⁷⁷ of
daie.

1015

C E L M O N D E.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

B I R T H A.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

C E L M O N D E.

Thys Celmonde menes,

No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,

Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene⁶⁷⁸;

Nete⁶⁷⁹ in thys forreſte, botte thys tore⁶⁸⁰, dothe

ſheene,

1020

The whych, pottle oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;

See! howe the brauncynge⁶⁸¹ trees doe here entwyne,

Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the ſyghte;

⁶⁷⁷ Beams. ⁶⁷⁸ Discover. ⁶⁷⁹ Nought. ⁶⁸⁰ Torch. ⁶⁸¹ Branching.

Thys

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 85

Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves
bondes. 1025

B I R T H A.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie
thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

C E L M O N D E.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

B I R T H A.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030
Am I betraſte⁶⁸²? where ys, my Ælla, faie!

C E L M O N D E.

O! do nete⁶⁸³ nowe to Ælla fyke love bere,
Botte geven ſome onne Celmondes hedde.

⁶⁸² Betrayed. ⁶⁸³ Not.

B I R T H A.

Awaie !

I wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,
 Albeytte neders⁶⁸⁴ stynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

C E L M O N D E.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
 Ontylle thou doeste mie brendyng⁶⁸⁵ love amate⁶⁸⁶.
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrave⁶⁸⁷.
 O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state, 1040
 Theere love doth harrie⁶⁸⁸ up mie joie, and ethe⁶⁸⁹!
 I wretched bee, beyonde the hele⁶⁹⁰ of fate,
 Gyff Birtha styll wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe⁶⁹¹.
 Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
 Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleasaunce
 brooke. 1045

B I R T H A.

This love ys foule ; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
 Radher thanne heere fyche defflavatie⁶⁹² fedde.

⁶⁸⁴ Adders. ⁶⁸⁵ Burning. ⁶⁸⁶ Quench. ⁶⁸⁷ Favor. ⁶⁸⁸ Tear up. ⁶⁸⁹ Ease.
⁶⁹⁰ Help. ⁶⁹¹ Bleed. ⁶⁹² Letchery.

Swythyne

Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further faie;
 Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
 Yee feynctes! & shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde, 1050
 And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thyng?
 Lett mee be gone—alle curfes onne thie hedde!
 Was ytte for thys thou dydste a messäge brynge!
 Lette mee be gone, thou manne of fable harte!
 Or welkyn ⁶⁹³ & her starres wyll take a maydens
 parte. 1055

C E L M O N D E.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avele ⁶⁹⁴,
 Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
 Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte stryngge as stele;
 The merkye ⁶⁹⁵ seefonne wylle your bloshes hylte ⁶⁹⁶.

B I R T H A.

Holpe, holpe, yee feynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was
 spylte! 1060

⁶⁹³ Heaven. ⁶⁹⁴ Prevail. ⁶⁹⁵ Dark. ⁶⁹⁶ Hide.

C E L M O N D E.

The feynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.
 Strev⁶⁹⁷ notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.
 Unto mie wyfche ⁶⁹⁸ bee kinde, & nete alfe hede.

B I R T H A.

No, foule bestoykerre ⁶⁹⁹, I wylle rende the ayre,
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or some kynde roder ⁷⁰⁰
 heare. 1065
 Holpe ! holpe ! oh godde !

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

H U R R A.

Ah ! thatts a wommanne cries.
 I kenn hem ; saie, who are you, yatte be theere ?

C E L M O N D E.

Yee hyndes, awaie ! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

⁶⁹⁷ Strive. ⁶⁹⁸ Wyf. ⁶⁹⁹ Deceiver. ⁷⁰⁰ Traveller.

HURRA.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 89

H U R R A.

This wordes wyll ne mie hartis fete ⁷⁰¹ affere ^{701*}.

B I R T H A.

Save mee, oh! save me from thys roynar ⁷⁰² heere! 1070

H U R R A.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe faie this name & londe;

Or swythyne schall mie fwerde this boddie tare.

C E L M O N D E.

Bothe I wyll shewe thee bie mie brondeous ⁷⁰³ honde.

H U R R A.

Befette hym rounde, yee Danes.

C E L M O N D E.

Comme onne, and fee .

Gyff mie stryng anlace ⁷⁰⁴ maie bewryen ⁷⁰⁵ whatte I bee.

[*Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynthe Danes he sleath,
and faileth to Hurra.*]

⁷⁰¹Stability. ^{701*}Affright. ⁷⁰²Ruiner. ⁷⁰³Furious. ⁷⁰⁴Sword. ⁷⁰⁵Discover.

C E I.

C E L M O N D E.

Oh! I forslagen ⁷⁰⁶ be! ye Danes, now kenne,
 I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forflege ⁷⁰⁷ youre menne;
 I fele myne eyne to fwymme yn æterne, ⁷⁰⁸ nyghte;—
 To her be kynde. [Dieth.

H U R R A.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1080
 Saie, who bee you?

B I R T H A.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

H U R R A.

Ah!

B I R T H A.

Gyff anenfte ⁷⁰⁹ hym you harboure foule despyte,
 Nowe wythe the lethal ⁷¹⁰ anlace ⁷¹¹ take mie lyfe,

⁷⁰⁶ Slain. ⁷⁰⁷ Slew. ⁷⁰⁸ Eternal. ⁷⁰⁹ Against. ⁷¹⁰ Deadly. ⁷¹¹ Sword.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 91

Bie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce ⁷¹² you mee pyghte ⁷¹³, the worste of
mortal woe 1085

H U R R A.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.]
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous ⁷¹⁴ teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090
Forlagen ⁷¹⁵ Magnus, all our schippes ybrente ⁷¹⁶;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente ⁷¹⁷;
Whannehantoned ⁷¹⁸ barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare ⁷¹⁹ dheie fed, & wyfched ⁷²⁰ hym bytter
dome ⁷²¹. 1095

B I R T H A.

Mercie!

H U R R A.

Bee styлле.

⁷¹² Adultery. ⁷¹³ Plucked. ⁷¹⁴ Furious. ⁷¹⁵ Slew. ⁷¹⁶ Burnt. ⁷¹⁷ Broke.
⁷¹⁸ Accustomed. ⁷¹⁹ Cause. ⁷²⁰ Wished. ⁷²¹ Fate.

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre ;
 Whanne wee are spente, he foundethe the forloyn⁷²⁴;
 The captyves chayne he tofseth ynne the ayre,
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne ;
 Has hee notte untoe fomme of you bynn dygne⁷²³? 1100
 You would have smethd⁷²⁴ onne Wedecestrian fiede,
 Botte hee behylte⁷²⁵ the slughorne⁷²⁶ for to cleyne⁷²⁷,
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-
 dyng fiele.

Whanne you, as caytyfnd⁷²⁸, yn fiede dyd bee,
 He oathed⁷²⁹ you to bee styll. & straye didd sette you
 free. 1105

Scalle wee forslege⁷³⁰ hys wyfe, because he's brave?
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare⁷³¹?
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
 Robbe hym of whatte percase⁷³² he holdith deere?
 Or scalle we menne of mennys⁷³³ spytes appere, 1110
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoifelle⁷³⁴ bere,
 Bewryne⁷³⁵ oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?

⁷²² Retreat. ⁷²³ Noble, worthy of praise. ⁷²⁴ Smoked. ⁷²⁵ Forbid. ⁷²⁶ War-
 like instrument of music. ⁷²⁷ Sound. ⁷²⁸ Captives. ⁷²⁹ Swore. ⁷³⁰ Slay. ⁷³¹ Cause.
⁷³² Perhaps. ⁷³³ Mens. ⁷³⁴ Damself. ⁷³⁵ Declare.

The last you do approve ; so lette ytte bee ;
 Damoyfelle, comme awaie ; you safe scalle bee wythe
 mee.

B I R T H A.

Al blessinges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve !
 Alpleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte⁷³⁶ livynges bee !
 Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
 Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte⁷³⁷ the londe & sea,
 O Celmonde ! I maie deftlie⁷³⁸ rede by thee, 1120
 Whatte ille betydethe⁷³⁹ the enfouled⁷⁴⁰ kynde ;
 Maie ne thie crosse-stone⁷⁴¹ of thie cryme bewree⁷⁴² !
 Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde !
 Soldyer ! for fyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
 I wylle thie goinges⁷⁴³ tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

H U R R A.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene ;
 Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie ;
 The feynthe rodde leme⁷⁴³ flowe creepeth oere the greene,
 To chafe the merkynefs⁷⁴⁴ of nyghte awaie ;

⁷³⁶ Lengthened. ⁷³⁷ Gift. ⁷³⁸ Properly. ⁷³⁹ Awaiteth. ⁷⁴⁰ Vicious.
⁷⁴¹ Monument. ⁷⁴² Declare. ⁷⁴³ Ray. ⁷⁴⁴ Darknes.

Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the
daie; 1130

The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge ⁷⁴⁵ grasſe;

The ſhepſter ⁷⁴⁶ mayden, dyghtynge ⁷⁴⁷ her arraie,

Scante ⁷⁴⁸ fees her vyſage yn the waviſe glaſſe;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee ſcalle Ælla ſee, 1134

Or Bryſlowes wallyd towne; damoyſelle, followe mee.

⁷⁴⁵ Growing, ⁷⁴⁶ Shepherdeſſe, ⁷⁴⁷ Preparing, ⁷⁴⁸ Scarce,

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES,

ÆLLA.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie lafte nyghte
 To have been heere ! mie stede han notte mie love ;
 Thys ys mie pallace ; lette mie hyndes ⁷⁴⁸ alyghte,
 Whylste I goe oppe, & wake mie slepeynge dove.
 Staie here, mie hyndlettes ; I shal goe above. 1140
 Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele ⁷⁴⁹ mie spryte,
 Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wyllle prove ;
 Mie ledanne ⁷⁵⁰ boddie wyllle bee sette aryghte.
 Egwina, haste, & ope the portalle doore,
 Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne
 more. 1145

⁷⁴⁸ *Servants.* ⁷⁴⁹ *Heal, cure.* ⁷⁵⁰ *Heavy.*

Æ L L A, E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Oh Ælla!

Æ L L A.

Ah! that femmlykeene ⁷⁵¹ to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

E G W I N A.

Birtha is—

Æ L L A.

Whatt? where? how? faie, whatte of shee?

E G W I N A.

Gone—

Æ L L A.

Gone! ye goddes!

⁷⁵¹ *Appearance.*

E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Alas ! ytte ys toe true.

Yee feynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150

Ælla ! what? Ælla ! oh ! hee ! lyves agen.

Æ L L A.

Cal mee notte Ælla ; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah ! speake ! how? when?

E G W I N A.

I will.

Æ L L A.

Caparyfon a score of stedes ; flie, flie.

Where ys shee? fwythynne speeke, or instante thou
shalte die. 1155

E G W I N A.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

Æ L L A.

Oh ! speek,

H

EGWINA;

E G W I N A.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with her wiere⁷⁵²,
 Her love the gare⁷⁵³, thatte gave her harte fyke peyne—

Æ L L A.

Her love ! to whomme ?

E G W I N A.

To thee, her spouse alleynes⁷⁵⁴. 1164

As ys mie hentylle⁷⁵⁵ everyche morne to goe,
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe ;
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd feere⁷⁵⁶,
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woē) ne fynde her anie
 wheere. 1165

Æ L L A.

Thou lyest, foul hagge ! thou lyest ; thou art her ayde
 To chere her lousfe ;—botte noe ; ytte cannotte bee.

⁷⁵² Grief. ⁷⁵³ Cause. ⁷⁵⁴ Only, alone. ⁷⁵⁵ Custom. ⁷⁵⁶ Search.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 99

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have fayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace fwythyn, thanne mee flea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee foe; I see, 1170
Shee wythe somme loustie ⁷⁵⁷ paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste bee foe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, & brondeous ⁷⁵⁸ storm, & tempeste comme;
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enfwote ⁷⁵⁹ mie
domme. 1175

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde ⁷⁶⁰! I am aboute the trouthe to faie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name & place addreste;

⁷⁵⁷ Luffful. ⁷⁵⁸ Furious. ⁷⁵⁹ Sweeten. ⁷⁶⁰ Lord.

Downe to hym camme shee ; butte thereof the reste

I ken ne matter ; so, mie homage made— 1181

Æ L L A.

O! speake ne moe ; mie harte flames yn yttes heste ⁷⁶¹ ;

I once was Ælla ; nowe bee notte yttes shade.

Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle

Fallen onne mie benned ⁷⁶² headde I hanne been Ælla.

styllle. 1185

Thys alleyn was unburlcd ⁷⁶³ of alle mie spryte :

Miehonnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce ⁷⁶⁴ wynde,

Thatte steeked ⁷⁶⁵ on ytte ; nowe wythrage Im pyghte ⁷⁶⁶ ;

A brondeous ⁷⁶⁷ unweere ⁷⁶⁸ ys mie engyned ⁷⁶⁹ mynde.

Mie honneur ⁷⁷⁰ yette somme drybblet ⁷⁷¹ joie maie

fynde, 1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve ⁷⁷² ;

Whanne thos mie rennome ⁷⁷³ & mie peace ys rynde ⁷⁷⁴ ,

Itte were a recrandize ⁷⁷⁵ to thyncke toe lyve ;

⁷⁶¹ Command. ⁷⁶² Cursed; tormented. ⁷⁶³ Unarmed. ⁷⁶⁴ Soft, gentle.
⁷⁶⁵ Stcaled. ⁷⁶⁶ Tortured. ⁷⁶⁷ Furious. ⁷⁶⁸ Tempest. ⁷⁶⁹ Racked. ⁷⁷⁰ Honor.
⁷⁷¹ Inconsiderable. ⁷⁷² Give. ⁷⁷³ Renown. ⁷⁷⁴ Ruined. ⁷⁷⁵ Cowardice.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 101

Mie huscarles ⁷⁷⁶, untoe everie asker telle,

Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195

[*Stabbeth hys breste.*]

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

Æ L L A.

Be styll: stythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.

Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde

Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle.

[*Knelle ryngeth.*]

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Æ L L A.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle. 1200

I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;

Mie lethal ⁷⁷⁷ tale, alyche a lethalle belle,

Dynne ⁷⁷⁸ yn the eares of her I wyschd ⁷⁷⁹ mie wyfe!

⁷⁷⁶ *Servants.* ⁷⁷⁷ *Deadly.* ⁷⁷⁸ *Sound.* ⁷⁷⁹ *Wished.*

Botte, ah ! shec maie be fayre.

E G W I N A.

Yatte shec moſte bee,

Æ L L A.

Ah ! faie notte foe ; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobbliç
flee.

1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,
BIRTHA, HURRA.

Æ L L A.

Ah ! Birtha here !

B I R T H A,

Whatte dynne ⁷⁸⁰ ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle
knelle?

Where ys mie Ælla? ſpeeke ; where? howe ys hee?

Oh Ælla ! art thou yanne alyve and welle !

⁷⁸⁰ Sound.

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

B I R T H A.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

Æ L L A.

Here mie meneynge fee. 1210

This foulnefs urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,

Ytte mee unfpytes ⁷⁸¹,

B I R T H A.

Ytte hathe unfpyted mee.

Æ L L A.

Ah heavens! mie BIRTHA fallethe to the grounde!

Botte yette I am a manne, and so wyll be.

⁷⁸¹ Un-fouls.

H 4

HURRA.

H U R R A.

Ælla ! I amne a Dane ; botte yette a friende to thee. 1215

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,
 Strevynge fulle harde anenfte ⁷⁸² a burled ⁷⁸³ fwayne ;
 I sente hym myrynge ⁷⁸⁴ ynne mie compheeres ⁷⁸⁵ blodde,
 Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
 Yis damoifelle foughte to be here agayne ; 1220
 The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle ;
 So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne,

C O E R N I K E.

Yee nobylle Danes ! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, mie lyfe ! mie love ! oh ! she ys fayre.
 Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have ; whatte faultes could
 Ælla feare ? 1225

⁷⁸² Against. ⁷⁸³ Armed. ⁷⁸⁴ Wallowing. ⁷⁸⁵ Companions.

B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

Amm I yenne thynē? I cannotte blame thie feere.
 Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
 I wylle to thee bewryen ⁷⁸⁶ the woefulle gare ⁷⁸⁷.
 Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste.
 Wordeynge ⁷⁸⁸ for mee to flie, att your requeste, 1230
 To Watchette towne, where you deceasyng laie;
 I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke ⁷⁸⁹ wode we preste,
 Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd faie;
 The Dances—

Æ L L A,

Oh! I die contente.— [dieth.

B I R T H A.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
 O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spoufal bedde. 1235
 [Birtha feynēteth.

C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyyngē toe!
 Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.

⁷⁸⁶ Declare. ⁷⁸⁷ Gause. ⁷⁸⁸ Bringing me word. ⁷⁸⁹ Dark.

Who canne unplyte ⁷⁹⁰ the wurchys ⁷⁹¹ heaven can doe,
 Or who untweste the role of shappe ⁷⁹² yn twayne?
 Ælla, thie rennome ⁷⁹³ was thie onlie gayne; 1249
 For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was loste,
 Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,
 A pyle of carnes ⁷⁹⁴, as anie grave can boaste;
 Further, a just amede ⁷⁹⁵ to thee to bee,
 Inne heaven thou fynge of Godde, on ertoe we'lle fynge
 of thee. 1245

⁷⁹⁰ *Unfold*, ⁷⁹¹ *Works*, ⁷⁹² *Fate*, ⁷⁹³ *Renown*, ⁷⁹⁴ *Stones*, ⁷⁹⁵ *Reward*.

THE ENDE.

GODDWYN;

G O D D W Y N;

A T R A G E D I E,

BY T H O M A S R O W L E I E,

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE,	bie <i>T. Rowleie</i> , the Auſthoure.
GODDWYN,	bie <i>Johan de Iſcamme</i> ,
ELWARDE,	bie Syrr <i>Thybbot Gorges</i> ,
ALSTAN,	bie Syrr <i>Alan de Vere</i> .
KYNGE EDWARDE,	bie Maſtre <i>Willyam Canynge</i> ,

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnſtrells*.

P R O L O G U E.

Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHylomme ¹ bie pensmenne ² moke ³ ungentle ⁴ name
 Have upon Goddwyne Erle of Kente bin layde,
 Dherebie benymmynge ⁵ hymme of faie ⁶ and fame;
 Unliart ⁷ divinistres ⁸ haveth faide,
 Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie ⁹ wurche ¹⁰; 5
 Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne ¹¹ the church.

The aucthoure ¹² of the piece whiche we enacte,
 Albeytte ¹³ a clergyon ¹⁴, trouthe wyll wrytte.
 Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
 Entyn ¹⁵ a kynge mote ¹⁶ bee full pleased to nyghte. 10
 Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
 Wee better for toe doe do champion ¹⁷ anie onne.

¹ Of old, formerly. ² Writers, historians. ³ Much. ⁴ Inglorious.
⁵ Bereaving. ⁶ Faith. ⁷ Unforgiving. ⁸ Divines, clergymen, monks.
⁹ Holy. ¹⁰ Work. ¹¹ Not. ¹² Author. ¹³ Though, notwithstanding.
¹⁴ Clerk, or clergyman. ¹⁵ Entyn, even. ¹⁶ Might. ¹⁷ Challenge.

GODDWYN;

G O D D W Y N ; A T R A G E D I E.

G O D D W Y N A N D H A R O L D E.

G O D D W Y N.

H A R O L D E !

H A R O L D E.

Mie loverde ¹⁸ !

G O D D W Y N.

O ! I weepe to thyncke,
 What foemen ¹⁹ rifeth to ifrete ²⁰ the londe.
 Theie batten ²¹ onne her flesh, her hartes bloude
 dryncke,
 And all ys graunted from the roical honde.

¹⁸ Lord. ¹⁹ Foes, enemies. ²⁰ Devour, destroy. ²¹ Fatten.

H A R O L D E.

H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agreme ²² blyn ²³, ne aledge ²⁴ stonde; 5
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:
 Am I betrayed ⁴⁵, fyke ²⁶ shulde mie burlie ²⁷ bronde
 Depeyncte ²⁸ the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie spryte ²⁹ ful welle; gentle thou art,
 Stringe ³⁰, ugfomme ³¹, rou ³², as smethynge ³³ armyes
 seeme; 10

Yett este ³⁴, I feare, thie chefes ³⁵ toe grete a parte,
 And that thie rede ³⁶ bee este borne downe bie breme ³⁷,
 What-tydynges from the kynge !

H A R O L D E.

His Normans knowe.

I make noe compheere ³⁸ of the shemrynge ^{38*} trayne.

²² Grievance; a sence of it. ²³ Cease, be still. ²⁴ Idly. ²⁵ Deceived, imposed on. ²⁶ So. ²⁷ Fury, anger, rage. ²⁸ Paint, display.
²⁹ Soul. ³⁰ Strong. ³¹ Terrible. ³² Horrid, grim. ³³ Smoking, bleeding. ³⁴ Of. ³⁵ Heat, rashness. ³⁶ Counsel, wisdom.
³⁷ Strength, also strong. ³⁸ Companions. ^{38*} Taudry, glimmering.

G O D D W Y N.

Ah Harolde ! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15
 To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.
 What tydynges withe the foulke ³⁹?

H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap ⁴⁰, stylle toe the
 kynge
 Theire rolle theire trobbles, lyche a forgie fea.
 Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a stynges? 20
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wyll ryghted bee?

G O D D W Y N.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wyll sende us ayde.

H A R O L D E.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre.
 Whan Godde wyll sende us ayde ! tis fetelie ⁴¹ prayde.

³⁹ Peuple. ⁴⁰ Fate, destiny. ⁴¹ Nobly.

Moſte we thoſe calke⁴² awaie the lyve-longe howre? 25

Thoſe croche⁴³ oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne⁴⁴,

Unburled⁴⁵, undelievre⁴⁶, unefpryte⁴⁷!

Far fro mie harte be fled thyk⁴⁸ thoughte of peyne,

Ile free mie cuntrye, or Ile die yn fyghte.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte lette us wayte untill ſomme ſeaſon fyttē. 30

Mie Kentyſhmien, thie Summertons ſhall ryſe;

Adented⁴⁹ prowes⁵⁰ to the gite⁵¹ of witte,

Agayne the argent⁵² horſe ſhall daunce yn ſkies.

Oh Harolde, heere forſtraughteynge⁵³ wanhope⁵⁴ lies.

Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe⁵⁵. 35

Whyllſte Edward to thie ſonnes wylle nete alyſe⁵⁶,

Shulde anie of thie ſonnes ſele aughte of ethe⁵⁷?

Upponne the trone⁵⁸ I ſette thee, helde thie crowne;

Botte oh! twere hominage now to pyghte⁵⁹ thee downe.

⁴² Caſt. ⁴³ Croſs, from crouche, a croſs. ⁴⁴ Attempt, or endeavour.
⁴⁵ Unarmed. ⁴⁶ Unactive. ⁴⁷ Unſpirited. ⁴⁸ Such. ⁴⁹ Faſtened,
 annexed. ⁵⁰ Might, power. ⁵¹ Mantle, or robe. ⁵² White, alluding
 to the arms of Kent, a horſe ſaliant, argent. ⁵³ Diſtracting. ⁵⁴ Deſpair.
⁵⁵ Bleed. ⁵⁶ Allow. ⁵⁷ Eaſe. ⁵⁸ Throne. ⁵⁹ Pluck.

Thou arte all preeſte, & notheynge of the kynge. 40

Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.

Know, ytte beſeies ⁶⁰ thee notte a maſſe to fynge ;

Servynge thie leegefolcke ⁶¹ thou arte ſervynge Godde,

H A R - O L D E.

Then Ille doe heaven a ſervyce. To the ſkyes

The dailie contekes ⁶² of the londe aſcende. 45

The wyddowe, fahdreleſſe, & bondemennes cries

Acheke ⁶³ the mokie ⁶⁴ aire & heaven aſtende ⁶⁵.

On us the rulers doe the folcke depende ;

Hancelled ⁶⁶ from erthe theſe Normanne ⁶⁷ hyndes
ſhalle be ;

Lyche a battently ⁶⁸ low ⁶⁹, mie ſwerde ſhalle brende ⁷⁰;

Lyche fallynge ſofte rayne droppes, I wyll hem ⁷¹ flea ⁷²;

Wee wayte too longe ; our purpoſe wylle defayte ⁷³ ;

Aboune ⁷⁴ the hyghe empryze ⁷⁵, & rouze the cham-
pyones ſtrayte.

⁶⁰ Becomes. ⁶¹ Subjects. ⁶² Contentions, complaints. ⁶³ Choke.

⁶⁴ Dark, cloudy. ⁶⁵ Aſtoniſh. ⁶⁶ Cut off, deſtroyed. ⁶⁷ Slaves.

⁶⁸ Loud roaring. ⁶⁹ Flame of fire. ⁷⁰ Burn, conſume. ⁷¹ Them.

⁷² Slay. ⁷³ Decay, fail. ⁷⁴ Make ready. ⁷⁵ Enterprize.

G O D D W Y N.

Thie fuster—

H A R O L D E.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.

Albeytte ⁷⁶, dyd shee speeke her foemen ⁷⁷ fayre, 55

I wolde dequace ⁷⁸ her comlie femlykeene ⁷⁹,

And foulde mie bloddie anlace ⁸⁰ yn her hayre.

G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir ⁸¹ blyn ⁸²,

H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal ⁸³ mere ⁸⁴,

Upriste ⁸⁵ withe hiltrene ⁸⁶ wyndes & cause unkend ⁸⁷,

Beheste ⁸⁸ it to be lete ⁸⁹; so twylle appeare, 60

Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his countries frende.

⁷⁶ Notwithstanding. ⁷⁷ Foes. ⁷⁸ Mangle, destroy. ⁷⁹ Beauty, countenance. ⁸⁰ An ancient sword. ⁸¹ Fury. ⁸² Cease. ⁸³ Deadly. ⁸⁴ Lake. ⁸⁵ Swollen. ⁸⁶ Hidden. ⁸⁷ Unknown. ⁸⁸ Command. ⁸⁹ Still.

The gule-steynct ⁹⁰ brygandyne ⁹¹, the adventayle ⁹²,
 The feerie anlace ⁹² brede ⁹³ shal make nie gare ⁹⁴ pre-
 vayle.

G O D D W Y N.

Harolde, what wuldest doe ?

H A R O L D E.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites ⁹⁵ unfree, 65
 Here liethe Normans coupynge ⁹⁶ her bie lotte,
 Caltysnyng ⁹⁷ everich native plante to gre ⁹⁸,
 Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous ⁹⁹ wulde hem
 flee ¹;
 Tare owte theyre fable harte bie ryghtefulle breme²;
 Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee, 70
 Mie spyte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.
 Eftfoones I wyll bewryne ³ mie ragefulle ire,
 And Goddis anlace ⁴ wielde yn furie dyre.

⁹⁰ Red-stained. ⁹¹ ⁹² Parts of armour. ⁹³ Broad. ⁹⁴ Cause.
⁹⁵ Rights, liberties. ⁹⁶ Cutting, mangling. ⁹⁷ Forbidding, *refraining*.
⁹⁸ Grow. ⁹⁹ Furious. ¹ Slay. ² Strength. ³ Declare. ⁴ Sword.

G O D D W Y N.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster ⁵ hym ordeyne; 75

Sette uppe som dygner ⁶ than I han pyghte ⁷ downe;

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd ⁸ agayne.

G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie ⁹ feynste kynge reygne,

Ande somme moe reded ¹⁰ rule the untentyff ^{10*}

reaulme;

Kynge Edwarde, yn hys cortefie, wylle deygne 80

To yelde the spoiles, and alleyn ¹¹ were ^{11*} the

heaulme:

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,

Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

⁵ Monastery. ⁶ More worthy. ⁷ Pulled, plucked. ⁸ Displayed.
⁹ Over-righteous. ¹⁰ Counsell'd, more wise. ^{10*} Uncareful, neg-
 lected. ¹¹ Alone. ^{11*} Wear.

H A R O L D E.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle bouthe ytte frayte ;
 Bete ¹² mee to flea ¹³ miefelf, ytte shalle be done. 85

G O D D W Y N.

To thee I wylle fwythyne ¹⁴ the menes unplayte ¹⁵,
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie
 sonne.

I have longe feen whatte peynes were undergon,
 Whatte agrames ¹⁶ braunce ¹⁷ out from the general
 tree ;

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock ¹⁸ gron ¹⁹ 90
 Drented ²⁰ of alle yts fwolyng ²¹ owndes ²² shalle bee;
 Mie remedie is goode ; our menne shall ryfe :

Eftsoons the Normans and owre agram ²³ flies.

H A R O L D E.

I will to the West, and gemote ²⁴ alle mie knyghtes,
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as
 brede ²⁵ 95

¹² Bid, command. ¹³ Slay. ¹⁴ Presently. ¹⁵ Explain. ¹⁶ Grievance.
¹⁷ Branch. ¹⁸ Wet, moist. ¹⁹ Fen, moor. ²⁰ Drained. ²¹ Swelling.
²² Waves. ²³ Grievance. ²⁴ Assemble. ²⁵ Broad.

As the ybroched²⁶ moon, when blaunch²⁷ the dyghtes²⁸
 The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the dough-
 tieft²⁹ blede,
 Who este have knelte upon forslagen³⁰ foes,
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests³¹ a castle-stede³², 100
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke³³ yiere woes;
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes^{33*} of the West,
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; 105
 The moe wee gayne, the gare³⁴ wylle prosper beste,
 Wythe fyke a nomber wee can never fall.

H A R O L D E.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
 And alle attenes³⁵ the spreddyng kyngedomme
 bynde.

²⁶Horned. ²⁷White. ²⁸Decks. ²⁹Mightiest, most valiant. ³⁰Slain.
³¹Overfets. ³²A castle. ³³Revenge. ^{33*}Lords. ³⁴Cause. ³⁵At once.

No crouched ³⁶ champyone - wythe an harte moe
feygne ^{36*} 110

Dyd yssue owte the hallie ³⁷ fwerde to fynde,
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
Goddwyn, what thankes owre laboures wylle enhepe ³⁷ !*
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie sonne.

H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.
Thie geafon ³⁸ wronges bee reyne ³⁹ ynto theyre
pryme; 120
Now wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure fle.
Alyche a storm egederinge ⁴⁰ yn the skie,
Tys fulle ande brasteth ⁴¹ on the chaper ⁴² grounde;

³⁶ One who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.
^{36*} *Willing*. ³⁷ Holy. ^{37*} *Heap upon us*. ³⁸ Rare, extraordinary, strange.
³⁹ Run, shot up. ⁴⁰ Assembling, gathering. ⁴¹ Bursteth. ⁴² Dry, barren.

Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,

And alle theyre mittee ⁴³ menne be fleene ⁴⁴
arounde. 125

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele ⁴⁵ shal
calle.

⁴³ Mighty. ⁴⁴ Slain. ⁴⁵ Help.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

BOTTE, loverde⁴⁶, whie so manie Normannes here?

Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.

These browded⁴⁷ straungers alwaie doe appere, 130

Theie parte yor trone⁴⁸, and sete at your ryghte
honde.

K Y N G E.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde :

Theie yeave^{48*} mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie⁴⁹ kepe ;

Theie dyd mee feeste, and did embowre⁵⁰ me gronde ;

To trete hem yll wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe. 135

⁴⁶ Lord. ⁴⁷ Embroidered ; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not used in England till Hen. II. ⁴⁸ Throne. ^{48*} Give. ⁴⁹ Person, body. ⁵⁰ Lodge.

QUEENE.

Q U E E N E.

Mancas ⁵¹ you have yn store, and to them parte ;
 Youre leege-folcke ⁵² make moke ⁵³ dole ⁵⁴, you have
 theyr worthe asterte ⁵⁵.

K Y N G E.

I heste ⁵⁶ no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
 Hallie ⁵⁷ dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele ⁵⁸.
 Theyre volundes ⁵⁹ are ystorven ⁶⁰ to self endes ; 149
 No denwere ⁶¹ yn mie breste I of them fele :
 I muste to prayers ; goe yn, and you do wele ;
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie ;
 Go inne, go ynnne, ande viewe the azure rele ⁶²,
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie. 145

Q U E E N E.

I leeve youe to doe homage heaven-were ⁶³ ;
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

⁵¹ Marks, *rather manufes*. ⁵² Subjects. ⁵³ Much. ⁵⁴ Lamentation.
⁵⁵ Neglected, or passed by. ⁵⁶ Require, ask. ⁵⁷ Holy. ⁵⁸ Help. ⁵⁹ Will.
⁶⁰ Dead. ⁶¹ Doubt. ⁶² Waves. ⁶³ Heaven-ward, or God-ward.

K Y N G E A N D S Y R H U G H E .

K Y N G E .

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges
thee here ?

H U G H E .

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente ⁶⁴;
The hus ⁶⁵ dyspenfe ^{65*} unpaied doe appere ; 150
The laste receivure ⁶⁶ ys eftesoones ⁶⁷ dispenfe ⁶⁸.

K Y N G E .

Thenne guylde the Weste.

H U G H E .

Mie loverde, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte ⁶⁹ Erle Harolde of the thynges ;
He rayfed hys honde, and smoke me onne the cheke,
Saieynge, go beare thatte message to the kynge. 155

⁶⁴ Purse, used here probably as a treasury. ⁶⁵ House. ^{65*} Expence.
⁶⁶ Receipt. ⁶⁷ Soon. ⁶⁸ Expended. ⁶⁹ A contraction of mighty.

K Y N G E.

Arace ⁷⁰ hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies fwerde.

H U G H E.

Atte seefon fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe fee enalfe ⁷¹ hys name,
Inne strevvyng to flea hymme, ourselves we flea; 160
Syke ys the doughtyness ⁷² of hys grete fame.

K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede ⁷³ ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle store of marckes yn
Kente.

H U G H E.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same;
He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans ent ⁷⁴. 165

⁷⁰ Divest. ⁷¹ Embrace. ⁷² Mightiness. ⁷³ Counsel. ⁷⁴ Push.

K Y N G E.

Ah traytoure ! botte mie rage I wyllle commaunde,
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the launde.

Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyſche erle doe bere
 Such ſtedneſs ^{74*} in the yll and evylle thyng,
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere ⁷⁵, 174
 Onknowlachynge ⁷⁶ gif thereunto to clynge.

H U G H E.

Onwordie ^{76*} ſyke a marvelle ⁷⁷ of a kynge !
 O Edwarde, thou deſerveſt purer leege ⁷⁸ ;
 To thee heie ⁷⁹ ſhulden al theire mancas brynge ;
 Thie nodde ſhould ſave menne, and thie glomb ⁸⁰
 forſlege ⁸¹. 175
 I amme no curriedowe ⁸², I lacke no wite ⁸³,
 I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all ſee is
 ryghte.

^{74*} Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. ⁷⁵ Doubt, ſuſpenſe. ⁷⁶ Not knowing.
^{76*} *Unworthy*. ⁷⁷ Wonder. ⁷⁸ Homage, obeyſance. ⁷⁹ They. ⁸⁰ Frown.
⁸¹ Kill. ⁸² Curridowe, flatterer. ⁸³ Reward.

K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie ⁸⁴ manne, I doe thee pryze.

Comme, comme, and here and hele ⁸⁵ mee ynn mie
praires.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife ⁸⁶, 180

And twayne of hamlettes ⁸⁷ to thee and thie heyres.

Soe fhalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,

Theie alleyn ⁸⁸ have fyke love as to acquyre yer bredde.

⁸⁴ Holy. ⁸⁵ Help. ⁸⁶ Allow. ⁸⁷ Manors. ⁸⁸ Alone.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-fonge funge, 185
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe;
 She hearde the voice of deathe;
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver huc, 190
 In vayne assayled ¹ her bosomme to acale ²;
 She hearde onflemed ³ the shriekynge voice of woe,
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burled ⁴ speere,
 On hie she jested ⁵ her sheelde, 195
 Her foemen ⁶ all appere,
 And flizze ⁷ alonge the feelde.
 Power, wythe his heafod ⁸ straught ⁹ ynto the skyes,
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

¹ Endeavoured. ² Freeze. ³ Undismayed. ⁴ Armed, pointed.
⁵ Hoisted on high, raised. ⁶ Foes, enemies. ⁷ Fly. ⁸ Head.
⁹ Stretched.

Alyche ¹⁰ twaie ¹¹ brendeynge ¹² gronfyres¹³ rolls hys
eyes, 200

Chaftes ¹⁴ with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fyttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys fpeere,

She ryfes from the fhocke,

Wielderunge her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe ſhe drive ytte on,

Wytt ſcillye ¹⁵ wymped ¹⁶ gies¹⁷ ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe ſharpe ſpeere, hys ſpreddyng ſheelde ys
gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thouſandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld ¹⁸,
ariſt ¹⁹, 210

Hys feerie heaulme ²⁰ noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ſtreynynge fyfte—

* * * * *

¹⁰ Like. ¹¹ Two. ¹² Flaming. ¹³ Meteors. ¹⁴ Beats, ſtamps.
¹⁵ Cloſely. ¹⁶ Mantled, covered. ¹⁷ Guides. ¹⁸ Armed. ¹⁹ Aroſe.
²⁰ Helmet.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

B O O K E Ist^r.

W HANNE Scythyanne, salvage as the wolves theire
chacde,

Peyncted in horrowe ² formes bie nature dyghte ^{2*},
Heckled ³ yn beastfkyne, slepte uponne the waste,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Swepte as descendeinge lemes ⁴ of roddie lyghte ⁵
Plonged to the hulfred ⁵ bedde of laveyng ^{5*} feas,
Gerd ⁶ the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets ⁷
twighte ⁸,

And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees ^{8*},
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred defs ⁹,
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched ¹⁰ clefs. ¹⁰

¹ I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems. ² Un-
seemly, disagreeable. ^{2*} Dressed. ³ Wrapped. ⁴ Rays. ⁵ Hidden,
secret. ^{5*} Washing. ⁶ Broke, rent. ⁷ Small pieces. ⁸ Pulled, rent.
^{8*} Meadows. ⁹ Vapours, meteors. ¹⁰ Emblaunched, whitened.

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles¹¹
 The salvage natyves fawe a shyppes appere;
 An uncouth¹² denwere¹³ to their bosomme steles;
 Theyre myghte ys knopped¹⁴ ynne the frost of fere.
 The headed javlyn liffeth¹⁵ here and there; 15
 Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne;
 The shyppes fayle, boleynge¹⁶ wythe the kyndelie aȝre,
 Ronneth to harbour from the beateyng bryne;
 Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde
 A burl¹⁷ Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn
 honde. 20

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres¹⁸, whose
 fwerdes

Glefstred lyke gledyng¹⁹ starres ynne frostie nete,
 Hayleyng theie capytayne in chirckyng²⁰ wordes
 Kyng of the lande, whereon theie fet theyre fete.
 The greete kyng Brutus thanne theie dyd hym
 greete, 25

Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;

¹¹ Ridges, rising waves. ¹², ¹³ Unknown tremour. ¹⁴ Fastened, chained, congealed, *rather, nipped*. ¹⁵ Boundeth. ¹⁶ Swelling. ¹⁷ Armed. ¹⁸ Companions. ¹⁹ Lived. ²⁰ A confused noise.

Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
 As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the fyghte ;
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,
 Theie uncted ²¹ Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns
 fwaie. 39

Twayne of twelve years han lemed ²² up the myndes,
 Leggende ²³ the salvage unthewes ²⁴ of their breste,
 Improved in mysterk ²⁵ warre, and lymmed ²⁶ theyre
 kyndes,
 Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.
 Eftfoons the gentle Locryne was posselt 35
 Of fwaie, and vested yn the paramente ²⁷ ;
 Halceld ²⁸ the bykrous ²⁹ Huns, who dyd infeste
 Hys wakeyngē kyngdom wyth a foule intente ;
 As hys broade fwerde oer Homberres heade was hongē,
 He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled alongē.

He wedded Gendolyne of roical fede, 41
 Upon whose countenance rodde healtē was spreade ;

²¹ Anointed. ²² Enlightened. ²³ Alloyed. ²⁴ Savage barbarity.
²⁵ Mystic. ²⁶ Polished. ²⁷ A princely robe. ²⁸ Defeated. ²⁹ Warring.
 Blouthing,

Blouſhing, alyche ³⁰ the ſcarlette of herr wede ^{30*},
 She ſonke to pleaſaunce on the marryage bedde.
 Eftſoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde; 45
 Elſtrid ametten ³¹ with the kynge Locryne;
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her ſhedde,
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
 The mornynge tynge, the roſe, the lillie floure,
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peynete theyre
 powere; 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love;
 Theie lyved ſoft momentes to a ſwotie ^{31*} age;
 Eft ³² wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre diſporte engage;
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng ſage ³³, 55
 Croppe the prymroſen floure to decke theyre headde;
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
 Gemoted ³⁴ warriours to bewreck ³⁵ her bedde;
 Theie roſe; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene;
 The faire Elſtrida fledde from the enchaſed ³⁶ queene. 60

³⁰ Like. ^{30*} Garment. ³¹ Met with. ^{31*} Sweet. ³² Oft. ³³ A Tale,
³⁴ Aſſembled. ³⁵ Revenge. ³⁶ Heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
 Whose boddeynge ³⁷ morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
 Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she hafte awaie,
 To where the Western mittee ^{37*} pyles of claie 65
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
 There dyd Elfrida and Sabryna staie;
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch ³⁸
 and gear,
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn regrate ³⁹.

The queene Gendolyne fente a gyaunte knyghte,
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleynge ⁴⁰ flukes,
 To flea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte ⁴¹,
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele ⁴² emprize ⁴³.
 Swepte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn
 nyghte,

³⁷ Budding. ^{37*} Mighty. ³⁸ Apparel. ³⁹ Esteem, favour. ⁴⁰ Glittering. ⁴¹ Settled. ⁴² Help. ⁴³ Adventure.

Steppe over cytties; on meint ⁴⁴ acres lies,
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte;
 Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye ⁴⁵,
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elfrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
 Harried ⁴⁶ uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde ⁴⁷,
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie; 85
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;
 Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the purplefounte,
 On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
 Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed ⁴⁸ rylle.

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
 To leggen ⁴⁹ the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
 Houton ⁵⁰ dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere ^{50*},

⁴⁴ Many. ⁴⁵ Guide. ⁴⁶ Toft. ⁴⁷ Astonish. ⁴⁸ Glassy, reflecting.
⁴⁹ Lessen, allay. ⁵⁰ Hollow. ^{50*} *Famous.*

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn courfe bysmare⁵¹; 95
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
 Eche fyde the ryver ryfynghe heavenwere^{51*};
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
 So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
 Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's
 ywrynde⁵². 100

The bawfyn⁵³ gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped⁵⁴;
 Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynghe lee,
 The roddie levynne⁵⁵ glesterd on hys headde:
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade; 105
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie⁵⁶ payne;
 Whanne from his lyfe-blood etherodde lemes⁵⁷ were fed,
 He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
 Styлле does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
 hyghte. 110

⁵¹ Bewildered, curious. ^{51*} Towards heaven. ⁵² Hid, covered.
⁵³ Huge, bulky, ⁵⁴ Dispatched. ⁵⁵ Red Lightning. ⁵⁶ Cruel.
⁵⁷ Flames, rays.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs founde;
 The courferrs lyffe ¹ about the menfuredd ² fielde;
 The shemrynge ³ armoure throws the sheene ⁴ arounde;
 Quayntyfled ⁵ fons ⁶ depicte ⁷ onn eche sheelde.
 The feerie ⁸ heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde ^{9,5}
 Supportes the rampyng lyoncell ¹⁰ orr beare,
 Wythe straunge depyctures ¹¹, Nature maienottyeelde,
 Unseemelie to all orderr doe appere,
 Yett yatte ¹² to menne, who thyncke and have a
 spryte ¹³,
 Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte. 10

¹ Sport, or play. ² Bounded, or measured. ³ Shining. ⁴ Lustre.
⁵ Curiously devised. ⁶ Fancys or devices. ⁷ Painted, or displayed.
⁸ Fiery. ⁹ Ornamented, enameled. ¹⁰ A young lion. ¹¹ Drawings,
 paintings. ¹² That. ¹³ Soul.

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer ¹⁴ of her joies,
 Muste swythen ¹⁵ goe to yeve ¹⁶ the speeres arounde,
 Wythe advantayle ¹⁷ & borne ¹⁸ I meynte ¹⁹ emploie,
 Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
 Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde ; 15
 Soe the neshe²⁰ flowerrgrees²¹ ynne the woodeland shade.
 The worlde bie diffraunce ²² ys ynne orderr founde ;
 Wydhoute unlikenesse nothyngē could bee made.
 As ynn the bowke ²³ nete ²⁴ alleyn ²⁵ cann bee donne,
 Syke²⁶ ynn the weal²⁷ of kynde all thynges are partes of onne.

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde ²⁸, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
 The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
 Yett notte a speere of hemm ²⁹ hath grete mie fyghte.
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. 25
 I lacke a Guid ³⁰, a Wyllyamm ³¹ to entylte.

¹⁴ Dispenser. ¹⁵ Quickly. ¹⁶ Give. ¹⁷ Armer. ¹⁸ Burnish. ¹⁹ Many.
²⁰ Young, weak, tender. ²¹ Grows. ²² Variety. ²³ Body. ²⁴ Nothing.
²⁵ Alone. ²⁶ So. ²⁷ Government. ²⁸ Herald. ²⁹ A contraction of them.
³⁰ *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age, rather *Guy of Warwick*. ³¹ William Rufus, rather *William the Conqueror*.

'To reine ³² anente ³³ a fele ³⁴ embodiëdd knyghte,
 Ytt gettes ne rennome ³⁵ gyff hys blodde bee fpylte.
 Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here ;
 I lyeche nott unthylle ³⁶ thus to wielde the fpeare. 30

H E R A W D E.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes ³⁷ dynn ³⁸ fromm
 farre.

B O U R T O N N E.

Ah ! fwythenn ³⁹ mie shielde & tyltynge launce bee
 bounde ⁴⁰,

Eftfoones ⁴¹ beheste ⁴² mie Squyerr to the warre.

I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[*Goeth oute.*

H E R A W D E.

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte ⁴³ of menne
 astounde; 35

Harde bee yer shappe ⁴⁴ encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;

³² Run. ³³ Against. ³⁴ Feeble. ³⁵ Honour, glory. ³⁶ Useless. ³⁷ A
 kind of claryon, or war trumpet. ³⁸ Sound. ³⁹ Quickly. ⁴⁰ Ready.
⁴¹ Soon. ⁴² Command. ⁴³ Most. ⁴⁴ Fate, or doom.

Anenst

Anenst ⁴⁵ alle menne thou bereft to the grounde,
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte ⁴⁶.
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks ⁴⁷ the dew,
 Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke ⁴⁸ eche
 knyghte's hue. 49

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH
 NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN
 DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR KNYGHTEs, HERAWDE,
 MYNSTRELLES, AND SERVYTOURS ⁴⁹.

K Y N G E.

The barganette ⁵⁰; yee mynstrelles tune the frynge,
 Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now fyng.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde
 thorne,

The manne whose myghte delievretie ⁵¹ hadd knite ⁵²,

⁴⁵ Against. ⁴⁶ Pitched, or bent down. ⁴⁷ Drink. ⁴⁸ Drink. ⁴⁹ Ser-
 vants, attendants. ⁵⁰ Song, or ballad. ⁵¹ Activity. ⁵² Joined.

Snelt ⁵³ oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde
 aborne ⁵⁴, 45

Behesteynge ⁵⁵ all hys hommageres ⁵⁶ to fyghte.

Goë, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted ⁵⁷ denne,
 Lett thie floes ⁵⁸ drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott
 menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
 Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn' d⁵⁹plies⁶⁰;
 Loude dynns ⁶¹ the arrowe ynn the wolfyng's eare;
 Hee ryfeth battent ⁶², roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
 Forflagenn ⁶³ att thie feete lett wolvyngs bee,
 Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bre-
 dreng fle.

Throwe the merke ⁶⁴ shade of twistynde trees hee rydes;
 The flemed ⁶⁵ owlett ⁶⁶ flapps herr eve-speckte ⁶⁷ wynges;
 The lordyng ⁶⁸ toade ynn all hys passies bides;
 The berten ⁶⁹ neders ⁷⁰ att hymm darte the stynges;

⁵³ Bent. ⁵⁴ Burnished. ⁵⁵ Commanding. ⁵⁶ Servants. ⁵⁷ Hidden.
⁵⁸ Arrows. ⁵⁹ Worked with iron. ⁶⁰ Bends. ⁶¹ Sounds. ⁶² Loudly.
⁶³ Slain. ⁶⁴ Dark, or gloome. ⁶⁵ & ⁶⁶ Frighted owl. ⁶⁷ Marked with
 evening dew. ⁶⁸ Standing on their hind legs, rather heavy, sluggish.
⁶⁹ Venomous, rather brown. ⁷⁰ Adders.

Styll, styll, hee passēs onn, hys stede astrodde,
 Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe
 bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie ⁷¹ countries braughte,
 Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
 Att commyng dynn ⁷² doth rayse hymselfe distraughte ⁷³,
 Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
 Goe, sticke the lyonn to hys hyltren ⁷⁴ denne, 65
 Lette thie floes ⁷⁵ drenche the blood of anie thyng botte
 menn.

Wythe passēt ⁷⁶ steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
 Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
 Wythe myghte alych the roghlynge ⁷⁷ thonderr stronge;
 The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorthē sendes. 70
 Goe, flea the lion ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
 Botte bee thie takelle ⁷⁸ drie fromm blodde of odherr
 menne.

Sweste fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
 The couraciers ⁷⁹ as sweste doe afterr flie.

⁷¹ Hot, sultry. ⁷² Sound, noise. ⁷³ Distracted. ⁷⁴ Hidden. ⁷⁵ Arrows.
⁷⁶ Walking leisurely. ⁷⁷ Rolling. ⁷⁸ Arrow. ⁷⁹ Horse coursers.

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes at baie, 75

Botte metes the arrowe, and eftfoones⁸⁰ doth die.

Forflagenn⁸¹ atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,

Lett thie flos drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn
flee.

Wythemurtherr tyredd, hee fleynge hys bowe alyne⁸²

The stagge ys ouch'd⁸³ wyth the crownes of lillie
flowerrs. 80

Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte⁸⁴ doe
entwyne;

Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrrs.

Forflagenn wyth thie flos lette wylde beastes bee,

Feeſte thee upponne theire fleſhe, doe ne thie bredrenn
flee.

K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie⁸⁵; who wylle fyrſte affraie⁸⁶? 85

⁸⁰ Full soon. ⁸¹ Slain. ⁸² Across his shoulders, rather unstrung.

⁸³ Garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was ſaid to be ouch'd, from ouch, a chain, worn by earls round their necks. ⁸⁴ Leaves and branches. ⁸⁵ Tournament. ⁸⁶ Fight, or encounter.

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HERAULDE.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte ⁸⁷ honnoure thyne.

B O U R T O N N E.

I clayme the passage.

N E V Y L L E.

I contake ⁸⁸ thie waie,

B O U R T O N N E.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette ⁸⁹ on mie gaberdyne ⁹⁰.

H E R E H A U L D E.

A leegefull ⁹¹ challenge, knyghtes & champyonns
dygne ⁹²,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne founde. ⁹⁰

[Syrr Symonne *and* Neville *tylte*.

Neville ys goeynge, manne and horfe, toe grounde.

[Neville *falls*.

Loverdes ⁹³, how doughtilie ⁹⁴ the tylterrs joyne!

⁸⁷ That. ⁸⁸ Dispute. ⁸⁹ Glove. ⁹⁰ A piece of armour. ⁹¹ Lawful.
⁹² Worthy. ⁹³ Lords. ⁹⁴ Furiously.

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Yee champyones, heere Symonne de Bourtonne
fyghtes,

Onne hee hathe quacedd ⁹⁵, affayle ⁹⁶ hymm, yee
knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente ⁹⁷ hymm goe; mie squierx, mie shielde; ⁹⁵
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle ⁹⁸ scethe ⁹⁹
Before I doe departe the liffedd ¹⁰⁰ felde,
Miefelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe ¹⁰¹.
Mie shielde.

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe ¹⁰².
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie ¹⁰³
foe. 100
[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*
Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe
smethe ¹⁰⁴;

I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe ¹⁰⁵.

⁹⁵ Vanquished. ⁹⁶ Oppose. ⁹⁷ Against. ⁹⁸ Much. ⁹⁹ Damage, mischief. ¹⁰⁰ Bounded. ¹⁰¹ Bleed. ¹⁰² Easy. ¹⁰³ *Faliant*. ¹⁰⁴ Smoke.
¹⁰⁵ Hurt, or damage.

H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.

Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd
sheeld.

B E R G H A M M E.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede. ¹⁰⁵

I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.

Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede ¹⁰⁶;

Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie ¹⁰⁷;

Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possels the daie,

Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere. ¹¹⁰

Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys faie,

De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

C L I N T O N.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende ¹⁰⁸; I doe thee fie ¹⁰⁹.

Lyche forreying ¹¹⁰ levyn ¹¹¹, schalle mie tylte-launce
flie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallethe*.

¹⁰⁶ Reward. ¹⁰⁷ Fight, or engage. ¹⁰⁸ Attend, or wait. ¹⁰⁹ Defy.
¹¹⁰ & ¹¹¹ Destroying lightening.

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BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure ¹¹² thie beeveredd¹¹³
eyne. 115

I have borne downe, and este ¹¹⁴ doe gauntlette thee.

Swythenne ¹¹⁵ begynne, and wrynn ¹¹⁶ thie shappe ¹¹⁷ orr
myne;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tylteth*. Berghamme *falls*.

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120

Lett hymm bee fett asyde, tylle hee doth fee

A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous ¹¹⁸
heie ¹¹⁹,

Ytt welle befeies ¹²⁰ to yeve ¹²¹ hemm ryghte of fraie ¹²².

¹¹² Turn. ¹¹³ Beaver'd. ¹¹⁴ Again. ¹¹⁵ Quickly. ¹¹⁶ Declare.
¹¹⁷ Fate. ¹¹⁸ Worthy. ¹¹⁹ They. ¹²⁰ Becomes. ¹²¹ Give. ¹²² Fyght.

FIRST KNYGHT E.

Straungerrrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme ¹²⁵
 The rennome ¹²³ ynn thys Tourneie ¹²⁴ forr to tylte;
 Dherbie to proove fromm cravents ¹²⁵ owre goode name,
 Bewrynnynge ¹²⁶ thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrrs, faie,
 Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve ¹²⁷ hemm fraie? ¹³⁰
*[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte,
 and bee everichone ¹²⁸ overthrowne.]*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the felde
 Ycrafedd ¹²⁹ speres and helmetts bee besprente ¹³⁰,
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd ¹³¹ sheeld,
 Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde be stente ¹³²,

¹²³ Honour. ¹²⁴ Tournament. ¹²⁵ Cowards. ¹²⁶ Declaring. ¹²⁷ Give.
¹²⁸ Every one. ¹²⁹ Broken, split. ¹³⁰ Scatter'd. ¹³¹ Broken, or
 pierced through with darts. ¹³² Stained.

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Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente. 135

Annotherr launce, Marshalle, annotherr launce.

Albeytte hee wythe lowes ¹³³ of fyre ybrente ¹³⁴,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val ¹³⁵ advance.

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe ¹³⁶ hys speere,

Eotte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall fall

Anethe ¹³⁷ the stronge push of mie straught ¹³⁸ out speere,

There schalle aryse a hallie ¹³⁹ chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I will Marye calle, 145

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie ¹⁴⁰ wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune ¹⁴¹; I champyonn ¹⁴² you to warre.

Sounde, founde the slughornes ¹⁴³, to be hearde from farre.

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger *falleth*,

¹³³ Flames. ¹³⁴ Burnt. ¹³⁵ Healm. ¹³⁶ Beneath. ¹³⁷ Against.
¹³⁸ Stretched out. ¹³⁹ Holy. ¹⁴⁰ Faithfully. ¹⁴¹ Ready. ¹⁴² Challenge.
¹⁴³ War trumpets.

K. Y N G E.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kynge.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;

Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achnients ¹⁴⁴
fynge;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres besprente ¹⁴⁵;

To Kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente. 155

Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;

Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee shente ¹⁴⁶;

Hee joustedd ¹⁴⁷, a leine ¹⁴⁸ havynge you ynn thoughte.

Comme, mynstrells, found the srynge, goe onn eche syde,

Whylest hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe ryde. 160

¹⁴⁴ Achievements, glorious actions. ¹⁴⁵ Broken spears. ¹⁴⁶ Broke, destroyed. ¹⁴⁷ Tilted. ¹⁴⁸ Only, alone.

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MYNSTRELLES.

Whann Battayle, smethynge ¹⁴⁹ wythe new quickenn'd
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge hedde,
Dydd the merke ¹⁵⁰ wood of ethe ¹⁵¹ and rest explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleafures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 165

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine ¹⁵²,

From hys vyfage wafhedd the bloude,

Hylte ¹⁵³ hys fwerde and gaberdyne,

Wythe fyke an eyne shee fwotellie ¹⁵⁴ hymm dydd view,

Dydd soe ycorvenn ¹⁵⁵ everrie shape to joie, 170

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delyghtfomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge ¹⁵⁶ fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente ¹⁵⁷, 175

Lyche the merk ¹⁵⁸-plante doe entwyne.

¹⁴⁹ Smoaking, steaming. ¹⁵⁰ Dark, gloomy. ¹⁵¹ Ease. ¹⁵² Sweet-
brier. ¹⁵³ Hid, scattered. ¹⁵⁴ Sweetely. ¹⁵⁵ Moulded. ¹⁵⁶ Shooting,
darting. ¹⁵⁷ Graspe, hold. ¹⁵⁸ Night-shade.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachyng¹⁵⁹ ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
Thys rule yspende¹⁶⁰, and ynn thie mynde retayne;
Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde. 180

¹⁵⁹ Ignorant, unknowing. ¹⁶⁰ Consider.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR THE DETHE OF

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer

Han wounde hys bugle horne,

And tolde the earlie villager

The commynge of the morne :

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes

5

Of lyghte eclypse the greie ;

And herde the raven's crokyng throte

Proclayme the fated daie.

" Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, " for, by the Godde

" That fytted entron'd on hyghe !

10

" CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,

" To daie shall furelie die."

Thenne

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale

Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite ;

“ Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie

“ Hee leaves thys mortall state.”

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,

Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe ;

Hee journey’d to the castle-gate,

And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.

20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,

For goode Syr CHARLESSES lyfe.

“ O goode Syr CHARLES !” sayd CANTERLONE, 25

“ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlie, manne,” sayd brave Syr CHARLES,

“ Whatte says thie traytor kynge ?”

“ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne.

“ Does fromme the welkinn ¹ flye,

30

“ Hee hathe uponne hys honour sworne,

“ Thatt thou shalt surelie die.”

“ Wee

Heaven.

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave SYR CHARLES;

“ Of thatte I’m not affearde;

“ Whatte bootes to lyve a little space? 35

“ Thanke JESU, I’m prepar’d:

“ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee’s not,

“ I’de sooner die to-daie

“ Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,

“ Tho’ I shoulde lyve for aie.” 40

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,

To tell the maior straite

To gett nll thynges ynn reddyness

For goode Syr CHARLESSES fate.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kynge, 45

And felle down onne hys knee;

“ I’m come,” quod hee, “ unto your grace

“ To move your clemencye.”

Thenne quod the kynge, “ Youre tale speke out,

“ You have been much oure friende; 50

“ Whatever youre request may bee,

“ Wee wylle to ytte attende.”

“ My

" My nobile leige ! alle my request

" Ys for a nobile knyghte,

" Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge, 55

" Hee thoghte ytte styлле was ryghte :

" Hee has a spoufe and children twaine,

" Alle rewyn'd are for aie ;

" Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett

" CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie."

" Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"

The kynge ynne furie fayde ;

" Before the evening starre doth sheene,

" BAWDIN shall loofe hys hedde :

" Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65

" And hee shalle have hys meede :

" Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng e else

" Att present doe you neede?"

" My nobile leige !" goode CANYNGE fayde,

" Leave justice to our Godde,

" And laye the yronne rule asyde ;

" Be thyne the olyve rodde.

" Was

“ Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,

“ The best were fynners grete ;

“ CHRIST’S vycarr only knowes ne fynne, 75

“ Ynne alle thys mortall state.

“ Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,

“ ’Twyllle faste thye crowne fulle fure ;

“ From race to race thy familie

“ Alle fov’reigns shall endure : 80

“ But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou

“ Beginne thy infante reigne,

“ Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows

“ Wyllle never long remayne.”

“ CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile 85

“ Has scorn’d my power and mee ;

“ Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne

“ Intreate my clemencye ?”

“ My nobile leige ! the trulie brave

“ Wyllle val’rous actions prize, 90

“ Respect a brave and noble mynde,

“ Altho’ ynne enemies.”

“ CANYNGE,

“ CANYNGE, awaie ! By Godde ynne Heav’n

“ Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,

“ I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade 95

“ Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

“ By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav’n,

“ Thys funne shall be hys laste.”

Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,

And from the presence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,

Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,

And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,

And teares beganne to flowe.

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES; 105

“ Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne ;

“ Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate

“ Of all wee mortall menne.

“ Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul

“ Runns overr att thyne eye; 110

“ Is ytte for my most welcome doome

“ Thatt thou doste child-lyke crye?”

Quod

- Quod godlie CANYNGE, " I doe weepe,
 " Thatt thou foe soone must dye,
 " And leave thy sonnes and helpeles wyfe; 115
 " 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."
- " Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
 " From godlie fountaines sprynge;
 " Dethe I despise, and alle the power
 " Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge. 120
- " Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
 " I shall resigne my lyfe,
 " The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
 " For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.
- " Before I sawe the lyghtsome funne, 125
 " Thys was appointed mee;
 " Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
 " Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?
- " Howe oft ynne battaile have I floode,
 " Whan thoufands dy'd arounde; 130
 " Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode
 " Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:
 " Howe

“ Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev’ry darte,

“ That cutte the airie waie,

“ Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte, 135

“ And close myne eyes for aie?

“ And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,

“ Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?

“ Ne! fromm my herte flie chilydyshe feere,

“ Bee alle the manne display’d. 140

“ Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende²,

“ And garde thee and thye sönne,

“ Yff ’tis hys wylle; but yff ’tis nott,

“ Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

“ My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145

“ To serve Godde and mye prynce;

“ And thatt I no tyme-ferver am,

“ My dethe wylle soone convynce.

“ Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,

“ Of parents of grete note; 150

“ My fadre dydd a nobile armes

“ Emblazon onne hys cote:

I make

² *Forbid.*

" I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone

" Where soone I hope to goe ;

" Where wee for ever shall bee blest, 155

" From oute the reech of woe :

" Hee taughte mee iustice and the laws

" Wyth pitie to unite ;

" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe

" The wronge cause fromm the ryghte : 160

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande

" To feede the hungrie poore,

" Ne lett mye servants dryve awaie

" The hungrie fromme my doore :

" And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe 165

" I have hys wordyes kept ;

" And summ'd the actyonns of the daie

" Eche nyghte before I slept.

" I have a spouse, goe aske of her,

" Yff I defyl'd her bedde? 170

" I have a kynge, and none can laie

" Blacke treason onne my hedde.

“ Ynne Lent, and onne the hōlie eve;

“ Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;

“ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d 175

“ To leave thys worlde of payne?

“ Ne! hapless HENRIE! I rejoyce;

“ I shalle ne see thye dethe;

“ Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause

“ Doe I resign my brethe. 185

“ Oh, fickle people! rewyn’d londe!

“ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;

“ Whyle RICHARD’S sonnes exalt themselves,

“ Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

“ Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace, 185

“ And godlie HENRIE’S reigne,

“ Thatt you dydd choppe 3 youre easie daies

“ For those of bloude and peyne?

“ Whatte tho’ I onne a fledde 3* bee drawne,

“ And mangled by a hynde, 190

“ I doe defye the traytor’s pow’r,

“ Hee can ne harm my mynde;

“ Whatte-

3 Change. 3* Sledge, hurdle.

“ Whattē tho’, uphoisted onne a pole,

“ Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,

“ And ne ryche monument of brasie 195

“ CHARLES BAWDIN’S name shall bear ;

“ Yett ynne the holie booke above,

“ Whyche tynie can’t eate awaie,

“ There wythe the farvants of the Lorde

“ Mye name shall lyve for aie. 200

“ Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne

“ I leave thys mortall lyfe :

“ Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that’s deare,

“ Mye fonnes and lovyngē wyfe !

“ Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205

“ As e’er the moneth of Maie ;

“ Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,

“ Wyth my dere wyfe to staie.”

Quod CANYNGE, “ ’Tys a goodlie thyngē

“ To bee prepar’d to die ; 210

“ And from thys world of peyne and grefe

“ To Godde ynne Heav’n to flie.”

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,

And claryonnes to founde;

Syr CHARLES hee herde the horsfes feete

215

A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And just before the officers,

His lovyng wyfe came ynne,

Weepyng-unfeigned teeres of woe,

Wythe loude and dysynalle dynne.

220

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I praie forbere,

“ Ynne quiet lett mee die ;

“ Praie Godde, thatt ev’ry Christian soule

“ Maye looke onne dethe as I.

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! why these brinie teeres ?

225

“ Theye washe my soule awaie,

“ And almost inake mee wyshe for lyfe,

“ Wyth thee, fweete dame, to staie.

“ ’Tys butt a journie I shalle goe

“ Untoe the lande of blyffe ;

230

“ Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande’s love,

“ Receive thys holie kyffe.”

Thenne

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her faie,

Tremblynge theſe wordyes ſpoke,

“ Ah, cruele EDWARDE ! bloudie kynge ! 235

“ My herte ys welle nyghe broke :

“ Ah, ſweete Syr CHARLES ! why wylt thou goe,

“ Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe ?

“ The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye nekke,

“ Ytte eke ſhall ende mye lyfe.” 240

“ And nowe the officers came ynne

To brynge Syr CHARLES awaie,

“ Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,

“ And thus toe her dydd faie :

“ I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe ; 245

“ Truſte thou ynne Godde above,

“ And teache thye ſonnes to feare the Lorde,

“ And ynne theyre hertes hym love :

“ Teache them to runne the nobile race,

“ Thatt I theyre fader runne : 250

“ FLORENCE ! ſhou'd dethe thee take—adieu !

“ Yee officers, leade onne.”

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,

And dydd her tresses tere ;

“ Oh ! staie, mye husbände ! lorde ! and lyfe ! ” — 255

Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngeloud,

Shée fellen onne the flore ;

Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,

And march'd fromm oute the dore. 260

Uponne a fledde hee mounted thenne,

Wythe lookes fulle brave and fwete ;

Lookes, thatt enshone + ne more concern

Thanne anie ynne the frete.

Before hym went the council-menne, 265

Ynne scarlett robes and golde,

And tassils spanglynge ynne the funne,

Muche glorious to beholde :

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next

Appeared to the fyghte,

Alle cladd ynne homelie ruffett weedes,

Of godlie monkysh plyghte :

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume
 . Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynſtrelles came, 275
 Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt 5,

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came ;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From reſcue of kynge HENRIES friends
 Syr CHARLES forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde ſledde,
 Bye two blacke ſtedes ynne trappyngeſ white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde :

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285
 Of archers ſtronge and ſtoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route ;

Seinte JAMESES Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt ; 290
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynſtrells came,
 Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt :

M 4

5 A ſtringed inſtrument.

Thenne

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,

Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;

And theyre attendyng menne echone, 295

Lyke Easterne princes trickt :

And after them, a multitude

Of citizenns dydd thronge ;

The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,

As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,

Syr CHARLES dydd turne and faie,

" O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,

" Washe mye foule clean thys daie !"

At the grete mynsterr wyndowe fat 305

The kynge ynne mycle state,

To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge

To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,

Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare, 310

The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,

And thus hys wordes declare :

" Thou

“ Thou seeft mee, EDWARDE ! traytour vile !

“ Expos’d to infamie ;

“ Butt bee affur’d, difloyall manne ! 315

“ I’m greater nowe thanne thee.

“ Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

“ Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

“ And haft appoynted mee to dye,

“ By power nott thyne owne. 320

“ Thou thynkeft I fhall dye to-daie ;

“ I have beene dede ’till nowe,

“ And foone fhall lyve to weare a crowne

“ For aie uponne my browe :

“ Whylyft thou, perhapps, for fom few yeares, 325

“ Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

“ To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

“ ’Twixt kynge and tyrant hande :

“ Thye pow’r unjust, thou traytour flave !

“ Shall falle onne thye owne hedde”— 330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge

Departed thenne the fledde.

Kynge

Kynge EDWARDE's foule ruff'd to hys face,

Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,

And to hys broder GLOUCESTER 335

Hee thus dydd speke and saie :

" To hym that foe-much-dreaded dethe

" Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,

" Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,

" Hee's greater thanne a kynge !" 340

" Soe lett hym die !" Duke RICHARD sayde ;

" And maye echone oure foes

" Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,

" And feede the carryon crows."

And nowe the horsēs gentlie drewe 345

Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle ;

The axe dydd glysterr ynne the funne,

Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,

As uppe a gilded carre

Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs

Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And

And to the people hee dydd faie,

“ Beholde you fee mee dye,

“ For fervingge loyally mye kynge, 355

“ Mye kynge most rightfullie.

“ As long as EDWARDE rules thys lande,

“ Ne quiet you wylle knowe;

“ Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,

“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

“ You leave youre goode and lawfullie kynge,

“ Whenne ynne adversfitye;

“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause flycke,

“ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preeftes, uponne hys knees, 365

A pray’r to Godde dydd make,

Befeechyng hym unto hymselfe

Hys partyngge foule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys hedde

Most seemlie onne the blocke; 370

Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once

The able heddes-manne stroke;

And

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,

And rounde the scaffolde twyne ;

And teares, enow to washe't awaie,

375

Dydd flowe fromme each niann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre

Ynnto foure parties cutte ;

And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,

Uponne a pole was putte,

380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,

One onne the mynster-tower,

And one from off the castle-gate

The crowen dydd devoure :

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,

385

A dreery spectacle ;

Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,

Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate ;

Godde prosper longe oure kynge,

390

And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's foule,

Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie fynge !

A N

AN EXCELENTE BALADE
OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY¹, 1464.

IN Virgyne^{1*} the fweltrie fun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees² did caste his raie;
The apple rodded³ from its palie greene,
And the mole⁴ peare did bende the leafy spraië;
The peede chelandri⁵ funge the livelong dale; 5
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte⁶ in its mose destre 7
aumere⁸,

The fun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken⁹ blue,

¹ Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward, in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna, at Keyne-sham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. ^{1*} *The sign of Virgo.*
² Meads. ³ Reddened, ripened. ⁴ Soft. ⁵ Pied goldfinch. ⁶ Dreft, arrayed. ⁷ Neat, ornamented. ⁸ A loose robe or mantle. ⁹ The sky, the atmosphere.

When

When from the sea arift ¹⁰ in drear arraie 10
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue;
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe;
 Hiltring ¹¹ attenes ¹² the funnis fetive ¹³ face,
 And the blacke tempeste fwolne and gatherd up apace;

Beneathe an holme; faste by a pathwaie side; 15
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent ¹⁴ lede;
 A haples pilgrim moneynge did abide;
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle ¹⁵ in his weede ^{15*},
 Longe bretful ¹⁶ of the miseries of neede,
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer ¹⁷ flie? 20
 He had no housen theere; ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed ¹⁸ face, his sprighte there scanne;
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd ¹⁹, deade!

¹⁰ Arose. ¹¹ Hiding, shrouding. ¹² At once. ¹³ Beauteous. ¹⁴ It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. ¹⁵ Beggarly. ^{15*} *Dress*. ¹⁶ Filled with. ¹⁷ Beggar. ¹⁸ Clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. *Glum-mong* in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. ¹⁹ Dry, sapless.

Haste

Haste to thie church-glebe-house ²⁰, afshrewed²¹ manne!
 Haste to thie kiste ²², thie onlie dortoure ²³ bedde. 25
 Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
 Is Charitie and Love aminge ^{23*} highe elves;
 Knightis and Barons live for pleafure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
 The forfwat ²⁴ meadowes smethe ²⁵, and drenche ²⁶ the
 raine; 30

The comyng ghaftnes ^{26*} do the cattle pall ²⁷,
 And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott ²⁸ againe;
 The welkin opes; the yellow levynne ²⁹ flies;
 And the hot fierie smothe ³⁰ in the wide lowings ³¹ dies. 35

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge ³² found
 Cheves ³³ flowlie on, and then embollen ³⁴ clangs,

²⁰ The grave. ²¹ Accursed, unfortunate. ²² Coffin. ²³ A sleeping room. ^{23*} Among. ²⁴ Sun-burnt. ²⁵ Smoke. ²⁶ Drink. ^{26*} *Ghastlines*.
²⁷ *Pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. ²⁸ Fly, rather float.
²⁹ Lightning. ³⁰ Steam, or vapours. ³¹ Flames. ³² Noisy. ³³ Moves, rather advances to an head. ³⁴ Swelled, strengthened.

Shakes the hie fpyre, and loslit, dispended; drown'd,
 Still on the gallard ³⁵ eare of terroure hanges;
 The windes are up; the lofty elmen fwanges; 40
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are brafte ³⁶ attenes in stonen
 showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
 His chapournette ³⁷ was drented with the reine, 45
 And his pencte ³⁸ gyrdle met with mickle shame;
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll ³⁹ at the fame;
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
 With the mist ⁴⁰ almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope ⁴¹ was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
 His autremete ⁴² was edged with golden twynne,

³⁵ Frighted. ³⁶ Burst. ³⁷ A small round hat, not unlike the chapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers. ³⁸ Painted. ³⁹ He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression to signify cursing. ⁴⁰ Poor, needy. ⁴¹ A cloke. ⁴² A loose white robe, worn by Priests.

And his shoone pyke^{42*} a loverds⁴³ mighte have binne;
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no finne:
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte, 55
 For the horse-millanare⁴⁴ his head with rofes dighte.

An almes, fir prieste ! the droppynge pilgrim faide,
 O! let me waite within your covente dore,
 Till the funne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer; 60
 Helples and ould am I alas ! and poor ;
 No houe, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche ;
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche^{44*}.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
 This is no season almes and prayers to give; 65
 Mie porter never lets a faitour⁴⁵ in ;
 None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did fryve,
 And shettynge^{45*} on the grounde his glairie⁴⁶ raie,
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

^{42*} *Picked shoe.* ⁴³ A lord. ⁴⁴ I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed. ⁴⁴ *Crucifix.* ⁴⁵ A beggar, or vagabond. ^{45*} *Shooting.* ⁴⁶ *Glaring.*

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;
 Faste reyneynge ^{46*} oer the plaine a prieste was seen ;
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;
 His cope and jape ⁴⁷ were graie, and eke were clene ;
 A Limitoure ^{47*} he was of order seene ; 75
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, fir priest ! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
 The Limitoure then loofen'd his pouche threade,
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take ;
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline ⁴⁸ shake.
 Here take this silver, - it maie eathe ^{48*} thie care ;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete ⁴⁹ of oure owne we bare.

But ah ! unhailie ⁵⁰ pilgrim, lerne of me,
 Scathe ^{50*} anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
 Here take my semecope ⁵¹, thou arte bare I fee ;

^{46*} *Running.* ⁴⁷ A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. ^{47*} *A licensed begging friar.* ⁴⁸ Joy. ^{48*} Ease. ⁴⁹ Nought. ⁵⁰ Unhappy. ^{50*} Scarce. ⁵¹ A short under-cloke.

'Tis thyne ; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde ⁵².

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure ⁵³,

Or give the mittee ⁵⁴ will, or give the gode man power.

⁵² Went on. ⁵³ Glory. ⁵⁴ Mighty, rich.

TO JOHN E L A D G A T E.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla*.]

WELL thanné, goode Johnne, fythe ¹ ytt must needes
be foe,

Thatt thou & I a bowtyngne matche ² must have,
Lette ytt ne breakyngne of ould friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone ³ I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne Johnne Clarkyngne, one of myckle lore ⁴,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie forniace, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF
BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

OR thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlyngne of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastyngne to posteritye.

Whanne

¹ Since. ² Contest. ³ Favor. ⁴ Learning.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde hue

Lyche kynge-cuppes braстыnge wythe the morning due,

Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,

Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;

Than dyddst thou furiofse stande,

And bie thie valyante hande

Beefprengedd ⁵ all the mees ⁶ wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace ⁷ felle,

Downe to the depthe of helle

Thoufandes of Dacyanns went;

Brystowannes, menne of myghte,

Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,

And actedd deeds full quent ⁸.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)

Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,

Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,

Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre

The dyfsmall crye of warre,

Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of fleyne;

N 2

⁵ Sprinkled. ⁶ Meadows. ⁷ Sword. ⁸ Strange.

Orr

Orr feest the hatchedd ⁹ ftede,
 Ypraunceyng o'er the mede,
 And neighe to be amenged ¹⁰ the poyntedde speeres;
 Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
 And glowe ardurous ¹¹ onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
 Lette Brystowe styll be made thie care;
 Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumynge fyre;
 Lyche Avones streame ensyrke ¹² ytte rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

⁹ Covered with atchievements. ¹⁰ Among. ¹¹ Burning. ¹² Encircle.

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN
LADGATE, a Priest in London, and sent to
ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding *Songe*
of *Ælla*.

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde

Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
Admyre the varfes mouche I dydd,
And thus an answer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of Poets founde,

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Alfred ¹ to the Sexonne menne
Dydd fynge wythe elocation ².

N 4

Ynne

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
 Goode Chaucer dydd excele,
 Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtflowe Carmelyte,
 Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie ³ dayes
 Lendes owte hys sheenyng lyghtes,
 And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
 Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes,

³ *Dark, gloomy.*

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

AS onn a hylle one eve fittyng,
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
 The counynge handieworke so fyne,
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
 Quod I; some counynge fairie hande 5
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
 Full well I wote ¹ so fine a fyghte
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
 Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge ²;
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng. 10
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
 And eke another in the Towe,
 Where glassie bubblynge Trymme doth roun ³.
 Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given 15
 His fowle will certes goe to heaven.
 Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.

Quod

¹ Know. ² Knowledge. ³ Run.

126 ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE,

Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;

I have ne gotten markes three.

20

Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes foe;

Canynge and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

ON THE SAME.

STAY, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,

Until this fetive ¹ pile astounde ² thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,

And okes with okes entremed ³ dispoⁿed ⁴ lie.

This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie, ⁵

Fyre-levyn ⁵ and the mokie ⁶ storme defie,

That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,

Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie,

Thou seeest this maystrie of a human hand,

The pride of Brystowe and the Westerne lande, ¹⁰

Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,

Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.

Thou seeest the faynctes and kynges in stonen state,

That seemd with breath and human soule dispande ⁷,

¹ Elegant. ² Astonish. ³ Intermixed. ⁴ Disposed. ⁵ Lightning. ⁶ Gloomy.

⁷ Expanded.

As

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. 187

As payrde⁸ to us enseem these men of flate, 15
Such isgreete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God elate.

Well maieft thou be astound, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countye telle, 20
And with thy tale the lazing⁹ rych men shame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THYS mornynge starre of Radcleves ryfynge raie,
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte¹,
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge² ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came;
Houton³ are wordes for to telle hys doe;

⁸ Compared, ⁹ Inactive, ¹ Named. ² Mouldering. ³ Magnificent.

128 EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall founde to rise the folle⁴,
 He'll wyng to heavn with kynne, and happie bee hys
 dolle⁵.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

ANENT¹ a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
 Lifestyng to heare the water glyde alonge,
 Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees² yt twynd,
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd³ yts mottring⁴ fonge,
 At dystaunt ryfying Avonne to he sped, 5
 Amenged⁵ wyth ryfying hylles dyd shewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of ofyer weedes
 And wraytes⁶ of alders of a bercie scent,
 And stickeynge out wyth clowde ageded^{6*} reedes,
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente⁷, 10
 Whylest blataunt⁸ Severne, from Sabryna clepde⁹,
 Rores flemie¹⁰ o'er the sandes that she hepde.

⁴ *Soul.* ⁵ *Portion.* ¹ *Opposite.* ² *Meadows.* ³ *Answered.* ⁴ *Murmuring.*
⁵ *Mingled.* ⁶ *Wreaths.* ^{6*} *Heaped up.* ⁷ *Appearance.* ⁸ *Noisy.* ⁹ *Named.*
¹⁰ *Frighted.*

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 189

These eynegears¹¹ fwythyn¹² bringethe to mie thoughte
 Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude;
 How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte, 15
 Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
 Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede;
 Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie¹³ menn must have a sprighte
 Dote¹⁴ yn the armour brace¹⁵ that Mychael bore, 20
 Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,
 And earthe was drented¹⁶ yn a mere¹⁷ of gore;
 Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
 Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie, 25
 Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
 Were I toe dispone¹⁸, there should lyvven aie
 In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
 Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
 And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde. 30

¹¹ Objects. ¹² Quickly. ¹³ Valiant. ¹⁴ Dressed. ¹⁵ Suit of armour. ¹⁶ Drenched.
¹⁷ Lake. ¹⁸ Dispose.

190 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
 As fayre a fayncte as anie townē can boaste;
 Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ¹⁹ ywrynde ²⁰;
 I fee hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste :
 Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe 35
 Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour ²¹ thynkeynge strayde,
 And eche dygne buylder dequac'd ²² onn mie mynde,
 Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
 Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde ; 40
 Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
 The damoiselle dyd come foe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded ²³ mantell of a scarlette hue,
 Ne shoone pykes ²⁴ plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
 Ne costlie paraments ²⁵ of woden ²⁶ blue, 45
 Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie ^{26*} dyd shee weere ;
 Naked shee was, and loked fwete of youthe,
 All dyd bewryen ²⁷ that her name was Trouthe.

¹⁹ Darknes. ²⁰ Covered. ²¹ Deceiving. ²² Dashed. ²³ Embroidered.
²⁴ Picked shoes. ²⁵ Robes of state. ²⁶ Dyed with wood. ^{26*} Beauty. ²⁷ Declare.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 191

The ethie ²⁸ ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
 What ne a manne should see dyd fwotelie ²⁹ hyde, 50
 Whych on her milk-white bodykin ³⁰ so fayre
 Dyd showelyke browne streemes fowlyng ³¹ the white tyde.
 Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr ³²,
 Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Astounded mickle there I fylente laie, 55
 Still scauncing ³³ wondrous at the walkynge fyghte;
 Mie senses forgarde ³⁴ ne coulede reyn ³⁵ awaie;
 But was ne forstraughte ³⁶ whan shee dyd alyghte
 Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
 Whych mote yn some ewbrycious ³⁷ thoughtes abrewed ³⁸. 60

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
 For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete ³⁹,
 And yn mie pockate han a crouchee ⁴⁰ broughte,
 Whych yn the blofom woulde such sins anete ⁴¹;
 I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, 65
 And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

²⁸ Easy. ²⁹ Sweetly. ³⁰ Body. ³¹ Defiling. ³² Quarry. ³³ Looking obliquely.
³⁴ Lost. ³⁵ Run. ³⁶ Confounded. ³⁷ Adultrous. ³⁸ Excite, brew. ³⁹ Promise.
⁴⁰ Crucifix. ⁴¹ Annihilated.

Wyth sweet femblate ⁴² and an angel's grace
 Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
 For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
 Falso oratoryes she dyd aie deteste: 76
 Sweetnesse was yn ech'e worde she dyd ywreene ⁴³,
 Tho shee strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

Shee sayd; mie manner of appereynge here
 Mie name and fleyghted myndbruch ⁴⁴ maie thee telle;
 I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere ⁴⁵, 75
 Goulers ⁴⁶ and courtiers doe not kerne mee welle;
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe ⁴⁷.

Full manie champyons and menné of lore ⁴⁸,
 Paynsters and carvellers ⁴⁹ have gaine good name, 80
 But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
 A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
 What troulie ⁵⁰ noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

⁴² Appearance. ⁴³ Display. ⁴⁴ Firmness. ⁴⁵ Towards heaven. ⁴⁶ Usurers.
⁴⁷ Awaken. ⁴⁸ Learning. ⁴⁹ Carvers, sculptors. ⁵⁰ True, truly.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 193

As when a bordelier ⁵¹ onn ethie ⁵² bedde, 85
 Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt ⁵³ of fweltrie daie,
 Yn flepeis bofom laieth hys deft ⁵⁴ headde,
 So, fenfes fonke to reſte, mie boddie laie ;
 Eftfoons ⁵⁵ mie ſprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
 Immengde ⁵⁶ yn flanced ⁵⁷ ayre wyth Trouthe afyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
 Whyłt Canynge fwathed yet yn fleſhlie bedde,
 And ſaw all aſtyons whych han been before,
 And all the ſcroll of Fate unravelled ;
 And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte, 95
 I ſaw hym eager gaſpynge after lyghte.

In all hys ſhepen ⁵⁸ gambols and chyldes plaie,
 In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
 I kenn'd a perpled ⁵⁹ lyghte of Wyſdom's raie ;
 He eate downe learynge wyth the waſtle cake ⁶⁰. 100
 As wife as anie of the eldermenne,
 He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

⁵¹ Cottager. ⁵² Eaſy. ⁵³ Many. ⁵⁴ Neat, cleanly. ⁵⁵ Quickly, immediately.
⁵⁶ Mingled. ⁵⁷ Arched. ⁵⁸ Innocent, ſimple. ⁵⁹ Scattered. ⁶⁰ Cake of the
 whiteſt bread.

194 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

As the dulce ⁶¹ downie barbe beganne to gre ⁶²,
 So was the well thyghte ⁶³ texture of hys lore ;
 Eche daie enhedeynge ⁶⁴ mockler ⁶⁵ for to bee, 105
 Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.
 All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
 Wondryng at ane foe wyfe, and yet foe yinge ⁶⁶.

Encreafeynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
 And hafteyng to hys journie ynto heaven, 110
 Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe ⁶⁷ a wyfe,
 And use the sexes for the purpose gevene ⁶⁸.
 Hee then was yothe of comelie femelikeede ⁶⁹,
 And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jefus rest his hys soule !)
 Who loved money, as hys charie ⁷⁰ joie ;
 Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole !)
 Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie ;
 What then could Canyng wiffen ⁷¹ as a parte
 To gyve to her whoe had made chop ⁷² of hearte? 120

⁶¹ Soft. ⁶² Grow. ⁶³ Connected. ⁶⁴ Being careful. ⁶⁵ Stronger, greater.
⁶⁶ Young. ⁶⁷ Chuse. ⁶⁸ Given. ⁶⁹ Countenance. ⁷⁰ Dear. ⁷¹ Wiff. ⁷² Exchange.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 195

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes ⁷³.
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent ⁷⁴,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne ⁷⁵, 125
Of goode fendaument ⁷⁶ commilie ⁷⁷ and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre foules; 130
And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endlefs lyghte, 135
And flead good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe!
Soe have I feen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ⁷⁸ ynn ytts pryme.

⁷³ Jewels. ⁷⁴ Purse. ⁷⁵ Creditable. ⁷⁶ Appearance. ⁷⁷ Decent, comely.
⁷⁸ Wither.

196 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
 Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,) 140
 Was to my bifinarde ⁷⁹ eyne-fyghte newlie giv'n ;
 'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.
 You that woulde faygn the fetyve ⁸⁰ buyldynge see
 Repayre to Radcleeve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch ⁸¹ of hys nobille soule 145
 Whan Edwarde meniced ⁸² a seconde wyfe ;
 I saw what Pheryois yn hys mynde dyd rolle ;
 Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.
 Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke ;
 Then belle for even-fonge mie senses woke. 150

⁷⁹ *Astonished, deluded.* ⁸⁰ *Elegant.* ⁸¹ *Firmness.* ⁸² *Menaced.*

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selyneffe ¹ on erthes boundes bee hadde?
 Maie yt adyghte ² yn human shape bee founde?
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde ³,
 Or quite eraced ⁴ from the scaunce-layd ⁵ grounde,
 Whan from the secreet fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
 Does yt agrosed ⁶ shun the bodyed waulke,
 Lyve to ytfelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene ⁷,
 To ope the dore to Selyneffe ys thyne,
 And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole ⁸ distresse,
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneffe.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

JOHNE makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thy worke.

¹ *Happines.* ² *Clothed.* ³ *Fixed.* ⁴ *Banished, erased.* ⁵ *Uneven.* ⁶ *Frighted.*
⁷ *Displayed.* ⁸ *Grievous.*

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

MIE boolie ¹ entes ² adieu ! ne moe the fyghte
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
 Ne moe the fylver noble sheenyng bryghte
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne ;
 Ne moe, ne moe, alafs ! I call you myne : 5
 Whydder ³ must you, ah ! whydder must I goe ?
 I kenn not either ; oh mie emmers ⁴ dygne,
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe ;
 I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle ;
 O storth ⁵ unto mie mynde ! I goe to helle. 10
 Soone as the morne dyd dyghte ⁶ the roddie funne,
 A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme ;
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte affleme ⁷ ;
 Thye los, or quyeck or slepe, was aie mie dreame ; 15
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrafe ⁸ ;
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breame ⁹ ;
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place ;
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede ¹⁰ must goe. 20

¹ Belovd. ² Purser. ³ Whither. ⁴ Coined money. ⁵ Death. ⁶ Dref.,
⁷ Affright. ⁸ Violate. ⁹ Violence. ¹⁰ Devil.

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han founde ;

Byelecoyle ¹ doe the Grave beseeme ² ;

The ealdermenne doe fyttē arounde,

Ande snoffelle ³ oppe the cheorte ⁴ seeme.

Lyche asses wylde ynne defarte waste

Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste.

Syke keene theie ate ; the minstrels plaie,

The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;

Heie styllē the gūestes haue to faie,

Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle asslape.

Thus echone daie bee I to deene,

Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

¹ Fair welcome. ² Becomes. ³ Snuff up. ⁴ Cheerfull.

P O E M S, &c.

E C L O G U E T H E · F I R S T .

W H A N N E Englonde, sineethyng¹ from her
 lethal² wounde,
 From her galled necke dyd twytte³ the chayne awaie,
 Kennyng her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
 (Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
 Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark furcote⁴ graie, 5
 Twayne lonelie shepsterres⁵ dyd abrodden⁶ flie,
 (The rostlyng^{6*} liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie⁷,)
 And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
 Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom stroke,
 Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

¹ *Smething*, smoking; in some copies *blecheynge*, but in the oral as above. ² Deadly. ³ Pluck or pull. ⁴ *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other drefs. ⁵ Shepherds. ⁶ Abruptly, so Chaucer, Syke he abredden dyd attourne. ^{6*} *Rufling*. ⁷ Affright.

R O B E R T E.

Ah, Raufe ! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
 Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,
 Oure fote wyllle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
 Ne wyllle oure pace sweſte as oure danger goe.
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped ⁸ moe, 15
 The Baronnes warre ! oh ! woe and well-a-daie !
 I haveth lyff, bott have eſcaped foe,
 That lyff ytſel mie Senſes doe affraie.
 Oh Raufe, comme lyſte, and hear mie dernie ⁹ tale,
 Comme heare the balefull ¹⁰ dome ^{10*} of Robynne of the
 Dale. 20

R A U F E.

Salie to mee nete ¹¹ ; I kenne thie woe in myne ;
 O ! I've a tale that Sabalus ^{11*} mote ¹² telle.
 Swote ¹³ flouretts, mantled meedows, foreſtes dygne ¹⁴ ;
 Gravots ¹⁵ far-kend ¹⁶ arounde the Errmiets ¹⁷ cell ;

⁸ Added. ⁹ Sad. ¹⁰ Woeful, lamentable. ^{10*} Lot. ¹¹ Nought. ^{11*} The Devil. ¹² Might. ¹³ Sweet. ¹⁴ Good, neat, genteel. ¹⁵ Groves, ſometimes uſed for a coppice. ¹⁶ Far-ſeen. ¹⁷ Hermit.

I amm duresled ³⁷ unto sorrowes blowe,
I hantend ³⁸ to the peyne, will lette ne falte teare flowe. 40

R A U F E.

Here I wille obaie ³⁹ untylle Dethe doe ⁴⁰ pere,
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel ⁴⁰ tree,
Whyche fleaeth ⁴¹ everichone that commeth nere,
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre ⁴².
I to bement ⁴³ haveth moe cause than thee; 45
Sleene in the warre mie boolie ⁴⁴ fadre lies;
Oh! joiequs I hys mortherer would flea,
And bie hys fyde for aie enclose myne eies.
Calked ⁴⁵ from everych joie, heere wyll I blede;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte ⁴⁶ of mie hartes castle stede. 50

R O B E R T E.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome ⁴⁷ shal bee.
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn ⁴⁸, ystorven ⁴⁹ ys;

³⁷ Hardened. ³⁸ Accustomed. ³⁹ Abide. This line is also wrote,
"Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere," but this is modernized.
⁴⁰ Deadly. ⁴¹ Destroyeth, killeth. ⁴² Grow. ⁴³ Lament. ⁴⁴ Much-
loved, beloved. ⁴⁵ Cast out, ejected. ⁴⁶ Alluding to the portcullis,
which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castle.
⁴⁷ Fate. ⁴⁸ My only son. ⁴⁹ Dead.

Here

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;
 A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis ⁵⁰.
 Now from een logges ^{50*} fledden is felynefs ⁵¹, 55
 Mynsterres ⁵² alleyn ⁵³ can boaste the hallie ⁵⁴ Seyncte,
 Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse
 And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte ⁵⁵;
 Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode ⁵⁶,
 And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with
 bloude. 60

⁵⁰ *I think.* ^{50*} Cottages. ⁵¹ Happiness. ⁵² Monasterys. ⁵³ Only.
⁵⁴ Holy. ⁵⁵ Paint. ⁵⁶ Complexion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

SPRYTES ¹ of the bleste, the pious Nygelle fed,
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce ² onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
 Uponne the brede ³ sea doe the banners gleme ⁴,
 The amenused ⁵ nationnes be aston ⁶, 5
 To ken ⁷ fyke ⁸ large a flete, fyke fyne, fyke breme ⁹.
 The barkis heafods ¹⁰ coupe ¹¹ the lymed ¹² streme;
 Oundes ¹³ fynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake ¹⁴ riese;
 The water slughornes ¹⁵ wythe a fwotyte ¹⁶ cleme ¹⁷
 Conteke ¹⁸ the dynnynge ¹⁹ ayre, and reche the skies. 10
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones ²⁰ astedde ²¹,
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

¹ Spirits, souls. ² Pleasure. ³ Broad. ⁴ Shine, glimmer. ⁵ Diminished, lessened. ⁶ Astonished, confounded. ⁷ See, discover, know. ⁸ Such, so. ⁹ Strong. ¹⁰ Heads. ¹¹ Cut. ¹² Glassy, reflecting. ¹³ Waves, billows. ¹⁴ Oak. ¹⁵ A musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy, *rather a war trumpet*. ¹⁶ Sweet. ¹⁷ Sound. ¹⁸ Confuse, contend with. ¹⁹ Sounding. ²⁰ Thrones. ²¹ Seated.

The gule ²² depeyncted ²³ oares ^{23*} from the black tyde,
 Decorn ²⁴ wyth fonnes ²⁴ rare, doe shemrynge ²⁶ ryfe;
 Upfwalyng ²⁷ doe heie ²⁸ shewe ynne drierie ^{28*} pryde,
 Lyche gore-red estells ²⁹ in the eve ³⁰-merk ³¹ skyes;
 The nome-depeyncted ³² shields, the speres aryfe,
 Alyche ³³ talle roshes on the water fyde;
 Alenge ³⁴ from bark to bark the bryghte sheene ³⁵ flyes;
 Sweft-kerv'd ³⁶ delyghtes doe on the water glyde. 20
 Sprites of the bleste, and everichi Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde,

The Sarafen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
 That Englonde brondeous ³⁷ fonnes do cotte the waie.
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth ³⁸ here and there, 25
 Onknowlachyng ³⁹ inne whatte place to obaie ⁴⁰.
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
 The mitte ⁴¹ crosse Jerusafim ys seene;

²² Red. ²³ Painted. ^{23*} Wherries. ²⁴ Carved. ²⁵ Devices. ²⁶ Glimmering. ²⁷ Rising high, swelling up. ²⁸ They. ^{28*} Terrible. ²⁹ A corruption of *esfoile*, Fr. a star. ³⁰ Evening. ³¹ Dark. ³² Rebus'd shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. ³³ Like. ³⁴ Along. ³⁵ Shine. ³⁶ Short-lived. ³⁷ Furious. ³⁸ Runneth. ³⁹ Not knowing. ⁴⁰ Abide. ⁴¹ Mighty.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND: 207

Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie ⁴²;

In balefull ⁴³ dole their faces be ywreene ⁴⁴. 30

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,

Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers ⁴⁵ and cottres ⁴⁵, so swyfte yn fyghte,

Upon the fydes of everich bark appere ;

Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35

Eftsoones ⁴⁶ hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.

The jynynge ^{46*} shielde doe shemre and moke glare ⁴⁷;

The dosheyng ^{47*} oare doe make gemoted ⁴⁸ dynne ;

The reynyng ⁴⁹ foemen ⁵⁰, thynckeyng gif ⁵¹ to dare,

Boun ⁵² the merk ⁵³ fwerde, theie feche to fraie ⁵⁴,

theie blyn ⁵⁵. 40

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,

Powre oute yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warryng Sarafyns to fyghte ;

Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel ⁵⁶ of warre,

⁴² Affright. ⁴³ Woeful. ⁴⁴ Covered. ⁴⁵ Different kinds of boats.

⁴⁶ Full soon, presently. ^{46*} *Joining*. ⁴⁷ Glitter. ^{47*} *Dashing*. ⁴⁸ United, assembled. ⁴⁹ Running. ⁵⁰ Foes. ⁵¹ If. ⁵² Make ready. ⁵³ Dark.

⁵⁴ Engage. ⁵⁵ Cease, stand still. ⁵⁶ A young lion.

Inne theenynghe goulde, lyke feerie ⁵⁷ gronfers ⁵⁸,
dyghte ⁵⁹, 45

Shaketh alofe hys honde, and feene afarre.

Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre

Amenge^{59*} the drybblett⁶⁰ ons to sheene fulle bryghte;

Syke funnys wayne⁶¹ wyth amayl'd⁶² beames doe barr

The blaunchie ⁶³ mone or estells ⁶⁴ to gev lyghte 50

Sprytes of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,

Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte⁶⁵ affraie⁶⁶, wythe lockes of blodde-red die,

Terroure, emburled⁶⁷ yn the thonders rage,

Deathe, lynked to difmaie, dothe ugfomme⁶⁸ flie, 55

Enchafynge ⁶⁹ echone championne war to wage.

Speeres bevy⁷⁰ fperes; fwerdes upon fwerdes engage;

Armoure on armoure dynn ⁷¹, shielde upon shielde;

⁵⁷ Flaming. ⁵⁸ A meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. ⁵⁹ Deckt. ^{59*} Among. ⁶⁰ Small, insignificant. ⁶¹ Carr. ⁶² Enameled. ⁶³ White, silver. ⁶⁴ Stars. ⁶⁵ Distracting. ⁶⁶ Affright. ⁶⁷ Armed. ⁶⁸ Terribly. ⁶⁹ Encouraging, heating. ⁷⁰ Break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting, *or*, bend to. ⁷¹ Sounds.

Ne dethe of thofandes can the warre affuage,
 Botte falleynge numbers fable ⁷² all the feelde. 60
 Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seynſte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the crofs reles ⁷³ hye;
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys ſeen;
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, 65
 And beereth meynthe ⁷⁴ of Turkes onto the greene;
 Bie hymni the floure of Afies menn ys fleene ⁷⁵;
 The waylynge ⁷⁶ mone doth fade before hys ſonné;
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene ⁷⁷,
 Doeynge fyke marvels ⁷⁸, ſtrongers be aſton ⁷⁹. 70
 Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seynſte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde maſter is;
 The Englonde bannerr kiſſeth the hie ayre;
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys ⁸⁰, 75
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre ⁸¹;

⁷² Blacken. ⁷³ Waves. ⁷⁴ Many, great numbers. ⁷⁵ Slain. ⁷⁶ De-
 creasing. ⁷⁷ Glorious, worthy. ⁷⁸ Wonders. ⁷⁹ Astonished. ⁸⁰ Cer-
 tainly. ⁸¹ Brow.

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
 Twyghte ⁸² into lovyng armes, and feasted eft ⁸³;
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere ⁸⁴,
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte. 80
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel fed, whan from the bluie sea
 The upswol ⁸⁵ fayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
 Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee, 85
 And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
 Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
 Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meetynge
 proove.

⁸² Plucked, pulled. ⁸³ Often. ⁸⁴ Grief, trouble. ⁸⁵ Swollen.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better parte?
 Goe, ferche the logges ¹ and bordels ² of the hynde ³;
 Gyff ⁴ theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
 Inne hem ⁵ you fee the blakied ⁶ forme of kynde ⁷.
 Haveth your mynde a lycheynge ⁸ of a mynde? 5
 Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote ⁹ bee?
 Woulde ytte here phrafe of the vulgar from the hynde,
 Withoute wiseegger ¹⁰ wordes and knowlache ¹¹ free?
 Gyf foe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge ¹² pende;
 Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende. 10

¹ Lodges, huts. ² Cottages. ³ Servant, slave, peasant. ⁴ If. ⁵ A contraction of *them*. ⁶ Naked, original. ⁷ Nature. ⁸ Liking.
⁹ Might. The sense of this line is, Would you see every thing in its primæval state. ¹⁰ Wise-egger, a philosopher. ¹¹ Knowledge.
¹² Sporting.

M A N N E.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende y^er waie?

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wyll not bee affeled ¹³ naie.

W O M A N N E.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15

To hele ¹⁴ hem at makeynge of haie.

M A N N E.

Syr Roggerre, the parfons, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,

We'lle wurke¹⁵ and we'lle fynge, and wyll drenche¹⁶

of stronge beer

As longe as the merrie sommers daie. 20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

¹³ Answered. ¹⁴ Aid, or help. ¹⁵ Work. ¹⁶ Drink.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 213

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche

With birlette ¹⁷ golde,

Wythe gelten ¹⁸ aumeres ¹⁹ stronge ontolde, 25

What was shee moe than me, to be foe ?

M A N N E,

I kenne Syr Roger from afar

Tryppynge over the lea ;

Ich ask whie the loverds ²⁰ fon

Is mee than mee, 30

S Y R R O G E R R E,

The sweltrie ²¹ sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne ²²,

From everich beme a seme ²³ of lyfe doe falle ;

Swythyn ²⁴ scille ²⁵ oppe the haie uponne the playne ;

Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre ²⁶ talle.

Thys ys alyche oure doome ²⁷ ; the great, the smalle, 35

Moste withe ²⁸ and bee forwyned ²⁹ by deathis darte,

See ! the swote ³⁰ flourette ³¹ hathe noe swote at alle ;

Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle ³² parte.

¹⁷ A hood, or covering for the back part of the head. ¹⁸ Gilded.
¹⁹ Borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of
either metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces.
²⁰ Lord. ²¹ Sultry. ²² Car. ²³ Seed. ²⁴ Quickly, presently. ²⁵ Ga-
ther. ²⁶ Grow. ²⁷ Fate. ²⁸ A contraction of wither. ²⁹ Dried.
³⁰ Sweet. ³¹ Flower. ³² Equal.

The cravent³³, warrioure, and the wyfe be blente³⁴,
 Alyche to drie awaie wythe thofe theie dyd bemente³⁵.⁴⁰

M A N N E.

All-a-boon³⁶, Syr Priest, all-a-boon,
 Bye yer preestfchype^{36*} nowe faye unto mee;
 Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyveth harde bie,
 Whie shoulde hee than mee

Bee more greate,

Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and estate?

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Attourne³⁷ thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
 Tentyflie³⁸ loke arounde the chaper³⁹ delle⁴⁰;
 An anfwere to thie barganette⁴¹ here see,
 Thys welked⁴² flourette wyll a leſon telle: 50
 Arift⁴³ it blew⁴⁴, itte florifhed, and dyd welle,
 Lokeynge aſcaunce⁴⁵ upon the naighboure greene;
 Yet with the deigned⁴⁶ greene yttes rennome⁴⁷ felle,
 Eftfoones⁴⁸ ytte ſhronke upon the daie-brente⁴⁹ playne,

³³ Coward. ³⁴ Ceafed, dead, no more. ³⁵ Lament. ³⁶ A manner of asking a favour. ^{36*} Priesthood. ³⁷ Turn. ³⁸ Carefully, with circumſpection. ³⁹ Dry, ſun-burnt. ⁴⁰ Valley. ⁴¹ A ſong, or ballad. ⁴² Withered. ⁴³ Arifen, or aroſe. ⁴⁴ Bloſſomed. ⁴⁵ Diſdainfully. ⁴⁶ Diſdained. ⁴⁷ Glory. ⁴⁸ Quickly. ⁴⁹ Burnt.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 215

Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,⁵⁵
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred^{49*} honde.

Syke⁵⁰ ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds⁵¹ ente⁵²
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea⁵³;
Gyf thou has ethe⁵⁴, the shadowe of contente, 59
Beleive the trothe⁵⁵, theres none moe haile⁵⁶ yan thee.
Thou wurchest⁵⁷; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercle⁵⁸ of foughlys⁵⁹ fee,
Thou wouldst eftsoones⁶⁰ fee trothe ynne whatte I saie;
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne 65
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

M A N N E.

I ryfe wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne⁶¹,
And eere mie wurches is don
I syng a songe or twayne⁶². 70

^{49*} Bold. ⁵⁰ Such. ⁵¹ Lord's. ⁵² A purse or bag. ⁵³ Slay. ⁵⁴ Ease.
⁵⁵ Truth. ⁵⁶ Happy. ⁵⁷ Workest. ⁵⁸ The hidden or secret part of.
⁵⁹ Souls. ⁶⁰ Full soon, or presently. ⁶¹ Car. ⁶² Two.

I followe the plough-tayle,

Wythe a longe jubb⁶³ of ale.

Botte of the maydens, oh!

Itte lacketh notte to telle;

Syre Preeſte mote notte crie woe, 75

Culde hys bull do as welle.

I daunce the beſte heideygn⁶⁴,

And foile⁶⁵ the wyfeſt feygn⁶⁶.

On everych Seynctes hie daie

Wythe the mynſtrelle⁶⁷ am I ſeene, 80

All a footeygne it awaie,

Wythe maydens on the greene.

But oh! I wyſhe to be moe greate,

In rennome, tenure, and eſtate.

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Has thou ne ſeene a tree uponne a hylle, 85

Whoſe unliſte⁶⁸ braunces⁶⁹ rechen far toe fyghte;

Whan fuired⁷⁰ unwers⁷¹ doe the heaven fylle,

Itte ſhaketh deere⁷² yn dole⁷³ and moke⁷⁴ affryghte.

⁶³ A battle. ⁶⁴ A country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North.

⁶⁵ Baffle. ⁶⁶ A corruption of *ſeints*. ⁶⁷ A minſtrel is a muſician.

⁶⁸ Unbounded. ⁶⁹ Branches. ⁷⁰ Furious. ⁷¹ Tempeſts, ſtorms.

⁷² Dire. ⁷³ Diſmay. ⁷⁴ Much.

Whyleſt the congeon ⁷⁵ flowrette abeſſie ⁷⁶ dyghte ⁷⁷,
 Stondethe unhurte, unquaced ⁷⁸ bie the ſtorme: 90
 Syke is a picte ⁷⁹ of lyffe: the manne of myghte
 Is tempeſt-chaſt ⁸⁰, hys woe greate as hys forme,
 Thieſelfe a flowrette of a ſmall accounte,
 Wouldſt harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydſte
 mounte.

⁷⁵ Dwarf. ⁷⁶ Humility, rather, *humble*. ⁷⁷ Decked. ⁷⁸ Unhurt.
⁷⁹ Picture. ⁸⁰ Tempeſt-beaten.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne ¹ bank twa pynyng Maydens
fate,

Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;
Echone bementynge ² for her absente mate,
WhoatteSeyncteAlbonns shouke the morthynge³ speare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5
Dydde speke acroole ⁴, wythe languishment of eyne,
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed ⁵ the quyvryng brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga ! heare mie dernie ⁶ plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte ⁷ in stele ;
O maie ne fanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10
Maie good Seneſcte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele,
Moke ^{7*} moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele ;

¹ Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York. ² Lamenting. ³ Murdering. ⁴ Faintly. ⁵ Glistened. ⁶ Sad complaint. ⁷ Arrayed, or cased. ^{7*} Much.

See! see! upon the ground he bleedyng lies;
 Inhild⁸ some joice⁹ of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Syfters in forrowe on thys daife-ey'd banke, 15
 Where melancholy ch broods, we wyll lamente;
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke¹⁰;
 Lyche levynde^{10*} okes in eche the odher¹¹ bente,
 Or lyche forlettenn¹¹ halles of merriemente,
 Whose gafflie mitches¹² holde the traine of fryghte¹³, 20
 Where lethale¹⁴ ravens bark, and owlets wakethen yghte.

[ELINOURE.]

No moe the mifkynette¹⁵ shall wake the morne,
 The minftrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the leffel¹⁶ rouze the foxe awaie; 25
 I'll feke the forefte alle the lyve-longe daie;

⁸ Infuse. ⁹ Juice. ¹⁰ Damp. ^{10*} Blasted. ¹¹ Forsaken. ¹² Ruins.
¹³ Fear. ¹⁴ Deadly, or deathboding. ¹⁵ A small bagpipe. ¹⁶ In a
 confined sense, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest.

Alle nete ^{16*} amenge ¹⁷ the grayde chyrche ^{17*} glebe
 wyll goe,
 And to the passante Spryghtes lecture ¹⁸ mie tale of woe.

[J U G A.]

Whan mokie ¹⁹ cloudis do hange upon the leme
 Of leden ²⁰ Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte; 39
 The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
 Of Selyness ²¹, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
 Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte
 Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped ^{21*} I'll holde dysstraughte
 Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn
 thoughte. 35

E L I N O U R E.

Ah woe bementynge ²² wordes; what wordes can shewe!
 Thou limed ^{22*} ryver, on thie linche ²³ maie bleede
 Champyons, whose bloude wyll wythe thie waterres
 flowe,

And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
 Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40

^{16*} Night. ¹⁷ Among. ^{17*} Church-yard. ¹⁸ Relate. ¹⁹ Black. ²⁰ Decreasing. ²¹ Happiness. ^{21*} Linked. ²² Lamented. ^{22*} Glaffy. ²³ Bank.

To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be manged ²⁴ onne the
plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees ²⁵, 45
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes
were flayne,
Disfraughte ²⁶ theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes
fyde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves,
and dyde.

²⁴ *Mingled.* ²⁵ *Meeds.* ²⁶ *Distracted.*

BATTLE OF HASTINGS,

(No. 1.)

O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,
 How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
 In fyghtyng for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
 Al fleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
 O sea ! our teeming ¹ donore han thy floude, 5
 Han anie fructuous ² entendement ³,
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
 Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went ;
 Whose cowart arrows manie erles fleyne,
 And brued ⁴ the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
 Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.

¹ Prolific. ² Useful. ³ Meaning. ⁴ Embrued.

Lordynges,

Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are, 15

From out of hearynge quicklie now departe ;

Full well I wote ⁵, to fynge of bloudie warre

Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.

Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare ⁶,

And fcond ⁷ your mansion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten ⁸ belle was tolde,

And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,

Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,

Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.

As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte, 25

Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre ⁹,

Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,

Lackynge to gage ¹⁰ the sportive bloudie warre ;

Soe lacked Harroldes innenne to come to blowes,

The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen ¹¹ spake ;

My merrie men, be not cast downe in mynde ;

⁵ Know. ⁶ Apparel. ⁷ Abscond from. ⁸ Morning. ⁹ Enclosure. ¹⁰ Engage in. ¹¹ Subjects.

Your onlie lode ¹² for aye to mar or make, .
 Before yon funne has donde his welke ¹³ you'll fynde;
 Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe 35
 Of Lurdanes ¹⁴, and the treasure that you han;
 Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
 Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
 Cheer up youre hartes, chafe sorrowe farre awaie,
 Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wyllyam to his knyghtes did faie;
 My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche ¹⁵;
 Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
 Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
 Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte; 45
 Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
 Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
 Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
 The clarions then founded sharpe and shrille;
 Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

¹² Praise. ¹³ Finished his course. ¹⁴ Lord Danes. ¹⁵ Every one.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 225

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde ¹⁶ hys saie ¹⁷;
 Hethrewewythemyghteamayne¹⁸hys shorthorfe-spear,
 The noife it made the duke to turn awaie,
 And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
 His cristede ¹⁹ beaver dyd him smalle abounde ²⁰; 55
 The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
 The purpel bloude came goushyng ²¹ to the grounde,
 And at Duke Wylliam's feet he tumbled deade:
 So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
 It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
 Come aydethy freend, and shewe Duke Wylliams payne;
 Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;
 Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
 Duke Wylliam sawe hys freende sleyn piteoufflie, 65
 His lovyng freende whome he muche honored,
 For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,
 And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
 O! in Duke Wylliam's harte it rayfde a flame,
 To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

¹⁶ Put on. ¹⁷ Military cloak. ¹⁸ Main force. ¹⁹ Crested. ²⁰ Benefit. ²¹ Gushing.

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,
 The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
 The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
 Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie ²⁸ stroke, 95
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
 Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.
 The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede ²⁹ the fame,
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they came.

Duke Wylliam drewe agen hys arrowe stryng,
 An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;
 The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,
 And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee.
 At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare; 105
 Duke Wylliam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
 The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow ³⁰ :
 Upon his helme foe furious was the stroke,
 It splete ³¹ his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

²⁸ Hand to hand. ²⁹ Regarded. ³⁰ Forehead. ³¹ Split.

Downe fell the beaver by Tofslyn splete in tweine,
 And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
 But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
 And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.

Then Doullie myghte his boweftrynge drewe, 115
 Enthoughte to gyve brave Tofslyn bloudie wounde,
 But Harolde's asenglave ³² stopp'd it as it flewe,
 And it fell bootles on the bloudie grounde.

Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge ³³ thus broke,
 Death-doyng blade from out the scabard toke. 120

And now the battail clofde on everych fyde,
 And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave ;
 They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde,
 And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
 So have I fene two weirs ³⁴ at once give grounde, 125
 White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne ;
 In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking founde,
 Burfte waves on waves, and spangle in the funne ;
 And when their myghte in burftrynge waves is fled,
 Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede. 130

³² *Lance.* ³³ *Revenge.* ³⁴ *Torrents.*

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
 Affynd ³⁵ unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
 At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre ;
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte 135
 Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe ;
 He grond and funken on the place of fyghte,
 O Chryste ! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed ³⁶ wyfe and chyl dren tweine,
 Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love ;
 In England's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,
 He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove ;
 And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145
 Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,
 To Normandie he dyd perdie ³⁷ returne,
 In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe ;
 And now with sovrayn Wyllyam he came,
 To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

³⁵ Related. ³⁶ Left. ³⁷ Certainly.

Then, swefte as lyghtnyng, Egelredus fet
 Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head ;
 In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
 And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
 So have I fene a mountayne oak, that longe 155
 Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne fyde,
 Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
 And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride ;
 But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,
 He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie ³⁸
 Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
 And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
 And at his pole ³⁹ the spear came out agayne.
 Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde 165
 Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
 And at hys fyde the arrowe entered,
 And oute the crymson streame of bloude gan flowe ;
 In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
 And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine. 170

³⁸ *Sloping, declination.* ³⁹ *Crown of his head.*

But Egelred, before he funken downe,
 With all his myghte amein his spear besped ⁴⁰,
 It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
 And botlie together quicklie funken dede.
 So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange, 175
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
 But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
 That he the fleewe ⁴¹ unravels all their fate,
 And broken onn the beech thys lesson speake,
 The stronge and firme should not defame the weake.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
 Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
 And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
 And in the battel he much goode han done ;
 Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near, 185
 For he was yeoman of the bodie guard ;
 And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
 He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward :

True as a shadow to a substiant ⁴² thyng,
 So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge. 190

⁴⁰ Dispatched. ⁴¹ Clue. ⁴² Substantial.

But when Egelred tumbled to the ground,
 He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
 And strooke de Tracie thilk ⁴³ a crewel wounde,
 Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
 And then retreted for to garde his kynge, 195
 On dented ⁴⁴ launce he bore the harte awaie ;
 An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,
 Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie ;
 The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,
 Eftsoons ⁴⁵ wyth finokynge crymson bloud was wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
 Without adoe ⁴⁶ he turned once agayne,
 And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
 Maugre ⁴⁷ hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
 This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde, 205
 Whose featliest bewty ladden ⁴⁸ in his face ;
 His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
 But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace ;
 And like a useles weede amonge the haie
 Amonge the sleine warriours Griel laie. 210

⁴³ Such. ⁴⁴ Bruised. ⁴⁵ Quickly. ⁴⁶ Delay. ⁴⁷ Notwithstanding. ⁴⁸ Lay.
 Kynge

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
 And ferflie ⁴⁹ ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
 Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too, 215
 Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
 Kynge Harolde's leegemenn ⁵⁰, erlies ⁵¹ hie and true,
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;
 The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
 Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge speres.

As when some ryver with the feason raynes
 White fomynge hie doth breke the bridges oft,
 Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;
 So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes, 225
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
 And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
 Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;
 So who he be that ouphant ⁵² faieries strike,
 Their foules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke. 230

⁴⁹ *Furiously.* ⁵⁰ *Subjects.* ⁵¹ *Earls.* ⁵² *Elfin.*

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde ;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.

Old Salmarville beheld hys son lie ded, 235
Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe ;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head ;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.

So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the fire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie ;
Quod he ; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte ?
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.

Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said; 245
I am a cunnyng erle, and that can tell;
Then drew hys fwerde, and ghaftlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend⁵³,
It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikény did attaque ;
 He turned aboute and vilely fouten ⁵⁴ fle ;
 But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,
 He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.
 His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere, 255
 Soughte to revenge his fallen kynfinan's lote,
 But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
 Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
 He tumbled downe close by hys kynfinan's fyde,
 Myngle their stremes of purple bloude, and dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote ⁵⁵.
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flec ;
 Who dying sayd ; ah me ! how hard my lote !
 Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore 265
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine ;
 But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
 It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine ;
 And like the oke, the foveran of the woode,
 It's fallen boddie tells you how it floode, 270

⁵⁴ Sought. ⁵⁵ Unknown.

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel fle,
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
 With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground; 275
 And was demasing ⁵⁶ howe to take his life,
 When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde
 Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
 Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,
 The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's treacherous knyfe
 Han made his crynson bloude and spirits fle;
 And knowlachyng ⁵⁷ he soon must quyt this lyfe,
 Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
 He held hys trustie fwerd against his breste, 285
 And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
 And both together then did take their reste,
 Their soules from corpes unaknell'd ⁵⁸ depart;
 And both together foughte the unknown shore,
 Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

⁵⁶ Considering. ⁵⁷ Knowing. ⁵⁸ Without the funeral knell being rung.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
 And hie alofe ⁵⁹ his temper'd fwerde dyd welde,
 Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to fle,
 His prooffe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
 And not contente, he fplete his hede in twaine, 295
 And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;
 Mean while the other erlies on the playne
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
 But manie knyghtes were men in women's geer. 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's ⁶⁰ fpreddyng plaine,
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stode;
 Where Druids, auncient preefts dyd ryghtes ordaine,
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge, 305
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hofte,
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
 Wreck'd all hys fhyppying on the Brittiſh coaſte,
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to fle,
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

⁵⁹ *Aloft.* ⁶⁰ *Salisbury's.*

To make it more renowned ⁶¹ than before,
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
 The Saxannes steynd the place wyth Brittifh gore,
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
 Tho' Chrystians, styll they thoghte mouche of the pile,
 And here theie mette when causes dyd it neede ;
 'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
 Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede ;
 O Hengist ! han thy cause bin good and true,
 Thou wouldst such murderous acts as these eschew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
 And han that daie full manie Normannes fleine ;
 Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
 He leste to smoke upon the bloudie pleine :
 The Sier Fitzbottleine did then advaunce, 325
 And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede ;
 Who estfoons gored hym with his tyllting launce,
 And at his horses feet he tumbled dede :
 His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
 Of foddayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple bloude.

⁶¹ Renowned.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
 A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
 So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone, 335
 Enthoghte ⁶² to staie a driving rivers course;
 But better han it bin to lett alone,
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
 The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
 Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde. 340

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
 Advauced next before the erlie's fyghte;
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
 And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
 Chatillion his trustie fwerd forth drewe, 345
 The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
 And at eche other vengoullie ⁶³ they flewe,
 As mastie ⁶⁴ dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
 Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'd to flie,
 Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die. 350

⁶² *Thinking.* ⁶³ *Revengefully.* ⁶⁴ *Mastiff.*

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
 Thatt splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne ;
 Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
 And to the battel went with myghte ameine.

The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe 355

Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see ;

He tumbled at the horses feet alfoe,

And in dethe panges he feez'd the recer's knee :

Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,

So faste he dying gryp'd ⁶⁵ the racer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,

And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde ;

The erlie's squier then a fwerde did sticke

Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde ;

And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine, 365

Upon Chatillion's foullefs corse of claie ;

A puddlie streame of bloude flow'd oute amcine ;

Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie ;

As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,

To live a second time upon the main. 370

⁶⁵ *Grasped.*

The erlie nowē an hōrfe and beaver han,
 And nowē agayne appered on the feeld;
 And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
 To his dethe-doyng fwerd his life did yeeld;
 When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett fle, 375
 Intending Herewaldus to have fleyne;
 It mis'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
 And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
 Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
 His noble foule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
 He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
 Quod he; thou'ft slaughtred my beloved squier,
 But I will be revenged for the fame.
 Into his bowels then his launce he thruste, 385
 And drew thereout a steemie ⁶⁶ drerie ⁶⁷ lode;
 Quod he; these offals are for ever curst,
 Shall serve the coughs⁶⁸, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
 Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee throwde,
 Smokynge wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude.

⁶⁶ Steeming. ⁶⁷ Dreadful. ⁶⁸ Choughs, or ravens.

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,
 Ah me ! sayde he ; what woeful fyghte I see !
 But now I must do somethyng more than fighe ;
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
 Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte ; 395
 Fitz Broque on foote lian drawne it from the bowe ;
 And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
 And out the crymson streame of bloude 'gan flowe.
 As fromm a hatch ⁶⁹, drawne with a vehement geir ⁷⁰,
 Whiter ushe the burstynge waves, and roar along the weir.

The erle with one honde grasped the recer's mayne,
 And with the other he his launce besped ⁷¹ ;
 And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
 His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede ;
 Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte, 405
 But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
 Before his optics ⁷² daunced a shade of nyghte,
 Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.
 The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
 Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne. 410

⁶⁹ Pen, or lock. ⁷⁰ Turn, or twist. ⁷¹ Dispatched. ⁷² Eyes.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horfe
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore ⁷³;
 And now eletten ⁷⁴ on another horfe,
 Eftsoons he wíthe his launce did manie gore.
 The coward Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene ;
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
 As to be sleyn ⁷⁵ by a wighte ⁷⁶ so meene.
 Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's ⁷⁷ shock,
 'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

Upon du Chatelet he ferselie sett,
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete ;
 The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
 The rolynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
 Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull, 425
 He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte ;
 From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
 Within his owne he felt a cruel darte ;
 Close by the Norman champyons he han fleine,
 He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

⁷³ Besmeared. ⁷⁴ Alighted. ⁷⁵ Slain. ⁷⁶ Person. ⁷⁷ Vassal, peasant.

Erle Ethelbert then hove ⁷⁸, with clinie ⁷⁹ just,
 A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
 And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste ;
 Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.

With that his launce he enterd at his throte ; 435
 He scritch'd ⁸⁰ and screem'd in melancholie mood ;
 And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
 And after it a crymson streame of bloude :

In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
 While life and dethe strove for the masterrie. 440

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
 And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
 Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
 Bethoghte ⁸¹ to kill him with a stabbynge knife ;
 But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent, 445
 Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
 And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
 That foule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.

Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
 Will black their earthlie name, if not their soule. 450

⁷⁸ Heaved. ⁷⁹ Inclination. ⁸⁰ Shricked. ⁸¹ Thinking.

When lo ! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
 Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge ;
 And flewe the noble flower of Powyllonde,
 Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd ⁸² the stronge,
 Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455
 With horsemens haste he from the armie rodde ;
 And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,
 Who fange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode ;
 Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
 To blesse his labour, and to heal the fame. 460

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did feck ⁸³,
 And putt the teint of holie herbies ⁸⁴ on ;
 And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck ;
 And then did say ; go, champyon, get agone.
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte ;
 His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend ⁸⁵,
 The arrow peerced into his noble harte ;
 As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
 Falls to the pleine ; so fell the warriour dede. 470

⁸² Culled. ⁸³ Suck. ⁸⁴ Herbs. ⁸⁵ Protect.

246 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Tewdôr,
 Who love of hym han from his countrÿ gone,
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
 As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne.
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte,
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
 All living creatures fle far from their fyghte,
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen ;
 For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,
 Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdôr brave
 The Normans eftfoons fled awaie aghaſte ⁸⁶;
 And leſte behynde their bowe and aſenglave,
 For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haſte.
 His garb ſufficient were to meve affryghte ; 485
 A wolf ſkin girded round his myddle was ;
 A bear ſkyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
 Was tytend ⁸⁷ round his ſhoulders by the claws :
 So Hercules, 'tis funge, much like to him,
 Upon his ſhoulder wore a lyon's ſkin. 490

⁸⁶ Terrified. ⁸⁷ Tightened.

Upon his thyghes and harte-sweste ⁸⁸ legges he wore
 A hugie ⁸⁹ goat skyn, all of one grete peice ;
 A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore ;
 His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
 They fledde ; he followed close upon their heels, 495
 Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne ;
 And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels ;
 He peere'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
 His bloude went downe the fwerde unto his arme,
 In springing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His fwerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
 And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itt's waie ;
 The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
 He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.
 Then with his fwerde he sett on Fitz du Valle, 505
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte ;
 With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
 Into his neck he ranne the fwerde and hylte ;
 As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,
 To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

⁸⁸ *Swift as deer.* ⁸⁹ *Huge.*

248 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And with the fwerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
 The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde ;
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's fwerde he broke,
 And bloude afrefhe came trickling from the wounde.
 As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe, 515
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vyfage grym ;
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe ⁹⁰,
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone ⁹¹ hym ;
 And caufe he fryghted them fo muche before,
 Lyke cownt hyndes, they battone hym the more. 520

So, whan they fawe ap Tewdore was bereft
 Of his keen fwerde, thatt wroghte thilke great difmaie,
 They turned about, eftfoons upon hym lept,
 And full a fcore engaged in the fraie.
 Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear, 525
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque ;
 And wring'd his hedde with fuch a vehement gier ⁹²,
 His vifage was turned round unto his backe.
 Backe to his harte retyr'd the ufelefs gore,
 And felle upon the pleine to rife no more. 530

⁹⁰ *Pit.* ⁹¹ *Beat him.* ⁹² *Twist.*

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
 And broke his helm and feiz'd hym bie the throte :
 Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
 That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
 In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge, 535
 And from their sockets started out his eyes ;
 And from his mouthe came out his blameles tonge ;
 And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftfoon dies.
 As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
 Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
 Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist ;
 A myghtie fiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
 An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list ⁹³.
 Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet, 545
 And Ethelbert at Walleris fet his ;
 And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,
 But Ethelbert by a myfchaunce dyd misf :
 Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
 He ne deserved a death from erlies hande. 550

⁹³ Concern.

250 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
 The poynted launce of Egward did ypass;
 The distaunt fyde thereof was ruddie wet,
 And he fell breathless on the bloudie grasse.
 As coward Walleris laie on the ground, 555
 The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
 And hytt the squier thylke a lethal ⁹⁴ wounde,
 Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead :
 Oh shame to Norman armes ! a lord a slave,
 A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave ! 560

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
 And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
 Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two :
 There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

* * * * * *

⁹⁴ *Deadly.*

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(No. 2.)

OH Truth ! immortal daughter of the skies,
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
 Teach me, fayre Saincte ! thy pallynge worthe to pryze,
 To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays, 5
 Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
 With look adigne ¹ the worlde belowe furveies,
 The world, that wotted ² not it could be nyghte ;
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd ³,
 She fees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse
 and pryde. 10

With ale and vernage ⁴ drunk his fouldiers lay ;
 Here was an hynde ⁵, anie an erlie spredde ;

¹ Noble. ² Knew. ³ Dysd. ⁴ A sort of wine. ⁵ Peasant.

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie !

This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead !

Thro' everie troope diforder reer'd her hedde ; 15

Dancyng and heideignes ⁶ was the onlie theme ;

Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,

And wak'd in tormentys from so sweet a dream.

Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,

Allnyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and praied,

Thus Harolde to his wites ⁷ that stode arounde ;

Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,

And fearch how farre our foeman's campe doth bound ;

Yourself have rede ⁸ ; I nede to saie ne more.

My brother best belov'd of anie ore⁹, 25

My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,

Tell them to raunge the battel to the gröre,

And waiten tyll I fende the hest for fyghte.

He saide ; the loieaul broders lefte the place,

Succes and cheerfulncfs depicted ¹⁰ on ech face. 30

⁶ Dances. ⁷ People. ⁸ Wisdom. ⁹ Other. ¹⁰ Painted.

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
 And markd wyth care the armies dyftant fyde,
 When the dyre clatterynge of the fhielde and launce
 Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.
 He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd ; 35
 Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell ;
 Girthe drew hys fwerde, and cutte hys burled hyde ;
 The proto-flene ¹² manne of the fiede he felle ;
 Out freemd the bloude, and ran in fmokynge curles,
 Reflected bie the moone feemd rubies mixt wyth pearles.

A troope of Normannes from the mafs-fonge came,
 Roufd from their praiers by the flotting ¹³ crie ;
 Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the fame,
 Not once theie ftoode abafhd, or thoghtè to flie.
 He feizd a bill, to conquer or to die ; 45
 Fierce as a clevis ¹⁴ from a rocke ytorne,
 That makes a vallie wherfoe're it lie ;
 * Fierce as a ryver burftynge from the borne ¹⁵ ;

¹² *First-slain.* ¹³ *Undulating.* ¹⁴ *Cleft.* ¹⁵ *Brook.*

* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell brafte of erthe fo fierce that it threw a stone-mell carrying the fame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line.

254 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layd the champyone lowe.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
Let none edraw his arcublaſter ¹⁶ bowe.
Girthe caſ'd ¹⁷ his weppone, as he hearde the fame,
And vengynge ¹⁸ Normannes ſtaid the flyinge floe.
The fire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye ſo ⁵⁵
Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
Quod Gyrthe; oure meanyng we ne care to ſhowe,
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
Here ſingle onlie theſe to all thie crewe
Shall ſhewe what Englyſh handes and heartes can doe. ⁶⁰

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen moſt diſtraught ¹⁹;
In peace and mercy is a Chryſtians pryde;
He that dothe conteſtes pryze is in a faulte.
And now the news was to Duke William brought, ⁶⁵
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;

¹⁶ Croſs-bow. ¹⁷ Sheathed. ¹⁸ Revenging. ¹⁹ Diſtraſted.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 255

For theyre good cheere all caties²⁰ were enthoughte²¹,
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.

Quod Willyam ; thus shall Willyam be founde
A friend to everie manne that treads on English ground.

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
And fawe bothe men and erlies on the ground ;
They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr
last,

And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.

He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd²² ; 75
Loked wanne²³ wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage ;
When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes dyd
found,

Rowse from your sleepe, detratours²⁴ of the age !

Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde ?

Awake, ye huscarles²⁵, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster²⁶ in the shadie bowre

In jintle²⁷ slumbers chafe the heat of daie,

²⁰ Delicacies. ²¹ Thought of. ²² Astonished. ²³ Pale. ²⁴ Traitors.
²⁵ Servants. ²⁶ Shepherd. ²⁷ Gentle.

Hears

Hears doublyng echoe wind ²⁸ the wolpins rore,
 That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,
 He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85
 Gripes-faste hys burled ²⁹ croke, and fore adradde ³⁰
 Wyth fleeing ³¹ strides he hastens to the fraie,
 And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell ³² lad;
 With trustie talbots ³³ to the battel flies,
 And yell of men and dogs and wolpins ³⁴ tear the skies. 90

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
 That rose from sleep and walsome ³⁵ power of wine;
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit ³⁶ yn the nyghte
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-
 spear shine; 95
 Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
 Eche bracd hys armlace ³⁷ fiker ³⁸ ne desygne,
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;

²⁸ Sound. ²⁹ Armed. ³⁰ Frighted. ³¹ Flying. ³² Servant. ³³ Dogs.
³⁴ Wolves. ³⁵ Loathsome. ³⁶ Treachery. ³⁷ Accoutrements for the arms.
³⁸ Sure.

Some caught a flughorne ³⁹, and an onfett ⁴⁰ wounde ;
 Kyng Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the
 founde. 100

Thus Leofwine ; O women cas'd in stele !
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede
 Throughe the black armour dyd the anlace fele,
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede ?
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the deede.
 You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede ⁴¹.
 O shame ! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande !
 He sayde ; and shame on everie visage spredde,
 Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd ⁴² hung their head. 110

Thus he ; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
 The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renound,
 Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
 And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
 I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde ; 115
 Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande ;

³⁹ Military trumpet. ⁴⁰ Charge. ⁴¹ Counsel. ⁴² Awakened.

And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,
 Lead in the rear the menged ⁴³ of the lande ;
 And let the Londoners and Suffers plie
 Biē Herewardes memuine ⁴⁴ and the lighte skyrts anie ⁴⁵.

He saide ; and as a packe of hounds belent ⁴⁶,
 When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
 If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
 With twa ⁴⁷ redubbled fhuir ⁴⁸ the alans ⁴⁹ run ;
 So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one ; 125
 Soone linked man to man the champyones stoode ;
 To 'tone for their bewrate ⁵⁰ so soone 'twas done ;
 And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode ;
 Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites ^{50*},
 And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand fights.

Thus Leofwinē ; today will Englandes dome
 Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state ;
 This funnes aunture ⁵¹ be felt for years to come ;
 Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.

⁴³ Mixed troops. ⁴⁴ Attendants. ⁴⁵ Annoy. ⁴⁶ At a stop. ⁴⁷ Twice.
⁴⁸ Fury. ⁴⁹ Hounds. ⁵⁰ Treachery. ^{50*} Men, people. ⁵¹ Adventure.

Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept ⁵² the grete, 135
 From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chaf'd,
 The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's ⁵³ coud mate,
 Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
 Thinke how at once by you Norwēgia bled
 Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie ⁵⁴ bested ⁵⁵ 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
 And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
 Brave Harolde lookd askaunte ⁵⁶, and thus replyd;
 And can thie fay ⁵⁷ be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
 Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare; 145
 And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
 Have I deserved this fremed ⁵⁸ speche to heare?
 Bie Goddes hie hallidome ⁵⁹ ne thoughte the thyng.
 When Toftus sent me golde and fylver flore,
 I scornd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason more.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;
 Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?

⁵² Called. ⁵³ Young lions. ⁵⁴ Mastery. ⁵⁵ Contended. ⁵⁶ Obliquely.
⁵⁷ Faith. ⁵⁸ Strange. ⁵⁹ Holy church.

Ithink of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.

Girthe faide, with looke adigne ⁶⁰; my lord, I doe.

But what oure foemen are, quòd Girth, I'll shewe; 155

By Gods hie hallidome they preeftes are.

Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, myftell ⁶¹ them fo,

For theie are everich one brave men at warre.

Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?

Quod Harolde; great the foe, fo is the glorie grete. 160

And now Duke Willyam marefchalled his band,

And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.

Firft did a ranke of arcublaftries ⁶² ftande,

Next thofe on horfebacke drew the afcendyng flo ⁶³,

Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 165

Theyr afenglave ⁶⁴ acroffe theyr horfes ty'd,

Or with the loverds ⁶⁵ fquier behinde dyd goe,

Or waited fquier lyke at the horfes fyde.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd faie,

Prepare thyfelfe wyth fpede, to Harolde hafte awaie. 170

⁶⁰ Noble. ⁶¹ Mifcall. ⁶² Crefs-bowmen. ⁶³ Arrow. ⁶⁴ Lances.

⁶⁵ Lords.

Telle hym from me one of these three to take ;
 That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
 Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
 Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
 He saide ; the Monke departyd out of hande, 175
 And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear ;
 Who said ; tell thou the Duke, at his likand ⁶⁶
 If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear,
 He said, and drove the Monke out of his fyghte,
 And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie
 fyghte, 180

A standarde made of fylke and jewells rare,
 Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes ⁶⁷,
 An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,
 Under this motte ⁶⁸, He conquers or he dies.
 This standard ryche, endazzlynge mortal eyes, 185
 Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
 Who chargd hys broders for the grete empyrize ⁶⁹
 That straite the hest ⁷⁰ for battle should be spredde.

⁶⁶ Choice. ⁶⁷ Jewels. ⁶⁸ Motto. ⁶⁹ Undertaking. ⁷⁰ Command.

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
 And cries *a guerre* and flughornes shake the vaulted
 heaven. 199

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
 In reaulmes of darknes hid from human fyghte,
 The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
 Braft ⁷¹ from the regions of eternal nyghte,
 Thro the darke caverns feeke the reaulmes of lyght;
 Scme loftie mountaine, by its fury torne, 196
 Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
 Nowe here, now there, majestic nods the bourne ⁷²,
 And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
 Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr
 course. 200

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
 Linkd man to man, enseemed one boddie light;
 Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
 That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to fyght.

⁷¹ *Eurf.* ⁷² *Hill, or rock.*

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 263

Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 205
 Ne neede of flughornes ⁷³ to enrowse theyr minde;
 Eche shootynge spere yreaden ⁷⁴ for the fyghte,
 More feerce than fallynge rocks, more sweste than wynd;
 With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
 One sngle boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre.

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
 Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
 Fled with her rosie radiance to the West:
 Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
 Of the bright funne awaytynge spirits leedes: 215
 The funne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie ⁷⁵ gledes ⁷⁶,
 And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie:
 He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
 And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome raye.

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic rayfd 221
 His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn ⁷⁷ rare;

⁷³ War trumpets. ⁷⁴ Made ready. ⁷⁵ Journey. ⁷⁶ Glides. ⁷⁷ Sleeve.

With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde ⁷³,
 Then furyouse sent it whyflynge thro the ayre.
 It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer ; 225
 In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;
 Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
 Peercyng quite thro, before it dyd allaie ⁷⁹ ;
 He tumbled, scritchynge ⁸⁰ wyth hys horrid payne ;
 His hollow cuishes ⁸¹ rang upon the bloudie pleyne. 230

This Willyam saw, and foundynge Rowlandes songe
 He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
 Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full stronge,
 From out of mortals fyght shot up the floe ⁸² ;
 Then fwyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 235
 It flaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;
 Quite thro the silver-bordurd croffe did goe,
 Nor losle its force, but stuck into the feelde ;
 The Normannes, like theyr fovrin, dyd prepare,
 And shotte ten thousande floses upryfynge in the aire. 240

⁷⁸ Poised. ⁷⁹ Stop. ⁸⁰ Shrieking. ⁸¹ Armour for the thighs. ⁸² Arrow.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 265

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
 In householde armies thro the flanced ⁸³ skie,
 Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
 If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,
 Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie, 245
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:
 So prone to heaue blowe the arrowes felle,
 And peered thro brasle, and sente manie to heaven or
 helle. 250

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe ⁸⁴ of Leigh,
 Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,
 Thenne funke to glorie and eternal reste.
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste, 255
 Throw the joint cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
 As hee on horsebacke for the flyghte addresd,
 And sawe hys bloude come finokynge oer the steele;

⁸³ *Arched.* ⁸⁴ *Place, or city.*

He fente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
 And turnd hys horfes hedde, and did to leeches ⁸⁵ re-
 payre. 260

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
 Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne ⁸⁶,
 Whyzz dreare ⁸⁷ alonge, and fonges of terror fynge,
 Such fonges as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
 Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne, ²⁶⁵
 Not to be quenched buttē ynn Normannes bloude ;
 Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
 And alwaies followed by a purple floude ;
 Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
 Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end. ²⁷⁰

Nor, Leófwynus, dydst thou still estande ;
 Full soon thie pheon ⁸⁸ glytted ⁸⁹ in the aire ;
 The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
 Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal ⁹⁰ geer ⁹¹ ;

⁸⁵ Physician. ⁸⁶ Dire. ⁸⁷ Terrible. ⁸⁸ Spear. ⁸⁹ Gilded. ⁹⁰ Deadly.
⁹¹ Turn.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 267

Itte whyzzd a ghaſtlic dynne in Normannes ear, 275
 Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave ⁹² alyghte,
 Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
 He cloſd hys eyne in everlaſtyng nyghte ;
 Ah ! what awayld the lyons on his creſte !
 His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was
 preſt. 280

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
 And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
 Deſcendyng like a ſhaſte of thunder fleete,
 Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
 Onne Algars ſheelde the arrowe dyd aſſaie ⁹³, 285
 There throghe dyd peerſe, and ſtycke into his groine ;
 In grypyng torments on the feelde he laie,
 Tille welcome dethe came in and cloſ'd his eyne ;
 Diſtort ⁹⁴ with peyne he laie upon the borne ⁹⁵,
 Lyke ſturdie elms by ſtormes in uncothe ⁹⁶ wrythynges
 torne. 290

⁹² *A part of armor.* ⁹³ *Make an attempt.* ⁹⁴ *Distorted, writhing.*
⁹⁵ *Burnished armor.* ⁹⁶ *Strange.*

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
 He drewe his fwerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
 Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 295
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
 Next with his fwerde he 'fayld the Seieur de Roe,
 And brafte ⁹⁷ his sylver helme, so furyous was the blowe.

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great, 301
 And feered muche how farre his bronde ⁹⁸ might goe,
 Tooke a stronge arblaster ⁹⁹, and bigge with fate
 From twangynge iron sente the fleetyng floe ¹⁰⁰.
 As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 305
 Which, han it came, had been Du Roes laste,
 The fwyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe
 Quite throwe his arme into his fyde ypaste;
 His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,
 He grypd his fwerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte.

⁹⁷ Broke, burst. ⁹⁸ Fury. ⁹⁹ Cross-bow. ¹⁰⁰ Arrow.

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee
 Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle ;
 Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did flee,
 Not Haroldes self did for more praifes call ;
 How shall a penne like myne then shew it all ? 315
 Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte ;
 Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
 Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke ¹⁰¹ yroughte:
 Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
 Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale
 wounde. 320

First Fytz Chivelloy's felt thie direful force ;
 Nete ¹⁰² did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe ;
 Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,
 Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle ;
 Into his breaste it quicklie did assaile ¹⁰³ ; 325
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra ¹⁰⁴ of the tyde ;
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle ¹⁰⁵ ;
 In scarlet was his cuishe ¹⁰⁶ of sylver dyde :

¹⁰¹ *Revenge.* ¹⁰² *Nought.* ¹⁰³ *Attempt.* ¹⁰⁴ *Bore of the Severn.* ¹⁰⁵ *Armor.*
¹⁰⁶ *Armor for the thigh.*

Upon

Upon the bloudie carnage hause he laie,
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem ¹⁰⁷ with the sun's
 ryfing ray. 330

Next Fescampe felle ; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate
 To die the leckedst ¹⁰⁸ knyghte of all the thronge !
 His sprite was made of malice deslavate ¹⁰⁹,
 Ne shoulde find a place in anie fonge.
 The broch'd ¹¹⁰ keene javlyn hurld from honde so
 stronge 335

As thine came thundrynge on his crysted ¹¹¹ beave ¹¹²,
 Ah ! neete awayld the brass or iron thonge,
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave ;
 Fallyng he shooken out his smokyng braine,
 As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the
 playne. 340

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore ¹¹³
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere ;

¹⁰⁷ Pointed. ¹⁰⁸ Cowardliest. ¹⁰⁹ Disloyal. ¹¹⁰ Pointed. ¹¹¹ Crested.
¹¹² Beaver. ¹¹³ Learning.

Couldſte thou not kenne¹¹⁴, moſt ſkylld After la goure;
 How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
 When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre, 345
 From hande dyvine on thie habergeon¹¹⁵ came,
 Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
 It gave thee death and everlaſtynge fame;
 Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
 As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 350

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
 Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preſte,
 His foule and bloude came rouſhyng from the wounde;
 He cloſd his eyen, and opd them with the bleſt.
 It can ne be I ſhould behight¹¹⁶ the reſt, 355
 That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
 Paſte bie a penne to be counte or expreſte,
 How manie Alfwolde ſent to heaven or helle;
 As leaves from trees ſhook by derne¹¹⁷ Autumns hand,
 So laie the Normannes ſlain by Alfwold on the ſtrand. 360

¹¹⁴ Know. ¹¹⁵ Coat of mail. ¹¹⁶ Name. ¹¹⁷ Dreary.

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
 Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ¹¹⁸ ken't,
 Besprenge ¹¹⁹ destructione oer the woodes and delles;
 The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees ¹²⁰ lement;
 So foughte the Bryflowe menne; ne one crevent ¹²¹, 365
 Ne onne abashed enthoughten for to flee;
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee;
 In vayne on every fyde the arrowes fled;
 The Bryflowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not
 dead. 370

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne;
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
 Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne;
 But of the erles, whom record nete hath slayne, 375
 O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,
 That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve
 agayne,
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;

¹¹⁸ Know it. ¹¹⁹ Spread. ¹²⁰ Sheep-pastures. ¹²¹ Coward.

So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be 380

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathles fire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,
And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine ;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes refygne, 385
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte ;
His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne ¹²²,
Made him in gemot ¹²³ wyfe, and greate in fyghte ;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes. 390

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave ¹²⁴ ;
She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave ;
As the blue Bruton, ryfinge from the wave, 395
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,

¹²² *Worthy.* ¹²³ *Counsel.* ¹²⁴ *Arose upon.*

And rounde aboute the rifynge waters lave ¹²⁵,
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
 Such majestie was in her porte displaid,
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 400

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,
 Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge
 skyne ¹²⁶, 405
 Or Phœbus ryfinge in a frostie morne,
 Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that
 lyene ¹²⁷,
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
 Or new-braste ¹²⁸ brooklettes gently whyfpringe in the
 delle. 410

Browne as the fylberte droppying from the shelle,
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,

¹²⁵ *Wash.* ¹²⁶ *Sky.* ¹²⁷ *Lie.* ¹²⁸ *Newly burst.*

So browne the crokyde ¹²⁹ rynges, that featlie ¹³⁰ fell
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
 Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 415
 Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie,
 Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
 So greie appeard her featly sparklyng eye ;
 Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
 On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday book.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stoode 421
 Before the abbie buylt by Ofwald kyng ;
 Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
 Where sainctes and foules departed masses syng ;
 Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 325
 At once for reveraunce and love did calle ;
 Sweet as the voice of thraflarks ¹³¹ in the Spring,
 So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle ;
 None fell in vayne ; all shewed some entent ;
 Her wordies did displaie her great entendement ¹³². 430

¹²⁹ *Curling, crooked* ¹³⁰ *Genteelly.* ¹³¹ *Thrushes.* ¹³² *Understanding.*

276 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
 Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove ¹³³,
 Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
 So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove ¹³⁴.
 As skyllful mynemenne ¹³⁵ by the stones above 435
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd ¹³⁶ belowe,
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
 The lovelie ymage of her foule did shewe;
 Thus was she outward form'd; the fun her mind
 Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms refin'd.

What blazours ¹³⁷ then, what glorie shall he clayme,
 What doughtie ¹³⁸ Homere shall hys praises synge,
 That leste the bosome of so fayre a dame
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
 To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe 445
 The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;

¹³³ *Shrouded.* ¹³⁴ *Formed.* ¹³⁵ *Miners.* ¹³⁶ *Confined.* ¹³⁷ *Praisers.*
¹³⁸ *Powerful.*

The floute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyngē blowes he delte.

As when a wolfyn gettyngē in the meedes
He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth free ¹³⁹;
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouſlie, 455
And breaks the bankes that would its force reſtrayne,
Alonge the playne in fomyngē rynges doth flee,
Gaynſte walles and hedges doth its courſe maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
With eaſe at one felle ſtroke full manie is laide lowe. 460

So manie, with ſuch force, and with ſuch eaſe,
Did Adhelm ſlaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leaſe ¹⁴⁰,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of ſmokyngē flayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne; 465
He cutte hym with his ſwerde athur ¹⁴¹ the breaſte;

¹³⁹ Strew, or ſcatter. ¹⁴⁰ Loſe. ¹⁴¹ Acroſs.

278 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Out ran the bloude, and did hys armour stayne,
 He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;
 Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
 Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie. 470

Next thro the ayre he sent his javlyn feerce,
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
 Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone¹⁴² did peerce,
 Rang on his coate of mayle and spent its mighte.
 But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 475
 The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
 Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuyng from the blowe.
 Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
 So fell the mightie fire and mingled with the flaine. 480

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere¹⁴³,
 Advauuncyd forward to provoke the darte,
 When soone he founde that Adhel ðes poynted speere
 Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.

¹⁴² *Spear.* ¹⁴³ *Exile.*

He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte ¹⁴⁴, 485
 Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse ;
 But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
 So it came down upon Troyvillains horse ;
 Deep thro hys hatchments ¹⁴⁵ wente the pointed floe ;
 Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde
 doth goe. 490

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
 Tyll, growen furiously by his bloudie wounde,
 Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
 And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
 Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde ¹⁴⁶,
 Besprengd ¹⁴⁷ his arrowes, loofend was his sheelde,
 Thro his redde armour, as he laie ensoond ¹⁴⁸,
 He peerd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
 The Normannes bowels steemd ¹⁴⁹, a deadlie fyghte !
 He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte. 500

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
 A man well skilld in swerde and foundyng strynge,

¹⁴⁴ *Afraid.* ¹⁴⁵ *Caparisons.* ¹⁴⁶ *Stunned.* ¹⁴⁷ *Scattered.* ¹⁴⁸ *In a swoon.*
¹⁴⁹ *Reeked.*

Who fled his country for a crime enstrope ¹⁵⁰,
 For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kyng,
 He at Erle Aldhelmè with gretè force did flynge 505
 An heaue javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
 Alonge his sheelde askaunte ¹⁵¹ the fame did ringe,
 Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
 So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
 Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis ¹⁵² fle.

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
 With mighte that none but such grete championes know;
 Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
 Ande hytte the Scot most feirelie on the prow ¹⁵³;
 His helmet brafted ¹⁵⁴ at the thondring blowe, 515
 Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck ¹⁵⁵;
 From eyther fyde the bloude began to flow,
 And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
 Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
 Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 520

¹⁵⁰ *To be punished.* ¹⁵¹ *Slanting.* ¹⁵² *Cleft.* ¹⁵³ *Forehead.* ¹⁵⁴ *Burst.*
¹⁵⁵ *Stuck.*

C O N T I N U E D.

Where fruytleſſ heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne ¹⁵⁰ hawthornes reare theyr humble
 heade.

The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie ¹⁵⁷ to be spedde, 525
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde
Iwimpled ¹⁵⁸ in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey ¹⁵⁹ oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie
bedde. 530

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,

¹⁵⁶ Dreary, melancholy. ¹⁵⁷ Scarcely. ¹⁵⁸ Covered, ¹⁵⁹ Destroy.

Dightynge¹⁶⁰ hys altarre with greet fyres in Maie,
 Roastyng theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
 'Twas here that Hengyft did the Brytons flee,
 As they were mette in council for to bee. 540

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
 That lyfites yts fcheafted¹⁶¹ heade ynto the skies,
 And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
 And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
 Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse, 545
 Within thys vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
 A bleffynge to the erthe fente from the skies,
 In anie kyngdom nee coulede fynde his pheer¹⁶²;
 Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
 And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 550

So when derne Autumne wyth hys fallowe hande
 Tares the green mantle from the lymed¹⁶³ trees,
 The leaves besprenged¹⁶⁴ on the yellow strande
 Flie in whole armies from the blataunte¹⁶⁵ breeze;

¹⁶⁰ *Dressing.* ¹⁶¹ *Adorned with turrets.* ¹⁶² *Equal.* ¹⁶³ *Smooth.*
¹⁶⁴ *Scattered.* ¹⁶⁵ *Noisy.*

Alle the whole felde a carnage-howse he fees, 555
 And fowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
 From place to place on either hand he flees,
 And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronDED ¹⁶⁶ floude;
 Dethe honge upon his arme; he fleed so maynt ¹⁶⁷,
 'Tis paste the pointel ¹⁶⁸ of a man to paynte. 560

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
 A three howres course alonge the whited skyen ¹⁶⁹,
 Vewynge the swarthlefs ¹⁷⁰ bodies on the playne,
 And longed greetlie to plonce ¹⁷¹ in the bryne.
 For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne 565
 Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
 The wolfsomme ¹⁷² vapours rounde hys lockes dyd
 twyne,
 And dyd disfigure all hys femmlikeen ¹⁷³;
 Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
 In hysslynge ocean to make glair ¹⁷⁴ hys browes. 570

¹⁶⁶ Furious. ¹⁶⁷ Many. ¹⁶⁸ Pen. ¹⁶⁹ Sky. ¹⁷⁰ Without souls, lifeless.
¹⁷¹ Plunge. ¹⁷² Loathsome. ¹⁷³ Countenance. ¹⁷⁴ Clear.

Duke Wylliam gave commaunde, eche Norman
knyghte,

That beer war-token in a fhiede so fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to clofer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,
Lyke the neshe ¹⁷⁵ bryon ¹⁷⁶ and the eglantine ¹⁷⁷, 575
Orre Cornysh wraflers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt ¹⁷⁸ arraie of the thight ¹⁷⁹ Saxonnes came;
There 'twas the whaped ¹⁸⁰ Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre. 580

Oh Turgotte, wherefoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie fyde,
Where thou mayste heare the fwotie ¹⁸¹ nyghte larke
chaunte,

Orre wyth some mokyng ¹⁸² brooklette fwetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferfelie wythe ferse Severnes tyde, 585
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme ¹⁸³

¹⁷⁵ Tender. ¹⁷⁶ Wild-vine. ¹⁷⁷ Sweetbrier. ¹⁷⁸ Open. ¹⁷⁹ Closed,
consolidated. ¹⁸⁰ Astonished. ¹⁸¹ Sweet. ¹⁸² Mocking, bubbling. ¹⁸³ En-
lighten.

Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
 Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
 Send mee agayne a drybblette¹⁸⁴ of thie lyghte,
 That I the deeds of Englyshmaenne maie wryte. 590

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
 Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
 Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched¹⁸⁵ launce,
 And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
 Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere; 595
 Campynon famous for his stature highe,
 Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere¹⁸⁶,
 In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;
 Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
 And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge. 600

Thrycerounde hysheade hee fwunghys anlace¹⁸⁷wyde,
 On whyche the funne his visage did agleeme¹⁸⁸,
 Then straynynge, as hys membres would dyvyde,
 Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme¹⁸⁹;

¹⁸⁴ *Small portion.* ¹⁸⁵ *Pointed.* ¹⁸⁶ *Leather.* ¹⁸⁷ *Sword.* ¹⁸⁸ *Shine.*
¹⁸⁹ *Furious.*

Alonge the fiele it made an horrid cleembe ¹⁹⁰, 605
 Coupeynge ¹⁹¹ Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,
 Then yn the bloude the fierie fwerde dyd steeme,
 And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
 So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
 Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the
 grounde. 610

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
 A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes fyde;
 Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente ¹⁹²
 Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
 He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde; 615
 With fraught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde ¹⁹³ did goe,
 Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes
 divide,
 To save himfelfe lefte them unto the foe;
 So olyphautes ¹⁹⁴, in kingdomme of the funne,
 When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes
 runne. 620

¹⁹⁰ Sound. ¹⁹¹ Cutting. ¹⁹² Scattered. ¹⁹³ Backward. ¹⁹⁴ Elephants.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
 Nedeinge the rede ¹⁹⁵ of generaul so wyse,
 Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
 As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
 Swyfte as a feether'd takel ¹⁹⁶ Alfwoulde flies, 625
 The steele bylle blushyng oer wyth lukewarm bloude;
 Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize ¹⁹⁷
 Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
 Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne
 knyghte
 Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte. 630

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
 When yt is cale ¹⁹⁸ and bluftrynge wyndes do blowe,
 Enters hys bordelle ¹⁹⁹ taketh hys yonge chylde,
 And wyth his bloude bestreynts ²⁰⁰ the lillie snowe,
 He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 635
 Throwe the quyk torrent of the bollen ²⁰¹ ave ²⁰²,
 Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
 He skymys alofe ²⁰³, and blents ²⁰⁴ the beatyng wave,

¹⁹⁵ Advice. ¹⁹⁶ Arrow. ¹⁹⁷ Enterprize. ¹⁹⁸ Cold. ¹⁹⁹ Cottage. ²⁰⁰ Sprinkles.
²⁰¹ Swelling. ²⁰² Wave. ²⁰³ Aloft. ²⁰⁴ Mixes with.

Ne flynts ²⁰⁵, ne lagges the chace, tulle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne ²⁰⁶. 640

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste ;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd ²⁰⁷ the Normannes eyne ;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots, chac'd,
To bloudie byker ²⁰⁸ he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne, 645
And fayd ; Campynon, is it thee I fee ?
Thee ? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen ²⁰⁹,
Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee ?
Awaie ! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
Or with mie fwerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 650

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's
bronde ²¹⁰

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coule bee,
Seezed a huge fwerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge ²¹¹ a praier to the Vyrgyne :
So hunted deere the dryvyng houndes will flee, 655
When theie dyfcover they cannot escape ;

²⁰⁵ Stops. ²⁰⁶ Divide. ²⁰⁷ Astonished. ²⁰⁸ Contest. ²⁰⁹ Shew. ²¹⁰ Sword.
²¹¹ Muttering.

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
 Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape ;
 Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,
 When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 669

Alfwoulde began to dyghte ²¹² hymselfe for fyghte,
 Meanewhyle hys menne on everie fyde dyd flee,
 Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
 Campynon's fwerde in burlie-brande ²¹³ dyd dree ²¹⁴ ;
 Bewopen ²¹⁵ Alfwoulde fellen on his knee ; 665
 Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to fave ;
 Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
 And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave ;
 Hee grasped hys bylle in fyke a drear arraie,
 Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 670

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle ²¹⁶
 The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came ;
 It made a dentful ²¹⁷ bruse, and then dyd fayle ;
 Fromme rattlynge weepens shotte a sparklynge flame ;

²¹² Prepare. ²¹³ Armed fury. ²¹⁴ Drive. ²¹⁵ Stupefied. ²¹⁶ Armor.
²¹⁷ Indented.

Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 675
 Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare ²¹⁸;
 A tyde of purple gore came wyth the fame,
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare ;
 Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
 Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle. 680

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide ;
 So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
 Feeles the broad axes peerfyng his broade fyde,
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
 Pressyng all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 685
 And stoppyng wearie travellers on the waie ;
 So straught ^{218*} upon the playne the Norman hie

* * * * * * *

Bled, gron'd, and dyed : the Normanne knyghtes
 astound
 To see the bawfin ²¹⁹ champyon preste upon the grounde.

As when the hygra ²²⁰ of the Severne roars, 691
 And thunders ugdom ²²¹ on the sandes below,

²¹⁸ *Leather.* ^{218*} *Stretched out.* ²¹⁹ *Huge.* ²²⁰ *Bore.* ²²¹ *Terrible.*

The cleembe ²²² reboundes to Wedecesters shore,
 And sweeps the black fande rounde its horie prow²²³;
 So bremie ²²⁴ Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe; 695
 Hys Kenters and Brystowans flew ech fyde,
 Betreinted ²²⁵ all alonge with bloudles foe,
 And seemd to fwym alonge with bloudie tyde;
 Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
 And rounde aboute them fwarthles ²²⁶ corse besprente ²²⁷.

A famous Normanne who yclepd ²²⁸ Aubene, 701
 Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,
 That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
 Forre hee in sothen ²²⁹ was a manne of myghte;
 Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte, 705
 As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne ²³⁰,
 Then upwarde wente: in everlastynge nyghte
 Hee closd hys rollyng and dymfyghted eyne.
 Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
 Bie various causes funken to the dead. 710

²²² Noise. ²²³ Brow. ²²⁴ Furious. ²²⁵ Sprinkled. ²²⁶ Lifeless. ²²⁷ Scattered.
²²⁸ Called. ²²⁹ Truth. ²³⁰ Groin.

But now to Alfwoulde he oppofynge went,
 To whom compar'd hee was a man of ftre ²³¹,
 And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he fente
 At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree ²³²;
 But on hys payncted theelde fo bifmarlie ²³³ 715
 Afflaunte ²³⁴ his fwerde did go ynto the grounde;
 Then Alfwould him attack'd moft furyouflie,
 Athrowe hys gaberdyne ²³⁵ hee dyd him wounde,
 Then foone agayne hys fwerde hee dyd upryne ²³⁶,
 And clove his crefte and fplit hym to the eyne. 720

* * * * * *

²³¹ *Straw.* ²³² *Drive.* ²³³ *Curiously.* ²³⁴ *Slanting.* ²³⁵ *Cloak.* ²³⁶ *Lift up.*

A GLOSSARY OF

UNCOMMON WORDS IN THIS VOLUME.

IN the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages are drawn together, and digested alphabetically with the letter C after each of them. Those printed in Italics are retained from the DEAN OF EXETER's edition, and those with (*) affixed, are added by the present EDITOR.

The explanations which are not directly supported by authority, are marked with *qu.*

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A G L O S S A R Y.

A.

- A**BESSIE, E. III. 89. Humility. C. **Humble*.
Aborde. Ch. 89. *Went on*.
 Aborne. T. 45. Burnished. C.
 Abounde. H. I. 55. Do service or benefit.
 Aboune. G. 53. Makeready. C.
 Abredynge. Æ. 334. Upbraiding. C.
 Abrewe. St. C. 60. As Brew.
 Abrodden. E. I. 6. Abruptly. C. *Abroad*.
 Acale. G. 191. Freeze. C.
 Accaie. Æ. 356. Asswage. C.
 Acheke. G. 47. Choke. C.
 Achievements. Æ. 65. Services. C.
 Achments. T. 153. Atchievements. C.
 Acome. St. C. 95. As come.
 Acroole. El. 6. Faintly. C. *Or, in a murmuring voice*.
 Adave. H. II. 392. *Dawned upon*.
 Adawe. St. C. 78. Awake.
 Adawed. Æ. 398. H. II. 110. *Awakened*.
Adeene. Æ. 488. *Worthily*.
 Adente. Æ. 395. Fastened. C.
 Adented. G. 32. Fastened, annexed. C.
 Adented. Æ. 490. *Indented, bruised*.
 Aderne. H. II. 262. *Cruel, fierce*.
 Adigne. H. II. 7. **Noble, worthy*.
Adoe. H. I. 202. **Delay*.
Adradde. H. II. 86. *Afraid*.
 Adrames. Ep. 27. Churls. C. **Dreamers*.
Adrewe. H. II. 546. *Drew*.
 Adventayle. Æ. 468. T. 13. G. 62. Armour. C.
Adyghte. C. H. 2. *Cloathed*.
 Adygne. Le. 46. St. C. 125. Nervous, worthy of praise. C.
 **Æterne*. Æ. 821. 1073. Eternal. C-
Affere. Æ. 1068. *To affright, or terrify*.
 **Affraie*. n. Æ. 755. E. II. 53. *Affright*. C.
 **Affraie*. v. E. I. 7. 18. Æ. 794. *To terrify*. *Affright*. C-
 **Affraie*. v. T. 85. 108. *To fight, or engage in a fray*. C.
 **Affryghte*

- *Affryghte. E. III. 88. *H I.*
485. *Fear or fright.*
- Affynd. H. I. 132. Related
by marriage.
- Afleme. G. R. 14. As Fleme,
to drive away, to af-
fright.
- Agefted. St. C. 9. **Heaped*
up.
- *Agguylte. Æ. 436. *Offend-*
ed.
- Agleeme. H. II. 602. *To*
fhine upon.
- Agrame. G. 89. 93. *Griev-*
ance. C.
- Agreeme. Æ. 356. *Torture.*
C. G. 5. *Grievance. C.*
- Agrofed. C. H. 6. As Agrif-
ed, terrified.
- Agroted. Æ. 348. 382. 944.
Swollen.
- Agylted. Æ. 334. *Offend-*
ed. C.
- Aidens. Æ. 222. *Aidance.*
- Aiglintine. T. 166. *Sweet-*
brier.
- Ake. E. II. 8. *Oak. C.*
- Alans. H. II. 124. *Hounds.*
- Alatche. Æ. 117. *Accufe,*
qu.
- *Albeytte. Ep. 21. Æ. 37.
Although.
- Aledge. G. 5. *Idly. E.*
- *Alenge. E. II. 19. *Along.*
C.
- Aleft. Æ. 50. *Lest.*
- Alefstake. Æ. 168. *A may-*
pole.
- All-a-boone. S. E. 4. E. III.
41. *A manner of asking*
a favour. C.
- Allaie. H. II. 228. *Was al-*
layed, or stopped. Allaie
used as a verb neuter.
- Alleyne. Æ. 174. 191. E. I.
52. *Only. C.*
- Almer. Ch. 20. *Beggar. C.*
- Alofe. H. I. 292. H. II. 638.
Aloft.
- *Alfe. Æ. 1025. 1062. *Elfe.*
- Alufte. H. I. 88.
- *Aiyche. Æ. 454. 461. G.
200. E. II. 10. *Like. C.*
- Alyne. T. 79. *Acrofs his*
*shoulders. C. *Unftrung.*
- Alyfe. Æ. 277. 407. Le. 29.
Allow. C.
- Amaine. H. I. 274. *With*
main force.
- Amate. Æ. 58. 1036. *De-*
ftroy. C.
- Amayld. E. II. 49. *Enamel-*
ed. C.
- Amede. Æ. 1243. *Recom-*
penfe.
- Ameded. Æ. 54. *Rewarded.*
C.
- Amenged. S. E. 37. *St. C.*
6. *As minged, mixed.*
- Amenufed. Le. 28. E. II. 5.
Diminifhed. C.
- Ametten. M. 46. *Met with.*
- Amielde. T. 5. *Ornament-*
ed, enameled. C.
- Aminge. Ch. 27. *Among.*
* *Aneighe.*

- **Aneighe*. Æ. 244. *Near*.
Anensfe. Æ. 1074. 1081.
Against.
Anente. Æ. 496. T. 27. *St*.
C. 1. Against. C.
Anere. Ep. 48. Æ. 15. *Ano-*
ther. C.
Anete, St. C. 64. *Annihilate*.
Anie. St. C. 59. *As Nie,*
nigh.
Anie. H. II. 120. *Annoy. qu.*
Anlace. Æ. 642. G. 57. *An*
ancient sword. C.
 **Annethe*. Æ. 567. T. 243.
Beneath. C.
Antecedente. Æ. 233. *Go-*
ing before.
Applynges. E. I. 33. *Graft-*
ed trees. C. *Apple-trees.*
Arace. G. 156. *Diveft. C.*
Arblafter. H. II. 303. *A*
cross bow.
Arcublafter. H. II. 52. *A*
cross-bow.
Arcublaftries, H. II. 163.
Cross-bowmen.
Ardurous. S. E. 40. *Burn-*
ing.
Aredynge. E. II. 79. *Think-*
*ing. * Reading. qu.*
 **Argenthorfe. G.* 33. *The*
arms of Kent. C.
Arist. G. 210. Ch. 10. *E.*
III. 51. *Arose. C.*
Armlace. H. II. 97. *Accou-*
trement for the arms.
Armourbrace. Æ. 338. *St.*
C. 20. A fuit of armour.
Arrow-lede. H. I. 74. **Path*
of the arrow. qu.
Ascaunce E. III. 52. *Dis-*
dainfully. C.
Ascaunfe. Le. 17. *Obliquely.*
Asenglave. H. I. 117. 423.
A launce.
Afkaunte. H. II. 143. *Ob-*
liquely.
Afkaunted, Le. 19. *Glanced.*
 **Aflape. C. F.* 10. *Asleep.*
Aflaunte. H. II. 716. *Slaunt-*
ing.
Aflee. Æ. 503. *Slide or*
creep.
Affaie. H. II. 285. *Make*
an attempt.
 **Afflaye. H. II.* 325. T. 94.
Oppose. C.
Affeled. E. III. 14. *Answer-*
ed. C.
Afshrewed. Ch. 24. *Accurf-*
ed. Unfortunate. C.
Affwaie. Æ. 352. *To affay,*
put to trial.
Afarte. H. II. 482. *Start-*
ed from, or afraid of.
 **Neglected. qu.*
Aftedde. E. II. 11. *Seated.*
C.
Aftende. G. 47. *Astonish. C.*
Afterte. G. 137. *Neglected.*
C.
 **Afton. Æ.* 479. *E. II.* 5.
 70. *Astonished. C.*
Aftounde

- Astounde. *Æ.* 730. *M.* 83. *T.* 35. Astonish. *C.*
Astounded. St. C. 55. *Astonished.*
**Astrodde. Æ.* 444. *T.* 59. *Astride. Mounted.*
Afyde. St. C. 90. *By the side.* Perhaps, *Astyde,* ascended.
Athrowe. H. II. 718. *Through.*
Athur. H. II. 466. *As, Thurgh, through. Athwart.*
Attend. H. I. 467. *Affyt. *Guard.*
Attenes. Æ. 18. 140. *G.* 109. *At once. C.*
Attoure. T. 115. *Turn. C.*
Attoure. Æ. 322. *Around.*
Atturue. Æ. 583. *E. III.* 47. *To turn.*
Auethoure. P. G. 7. *Author.*
Ave. H. II. 636. *For, Eau, Fr. Water.*
**Avele. Æ.* 1055. *Prevail*
Aumere. Ch. 7. Æ. 397. *A loose robe or mantle.*
C. E. III. 24. *Borders of gold or silver, &c. C.*
Aunture. H. II. 133. *As Adventure, adventure.*
**Auntient, Ep. 1. Æ.* 999. *T. 42. Ancient.*
Aure. Le. 14. Or, the color of gold in heraldry.
Autremere. Ch. 52. A loose white robe worn by priests. C.
- Awhape. H. II.* 658. *Astonish, *affright.*
Awhaped. Æ. 399. *H. II.* 643. *Astonished. C.*
Aye. E. I. 30. *Ever, always.*
Aynewarde. Ch. 47. H. II. 616. *Backwards. C.*
- B.
- *Balefull. E. I.* 20. *E. II.* 30. *Woeful, lamentable. C.*
Bane. n. Æ. 320. 543. *Hurt damage.*
Bane. v. Æ. 528, 532. *Curse.*
Baned. Æ. 512. *Curfed.*
Bankes. T. III. *Benches.*
Bante. Æ. 207. 521. *Curfed.*
**Barb'd. H. II.* 261. *Armed.*
Barbde haulle. Æ. 219. *Hall hung round with armor.*
Barbe. St. C. 103. *Beard.*
Barbed horse. Æ. 27. *Covered with armor.*
Baren. Æ. 879. *For, Barren.*
Barganette. T. 41. E. III. 49. *A song or ballad. C.*
**Barriere. Æ.* 440. *Confine, or boundary.*
**Barrowes. Æ.* 678. *Tombs, mounds of earth.*
Bataunt. Ba. 276. 292. *A stringed instrument played on with a plectrum. qu.*
Battayles. Æ. 707. *Boats, ships. Fr.*
Batten. G. 3. *Fatten. C.*
Battent. T. 52. *Loudly. C.*
Battentlie.

- Battentlie. *Æ.* 825. *G.* 50. Loud roaring. *C.*
 Battone. *H. I.* 520. Beat with sticks. *Fr.*
 Baubels. *Ent.* 7. Jewels *C.*
 Bawfyn. *Æ.* 57. *M.* 101. *H. II.* 690. Large *C.*
 *Bayne. *Ent.* 2. Ruin. *C.*
 Bayre. *E. II.* 76. Brow. *C.*
Beave. H. II. 336. ———
Beaver. H. I. 55. 111. ———
 Beaver, or visor.
 *Bede-roll. *Ch.* 47.
 *Beer. *H. I.* 45. *H. II.* 572.
 Bear.
 *Beeveredd. *T.* 115. Beaver'd. *C.*
 Beheste. *G.* 60. *T.* 33. Command. *C.*
 *Behesteynge. *T.* 46. Commanding. *C.*
 Behight. *H. II.* 355. *Name.*
 Behylte. *Æ.* 939. Promised. *C.*
 *Behylte. *Æ.* 1101. *Forbade.*
Behyltren. Æ. 359. *Hidden.*
Belent. H. II. 121. *Stopped, at a fault, or stand.*
 Boune. *Æ.* 590. *T.* 149. Ready. *C.*
Bourne. H. II. 198. *Boundary, promontory.*
 Bourne. *Æ.* 482. *Bounded, limited.*
 Bowke. *Æ.* 771. *T.* 19. Body. *C.*
 Bowkie. *G.* 133. Body. *C.*
 Bowting matche. *S. E.* 2. *Contest.*
 *Braste. *Æ.* 383. 614. *Burft.*
 Brasteth. *Æ.* 293. *G.* 123. *Bursteth. C.*
Brasteynge. Æ. 417. 678. *S. E.* 16. *Bursting.*
 *Braunce. *v. G.* 89. Branch. *C.*
 *Braunces. *n. E.* III. 86. *Branches. C.*
 *Brauncyng. *Æ.* 1021. *Branching.*
 Brayd. *G.* 77. Displayed. *C.*
 Brayde. *Æ.* 1009. *Embroider,*
 *Brayne. *Æ.* 84. *Brain, care.*
 *Brede. *G.* 63. 95. *E. II.* 4. *Broad. C.*
 *Bredren. *T.* 78. *Brethren.*
Breme. n. G. 12. *G. R.* 17. *Strength. C.*
 Breme, adj. *Æ.* 425. *E. II.* 6. *H. II.* 614. *Strong. C.*
Bremie H. II. 695. *Furious.*
 Brende. *Æ.* 996. *G.* 59. *Burn, consume. C.*
 *Brendeynge. *Æ.* 635. 1036. *G.* 200. *Flaming. C.*
 Bretful. *Ch.* 19. Filled with. *C.*
Brionie. Æ. 119. *H. II.* 575. *Briony, or wild vine.*
 Broched. *H. II.* 335. 593. *Pointed.*
Bronde. H. II. 302. *Fury, or sword. qu.*
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- Bronded. H. II. 558. Furious. C.*
 Brondeous. Æ. 760. 1072. Cale. Æ. 853. Ch. 26. Cold.
 E. II. 24. Furious. C. Calke. G. 25. Cast. C.
Brondeynge. Æ. 703. Furious. Calked. E. I. 49. Cast out. C.
Brooklette. St. C. 1. H. II. Caltysning. G. 67. Forbid-
 584. *Rivulet. ding. C.*
 Browded. G. 130. St. C. 43. Carnes. Æ. 1242. Rocks,
 Embroider'd. C. stones. Brit.
Brued. H. I. 10. Embrued. Castle stede. Ent. 8. G. 100.
Brutylle. Æ. 69. Brittle, E. I. 50. A castle. C.
frail. Castle stere. S. E. 40. Æ. 565.
 *Brygandyne. G. 62. H. II. *The hold of the castle.*
 645. Part of armor. C. Caties. H. II. 67. Cates.
 Brynnynge. Æ. 680. 992. Caytysnede. Æ. 32. 1133.
 Declaring. C. Binding, enforcing. C.
 Burled. Æ. 486. M. 20. Celnefs: Æ. 881. *Coldnefs.*
 Armed. C. Chafe. Æ. 191. Hot. C.
 Burlie-bronde. H. II. 664. Chaftes. G. 201. Beats;
 G. 7. Fury, anger. C. stamps. C.
 Byelegeoyle. C. F. 2. Bel- Champyon. v. P. G. 12. T.
 acueil. Fr. The name 149. Challenge. C.
 of a personage in the *Champyone n. Æ. 590.*
 Roman de la Rose, *Champyonne adj. T. 134.*
 which Chaucer has ren- *H. I. 24.*
 der'd Fair-welcoming. Chaper. G. 123. E. III. 47.
Byker. v. Æ. 566. Fight, or Dry, sun-burnt. C.
engage. Chapournette. Ch. 45. A
 Byker. n. Æ. 246. 402. Bat- small round hat. C.
 tle. *Charie. St. C. 116. Dear.*
 Bykerous. Æ. 942. M. 37. *Cheefe. Æ. 43. St. C. III.*
 Warring. C. *Chuse.*
 Byfinare. M. 95. Bewil- Chefe. G. II. Heat, rashness.
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 Bysmarelie. Le 26. Curi- Chelandree. Æ. 105. Ch. 5.
 ously. C. Goldfinch. C.
 Cheorte. C. F. 4. *Cbearful.*
 Cherifaunei.

- Cherifaunei. Ent. I. Æ. 214. Comfort C.
 Cherifaunied. Æ. 838. *Comfortable.*
 Cheves. Ch. 38. Moves. C.
 **Rather, advances to an head.*
 Chevyced. Ent. 2. Preserved. C.
 **Cheynedd. Le 39. Chained, restricted.*
 Chirkyngge. M. 23. A confused noise. C.
 **Chop. n. St. C. 120. An exchange.*
 **Choppe. v. Ba. 187. To exchange.*
 Choughe. Æ. 156. 570. Choughs, jackdaws.
 Church-glebe-houfe. Ch. 24. Grave. C.
 **Chyrche-glebe. El. 27. Church yard. C.*
clangs. Ch. 38. Sounds loud.
Cleembe. H. II. 605. 693. Noise, sound.
 **Cleere. M. 94. Famous.*
 **Clefs. M. 10. Cliffs.*
 Cleme. E. II. 9. Sound. C.
cleped. M. 99. St. C. 11. Named.
 **Clerche. Æ. 420. Clergy.*
 Clergyon. P. G. 8. Clerk, or clergyman. C.
 Clergyond. Ent. 13. Æ. 74. Taught. C.
 Clevis. H. 11. 46. 510. *The cleft of a rock.*
 Cleyne. Æ. 1101. Sound.
 Clinie. H. I. 431. *Declination of the body.*
 Cloude agested. St. 6. 9.
 Clymmynge. Ch. 37. Noisy. C.
 Coistrell. H. II. 88. *A serving lad.*
 **Comfreie plant. E. I. 36. Cumfrey. C.*
 **Commilie. St. C. 126. Comely, neat.*
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 Congeon. E. III. 89. Dwarf. C.
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 Conteke. E. II. 10. Confuse, contend with. C.
 **Contekes. G. 45. Contentions, complaints. C.*
 Contekions. Æ. 552. Contentions. C.
 Cope. Ch. 50. A cloke. C.
 **Corteous. T. 123. Worthy. C.*
 Corven. Æ. 56. *Form, shape, or represent.*
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 Cottes. E. II. 33. A kind of boat. C.
 **Cotteynge. Ep. 34. Cutting.*
 **Covent. Ch. 16. Convent.*
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- Coupe. E. II. 7. Cut. C.
 *Coupynge. G. 66. H. II. 606.
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 Horfe-courfers, C.
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 Coward, C.
 Cravente, adj. Æ. 714. Cow-
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 *Crewel. H. I. 193. Cruel.
 *Cristede. H. I. 55. 352.
Crested.
 Croche. G. 26. Crofs, C.
 Croched. H. II. 511.
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 nument, C.
 *Crouche. Ch. 63. Crucifix.
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 takes up the crofs, &c.
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ed, winding.
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for the thigh.
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- Curriedowe. G. 176. Flat-
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 der cows, C. *Rather,
quiet, domestic.
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Dacya. S. E. 15. Denmark.
 *Daie brente. E. III. 54.
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Daiſe eyed. El. 15. Daiſied.
 *Damoyſelles. Æ. 100. 1111.
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Danke. Æ. 97. El. 17. Damp.
 Dareygne. G. 26. Attempt,
 endeavour. C.
Darklinge. Æ. 1126. Dark.
 *Dayguous. Æ. 50. Dif-
 dainful, C.
 *Deathdoeynge. H. I. 50.
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 ation, qu.
 Decorn. E. II. 14. Carved,
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 *Deene. C. F. 11. To dine.
 Deene. E. II. 69. Glorious,
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 teors, C.
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 *Deſtlie. Ep. 6. Æ. 947.
 1119. Sweetly, C.
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- Deigned. E. III. 53. Dis-
dained, C.
- Delievretie. T. 44. Activity.
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- *Delle. E. III. 48. H. II.
363. Valley. C.
- Demasing. H. I. 276. *Musing*;
- Dente. Æ. 885. *Weave, in-*
dent.
- Dented. Æ. 263. **Fastened,*
annexed. H. I. 196. 257.
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- Dentful. H. II. 673. *Indent-*
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- Denwere. G. 141. 170.
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- *Depeyncte. G. 8. E. I. 58.
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- *Depicted. T. 4. H. II. 30.
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- Depycte. Æ. 39. *Painted.*
- Depyctures. T. 7. Draw-
ings, paintings, C.
- Dequace. G. 56. Mangle,
destroy, C.
- Dequaced. St. C. 38. *Sunk,*
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- Dere. Ep. 5. Hurt, damage,
C.
- Derkynnes. Æ. 229. Young
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- Derne. Æ. 581. H. II. 359.
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- Dernie. Æ. 683. M. 106.
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mentable, cruel, C.
- Deslavatie. H. II. 333. *Dis-*
loyal, unfaithfull.
- Dellavatie. Æ. 1046. Letch-
ery, C. *Rather, un-*
deceitfulness, unfaith-
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- Detratours. H. II. 28.
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- Deyfde. Æ. 46. Seated on
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- Dheie. They.
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- *Dherebie. P. G. 3. T. 127.
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- DherEOF. Thereof.
- Difficile. Æ. 358. Difficult,
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- *Diffraunce. T. 17. *Variety.*
- Dighte. Ch. 7. Drest, ar-
rayed, C.
- Dightynge. H. II. 537.
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- Dispande. L. C. II. 14.
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- Dispended. Ch. 38. *Ex-*
hausted.
- *Dispente. G. 151. Expend-
ed, C.
- Disponed. L. C. II. 4. St. C.
27. *Disposed.*
- *Distraughte. Æ. 454. 500.
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tracted, C.
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- Divinist^{re}. *Æ.* 141. *G. P.* 4.
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 *Dome. *Le I.* *Æ.* 245. *E. I.*
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 *Donde. *H. I.* 34. *Finished.*
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 *Donne. *Ep.* 35. *Done, ended.*
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 *Doughtie. *Æ.* 20. 240. *St.*
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 *Doughtilie. *T.* 92. Furi-
 ously. *C.*
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 *Dreerie. *Æ.* 267. 628. *M.*
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- *Dylneth, Ep. 27. Sounds, C.
 *Dynns, T. 51. Sounds, C.
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 ing, C.
 Dyſpendynge, Æ. 715. Ex-
 pending.
 *Dyſpenſe, G. 150. Expence
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 tereſt, C.
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 *Dyſporteynge, E. III. 9.
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 Dyſportyſmente, Æ. 250.
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 Dyſregate, Æ. 542. *To break
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- Edraw, H. II. 52. For Ydraw,
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*Eeke, Æ. 462. Amplification,
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 *Egederinge, G. 122. Af-
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- Ele, M. 74. Help, C.
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 *Elmen, Ch. 40. Elms.
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 *Emarſchalled, Le II. H.
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 *Embollen, Æ. 595. Ch. 38.
 Swelled, ſtrengthened,
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 tering, C.
 *Emprife, v. M. 74. Ad-
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 *Empprize, Æ. 449. G. 53.
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- Encalede, Æ. 917. Frozen, cold, C.
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 *Enchafynge, E. II. 56. Encouraging, heating, C.
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 *Encontrynge. T. 36. Encountring.
 *Enfouled. Æ. 1120. Viti-
 ated, polluted.
Engarlanded, St. C. 7. Wearing a garland.
 Engyne, Æ. 150. 381. Torture.
Engyned, Æ. 1188. Tortured.
 *Enharme, S. E. 45. To do harm to.
 Enheedyng, St. C. 105. Taking heed.
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 *Enhepe, G. 113. E. I. 15. Add, C.
Enlefed, Æ. 164. 742. Full of leaves.
Enleme, H. II. 586. Enlighten.
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 *Enryonnd, T. 50. Worked with iron, C.
 *Eraced, C. H. 4. *Banished, erazed.*
 *Erlic, H. II. 12. Earl,
 *Ermiett's, E. I. 24. Hermits, C.
 Erste, Æ. 99. Formerly.
 Estande, H. II. 271. For, Ystande, stand,

- Estells, E. II. 16. 50. A corruption of Estoile, Fr.
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 *Etke, v. Æ. 945. Ch. 83.
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 Ethie, St. C. 49. 85. Easy.
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 *Eve-merk, E. II. 16. Dark evening, C.
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 *Everichone, T. 130. Every one, C.
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 Eyne gears, St. C. 13. *Objects of the eyes.*
 Eyne fyghte, St. C. 141.
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 *Fadre, Father.
 Fage, Ep. 30. M. 55. Tale, jest, C.
 *Faie, Æ. 39. P. G. 3. Faith, C.
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 Faitour, Ch. 66. St. C. 37. A beggar, or vagabond. C.
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 *Far-kend, E. I. 24. Far seen, C.
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Featliest, H. I. 206. Most beautiful.
 *Federed. Æ. 510. Feathered,
 Feere, Æ. 729. 964. Fire.
 Feerie, Æ. 415. 620. M. 9. 57. E. II. 45. Flaming, C.
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Felle, Ep. 5. Æ. 280. G. 119. Cruel, bad.
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 *Ferfe, Æ. 966. Violent, fierce.
Ferselie, H. I. 212. 421. Fiercely.
 Fetelie, G. 24. Nobly, C.
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 Fetyvelie, Le. 42. Elegantly, C.
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- Flaiten, H. I. 84. *Horrible, or undulating, qu.*
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Flemed, Æ. 767. T. 56. *Frighted, C.*
Flemje, St. C. 12. *Fright-fully.*
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 **Fleurs*, Æ. 880. *Flowers.*
Flizze, G. 197. *Fly, C.*
 **Floe*, T. 48. H. II. 54. *Arrow, C.*
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 **Floure Seyncte Marie*, E. I. 37. *Marygold, C.*
 **Flourette*, E. III. 37. *Flower, C.*
 **Flytted*, Æ. 734. *Fled.*
 **Foemen*, G. 2. 55. 196. E. II. 39. *Foes, C.*
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Forrey, H. II. 528. *Destroy.*
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Forslagen, Æ. 1075. 1090. G. 99. *Slain, C.*
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Forswat, Ch. 39. *Sun burnt, C.*
Forweltrynge, Æ. 617. *Blasting, C.*
Forwyned, Æ. 414. Ch. 23. E. III. 36. *Dried, C.*
 **Foulke*, G. 17. *People, C.*
 **Fourie*, *Fury.*
 **Fowlyng*, St. C. 52. *Defiling.*
 **Fraie*, T. 124. E. II. 49. *Fyght, C.*
Fremde, Æ. 430. *Strange, C.*
Fremded, Æ. 554. *Frighted, C.*
Freme, Æ. 267. *Strange.*

**Fructuous,*

- *Fructuous*, H. I. 6. *Fruitful, useful*,
Fructyle, Æ. 185. *Fruitful*.
**Fryghte*, El. 20. *Fear*, C.
**Fured*, E. III. 87. *Furious*, C.
Furched. Æ. 518. *Forked*.
 G.
Gaberdyne. Æ. 251. T. 88.
 168. H. II. 718. *A piece*
 of armor, C. *A cloak*.
Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted*, C.
Gare, Ep. 7. Æ. 414. 632.
 Cause, C.
Gastness, Æ. 412. Ch. 31.
 Gastliness.
**Gauntlette*. n. T. 88. H. I.
 494. *Glove*, C.
Gauntlette, adj. S. E. 7.
 Challenging.
Gauntlette, v. T. 116. *To*
 challenge.
Gayne, Æ. 821. *Advanta-*
 geous, gainful.
Geare, Æ. 285. 290. M. 68.
 H. I. 19. *Apparel, ac-*
 coutrement.
Geasonne, Ent. 7. G. 120.
 Rare, extraordinary,
 strange, C.
**Geer*, H. F. 300. *Dress*.
Geete, Æ. 736. *As, Gite*.
**Gelten*, E. III. 24. *Guilded*,
 C.
Gemot, n. H. II. 388. *Council*.
Gemote, v. G. 94. *Assem-*
 ble, C.
Gemoted, M. 58. E. II. 38.
 Assembled, united, C.
Gerd, M. 7. *Broke, rent*, C.
Gies, G. 207. *Guides*, C.
Gier, H. I. 527. *A turn or*
 twist.
Gif, If, C.
Gites, Æ. 2607. G. 32.
 Robes, mantles, C.
Glair, H. II. 570. *Shining,*
 clear.
Glairie, Ch. 69. *Clear,*
 shining.
**Glare*, E. II. 37. *Glitter*, C.
Gledes, H. II. 217. *Glides*.
Gledeynge, M. 22. *Livid*, C.
**Gleme*, Æ. 927. E. II. 4.
 Shine, glimmer, C.
Glester, M. 22. 104. E. II.
 27. *To shine*.
**Glestreyng*, Æ. 591. *Shin-*
 ing, glittering.
Glomb, G. 175. *Frown*, C.
Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded,*
 dejected, C.
**Gloure*, Ch. 90. *Glory*, C.
Glowe, S. E. 40. **Shine,*
 gleam.
Glytted, H. II. 272. *Shone,*
 or glided, qu.
Gore-depycted, Æ. 762.
 Painted with blood.
Gore-red, E. II. 16. *Red as*
 blood.
Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden*, C.
Gottes, Æ. 494. 739. *Drops.*
 Gouler,

- Gouler, St. C. 76. *Usurer*.
 *Goufhyng, H. I. 57. *Gush-
 ing*.
 Graiebarbes, Le. 25. Grey-
 beards, C.
 Grange, E. I. 34. Liberty
 of pasture, C.
 Gratche, Æ. 115. 594. M. 68.
 80. Apparel, C.
 Grave, C. F. 2. Chief ma-
 gistrate, mayor. *Epithet
 given to the Aldermen,
 qu*.
 Gravots, E. I. 24. Groves, C.
 *Gre, Æ. 886. G. 67. Ch.
 26. St. C. 103. Grow, C.
 Greaves, H. II. 276. *A
 part of armor*.
 Grees, T. 16. E. I. 44.
 Grows, C.
 *Greeynge, Æ. 1130. *Grow-
 ing*.
 Grete, T. 24. *Greeted, sa-
 luted*.
 Groffle, Æ. 547. *Groveling,
 mean*.
 Groffyngelye, Ep. 33. Fool-
 ishly, C. *Vulgarly, ab-
 jectly*.
 Groffyshe, Æ. 257. *Uncivil,
 rude*.
 Gron, G. 90. A fen, moor,
 C.
 Gronfer, Æ. 460. 642. E. II.
 45. A meteor, from
 gron, a fen, and fer, a
 corruption of fire, C.
 Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors,
 C*.
 Grore, H. II. 27.
 Groted, Æ. 337. Swollen, C.
 Gryne, H. II. 706. *Groin*.
 *Grypped, Æ. 708. *Grasped*.
 Gule depeyncted, E. II. 13.
 Red painted, C.
 Gule steynct, G. 62. Red
 stained, C.
 *Guyfts, Ep. 21. Æ. 1118.
Gifts, talents.
 *Guylde, G. 152. *Affests
 tax*.
 *Guylteynge, Æ. 179. *Gild-
 ing*.
 *Gye, M. 79. A guide, C.
 *Gyf, If.
 Gyte, Æ. 606. As, Gite.
 Gytelles, Æ. 437. 806. Man-
 tels, C.
 H.
 Habergeon, H. II. 346. *Coat
 of mail*.
 Haile, E. III. 60. Happy, C.
 Hailie, Æ. 148. 409. M. 63.
 As, Haile.
 Halceld, M. 37. Defeated, C.
 Hallidome, H. II. 148. *Holy
 church, qu*.
 Hallie, Ep. 9. 43. Æ. 21. 31.
 Holy, C.
 Hallie, Æ. 33. Wholely.
 Halline, Ch. 82. Joy, C.
 *Hamlettes, G. 181. Ma-
 nors, C.

Han,

- Han, *Æ.* 733. *H. I.* 5. 74. *Hath*, *qu.* *Rather had.*
 Hancelled, *G.* 49. Cut off, destroyed, *C.*
Handesworde, H. II. 702. *Back sword.*
Hane, G. 20. *Has*, *qu.*
Hann, plu. Æ. 59. *Had.*
Hanne, sing. Æ. 409. *Had*, part, *qu. Æ.* 684. *Had*, pa, t, sing, *qu.*
Hantoned, Æ. 1093. *Accustomed, qu.*
**Harrie, Æ.* 1040. *Harrafs*, *qu.*
Harried, Æ. 209. *M.* 82. *Toft, C.*
Harte of Greece, H. I. 494. *A stag.*
Hatchedd, S. E. 35. *Covered with hatchments.*
Hatchments, H. II. 280. 488. *Atchievements. Coat armor.*
Haveth, E. I. 17. *Have* 1st perf. *qu. Æ.* 34. *Hath*, 3d perf. *qu.*
Havyoure, Æ. 715. *Behavior.*
Heafod, Æ. 495. *G.* 198. *E. II.* 7. *Head, C.*
Heavenwere, Æ. 759. *G.* 146. *M.* 97. *Heavenward, C.*
**Heaulme, G.* 81. 211. *T.* 18. *Helmet, crown.*
Hecket, Æ. 394. *Wrapped closely, covered, C.*
Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped. *Hedes, T.* 60. *Regards, attends to.*
Heie, Le. 5. 9. *G.* 174. *E. II.* 15. *They, C.*
Heideygnnes, E. III. 77. *H. II.* 16. *A country dance, still practised in the North, C.*
Hele, v. Æ. 557. *G.* 139. 179. *To help, C.*
Hele, n. Æ. 1041. *G.* 127. *Help, C.*
Hem, Le. 24. *A contraction of them, C.*
Hendie stroke, H. I. 95. *Hand stroke, close fighting.*
Hente, T. 175. *Grasp, hold, C.*
Hentylle, Æ. 1160. *Custom. *Her, Ent.* 6. *For, their.*
Herehaughtes, M. 78. *Heralds.*
**Herehaughtrie, Le.* 8. *Heraldry, C.*
**Herawde, T.* 21. 121. *Herald, C.*
Herfelle, Æ. 279. *Herfelf. *Heste, v. G.* 138. *Require, ask, C.*
Heste, n. Æ. 446. 1181. *H. II.* 28. *A command.*
Hete, St. C. 62. *Promised.*
Hight, L. C. I. 11. *Named, called.*

Hiltrene,

- Hiltrene, G. 59. Hidden, C.
 Hiltring, Ch. 12. Hilding, C.
 Hoastrie, E. I. 26. Inn, or
 public house, C.
Hoistes, H. II. 305. Lifts up.
 **Hollie, Æ. 331. Holy.*
 Holtred, Æ. 293. Hidden,
 qu.
 *Hommageres, T. 46. Ser-
 vants, C.
 Hommeur, Æ. 1189. *Honor,*
humor, qu.
 Honde poyncte, Æ. 273.
Index of a clock, mark-
ing hour or minute.
 Hopelen, Æ. 398. *Hopeless-*
ness.
 Harrowe, M. 2. Unseemly,
 disagreeable, C.
 Horfe millanare. Ch. 56.
 Hove, H. I. 431. **Lifted*
up, threw.
 Houton, M. 93. R. C. 6.
 Hollow, C.
 Hulstred, M. 6. Hidden,
 secret, C.
 **Hus, G. 153. House.*
 Huscarles, Æ. 921. 1193.
 H. II. 80. House ser-
 vants.
 Hyger, Æ. 626. The flow-
 ing of the tide in the
 Severn was anciently
 called the Hygra. Gul.
 Malmest. de Pontif.
 Ang. Lib. 4.
- Hyghte, M. 110. R. C. 2.
 Named, called.
 Hygra, H. II. 326. 691.
 Hylle fyre, Æ. 681. A bea-
 con.
 Hylte, Ep. 2. T. 168. Hid-
 secreted. Æ. 1058.
 Hide, C.
 *Hylted, T. 47. Hidden, C.
 **Hyltren, T. 65. Æ. 417.*
Hidden.
 *Hynde, Ep. 20. Æ. 723.
 Peasant, C.
 *Hyndlettes, Æ. 774. 992.
 Servants.

I.

- **Jade, E. III. 62. To render*
languid, fatigue.
 Jape, Ch. 74. A short fur-
 plice, &c. C.
Jernie, H. II. 217. Journey.
 Jeste, G. 195. Hoisted,
 raised, C.
 Ifrete, G. 2. Devour, de-
 stroy, C.
 Ihantend, E. I. 40. Accuf-
 tomed, C.
 Jintle, H. II. 82. For gentle.
Immengde, St. C. 90. Mixed,
mingled.
 Impestering, E. I. 29. An-
 noying, C.
 Impleasaunce, Æ. 285. Un-
 pleasantness.
 Inhild, El. 14. Infuse, C.
 **Investyng,*

Y

**Investyng*, Æ. 478. *Cloathing*.

**Joice*, El. 14. *Juice*, C. *Joice*, Æ. 186. *Juicy*.

**Joustedd*, T. 158. *Justed*.

Ishad, Le. 27. *Broken*, C. *Shed*.

Ithink, H. II. 158. *Think*.

Jubb, Æ. 84. E. III. 72.

A bottle, C.

Iwreene, C. H. 9. *Disclosed*.

Iwimpled, H. II. 528.

Wrapped up.

**Iwys*, E. II. 75. *Certainly*, C.

Jyned, Æ. 763. *Joined*.

Jynynge, E. II. 37. *Joining*.

K.

Ken, Ep. 36. Le. 37. E. II. 6.

See, discover, know, C.

Kenns, Ep. 14. 28. *Knows*, C.

**Kenne*, Ep. 39. Ent. 13.

Know.

Kepe, G. 133. *To take care of*.

Keppened, Le. 44. *Careful*.

Kerveth, Æ. 417. *Cutteth*, *destroyeth*, qu.

Kiste, Ch. 25. *Coffin*, C.

Kivercled, E. III. 63. *The hidden or secret part*, C.

Knite, T. 44. *Joined*.

Knopped, M. 14. *Fastened*, *chained*, *congealed*, C.

**Rather*, *broken*, *nipped*.

**Knowlache*, E. III. 8. *Knowledge*, C.

Knowlached, H. I. 76. *Known*, *distinguished*.

Knowlachynge, H. I. 283. *Knowing*.

**Knowlachynge*, L. C. I. 9. *Ep. 15. Knowledge*, C.

**Kynde*, E. III. 4. *Nature*, C.

Kynge coppes, Æ. 112.

S. E. 16. E. I. 31. *Butter flower* s.

L.

**Labrynge*, St. C. 77. *Laboring*, *agitated*.

**Lackynge*, H. I. 28. *Wanting*, *desiring*.

Ladden, H. I. 206. *Lay*.

Lare, H. II. 676. *Leather*.

Laudes, Ep. 28. *Praises*.

Lave, H. II. 397. *Wash*.

**Laverde*, Æ. 156. *Lord*, C.

Laveynge, M. 6. *Washing*.

**Lazing*, L. C. II. 21. *Indolent*, *lazy*.

Lea, Æ. 619. *Field*, or *pasture*.

Leafe, H. II. 463. *Loose*.

Leathal, Æ. 665. G. 58.

El. 49. E. I. 42. *Deadly*, C.

Lechemanne, Æ. 31. *Physician*.

Leckedst,

- Leckedst, H. II. 332. *Most despicable, qu.*
 *Lecture, El. 28. Relate, C.
 Lecturn, Le. 46. Subject, C.
 Lecturnyes, Æ. 109. Lectures, C.
 Ledanne, Æ. 1142. *Heavy, qu.*
 Leden, El. 30. Decreasing, C.
 *Lee, Ep. 6. *Song.*
 *Lee, M. 103. H. II. 364. *Field, pasture.*
 Leeche, H. II. 260. *Physician.*
 Leege, G. 173. Homage, obeyfance. C.
 Leegefolcke, G. 43. 137. 147. Subjects, C.
 *Leegefull, T. 89. E. I. 3. Lawful, C.
 Leegemen, H. I. 31. 217. *Subjects.*
 *Lefsed, H. I. 141. *Left.*
 Lege, Ep. 3. Law, C.
 Leggen, M. 92. Lessen, alloy, C.
 Leggende, M. 33. Alloyed, C.
 Lemanne, Æ. 132. *Mistress.*
 *Leme, v. Æ. 915. *Lighten up.*
 Lemed, Æ. 605. M. 31. Lighted. El. 7. Gliftened, C.
 Lemes, Æ. 42. 183. 922. Lights, rays, C.
 Lere, Æ. 567. H. II. 597. Seems to be put for leather.
 Lessel, Æ. 208. El. 25. A bush, or hedge, C.
 Lete, G. 60. Still, C.
 Lethalle, Æ. 461. 1082. S. E. 18. El. 21. *Deadly, or deathboding, C.*
 Lethlen, Æ. 272. Still, dead, C.
 Letten, Æ. 927. Churchyard, C.
 Levyn-blasted, El. 43. *Struck with lightning.*
 Levyn-mylted, Æ. 461. Lightning-melted, qu.
 Levyn-plome, Æ. 950. *Feathered lightning.*
 Levynde, El. 18. Blasted, C.
 Levynne, Æ. 242. 528. M. 104. Ch. 35. T. 124. Lightning, C.
 Levynne bronde, Æ. 413. *Flash of lightning.*
 Liefe, Æ. 217. *Choice.*
 Liff, E. I. 7. Leaf.
 Likand, H. II. 177. Liking.
 Limed, El. 37. Glassy, C.
 Limitoure, Ch. 75. *A licenced begging friar.*
 Limmed, M. 90. Glassy, reflecting, C.
 Liffedd, T. 97. Bounded, C.
 *Liffeth, M. 15. Boundeth, C.

- Lift, v. H. I. 554. *Concern, cause to care.*
Lifteynge, St. C. 2. Listening.
 Lithie, Ep. 10. Humble, C. *Flexible, * insinuating.*
 Loafte, Æ. 455. Lofs.
 *Locke, Æ. 632. *Luck, good fortune.*
 *Lockless, Æ. 249. *Lucklefs, unfortunate.*
 *Lode, H. I. 386. *Load.*
 Lode, H. I. 33. *Praise, honor, qu.*
 Logges, E. I. 55. E. III. 2. *Cottages, C.*
 *Longe straughte. Æ. 1116. *Far extended, lengthened.*
 Lordynge, T. 57. *Standing on their hind legs, C. Rather, dull, heavy.*
 *Lore, Ep. 13. S. E. 6. *Learning, C.*
Lot. H. I. 256. Lot. fortune.
 Loverde, Æ. 270. 274. 666. E. III. 29. *Lord, C.*
 *Loughe, n. Ep. 27. *Laugh, C.*
Loustie. Æ. 1170. Lusty, lustfull.
 Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire, C.*
 Lowes, Æ. 681. 745. T. 137. *Flames, C.*
 Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames, C.*
Lowynge, Æ. 621. Flaming, burning.
Lurdanes, H. I. 36. Lord Danes.
 *Lycheynge, E. III. 5. *Liking, C.*
 *Lyene, H. II. 407. *Lye.*
Lyghethe, Æ. 626. Lodgeth.
 Lymmed, M. 33. *Polished, C.*
 Lynche, Æ. 931. El. 37. *Bank, C.*
 Lynge, Æ. 376. *Stay, C. Linger.*
 Lyoncelle, Æ. 505. E. II. 44. *Young lion, C.*
 Lyped, El. 34. *Linked, united, qu.*
 Lyffe, T. 2. *Sport or play, C.*
 Lyssed, Æ. 53. *Bounded. C.*
 *Lyvelyhode, Æ. 961. *Life, C.*
 M.
Magystrie H. II. 140. Mastery, victory.
 *Marvelle, G. 172. E. II. 70. *Wonder, C.*
 Mancas, G. 136. 149. 174. *Marks, C. Mancuses.*
 Manchyn, H. II. 222. *A sleeve, Fr.*
 Marckes, G. 163. G. R. 2. *A money of account in value two thirds of a pound,*

- pound, but here erroneously made synonymous with the mancusa.
- Maſterie*, Æ. 595. 762. *Maſtery*, victory.
- Maſterſchyppe*, Æ. 591. *Maſtery*, victory.
- Mate*, H. II. 137. *Match*.
- Maugre*, H. I. 204. *Notwithſtanding*, in ſpite of.
- **Maynt*, St. C. 86. H. II. 559, *Many*.
- **Mede*, Æ. 62. T. 107. *Reward*, C.
- Mee*, Æ. 62. III. 161. M. 8. Ch. 2. E. I. 31. *Meadow*, C.
- Meeded*, Æ. 39. *Rewarded*.
- **Melancholych*. El. 16. *Melancholy*.
- Memuine*, H. II. 120, *Meſnie-men*, attendants.
- Menged*, El. 42. H. II. 118. *Mixed*, the many.
- Meniced*, St. C. 146. *Menaced*, qu.
- Mennys*, Æ. 1109, *Men*.
- **Menſuredd*, T. 2 Bounded or meaſured, C.
- **Menynge*, Ep. 20 meaning
- Mere*, G. 58, *Lake*, C.
- Merke*, Æ. 1231. T. 55. 163. *Dark*, and gloomy.
- Merke-plant*, T. 176. *Nightſhade* C. *Rather*, ivy.
- Merker*, Æ. 1012. *Darker*.
- Merknefs*, Æ. 1005. 1128. *Darknefs*.
- Merkye*, Æ. 1058. *Dark*.
- Meve*, H. I. 485. *Move*.
- Meynte*, Ep. 40. Æ. 74. M. 77. E. I. 31. *Many*, great numbers, C.
- Mical*, H. I. 214. *Much*, *mighty*.
- Mieſel*, Æ. 550. *myſelf*.
- Milkynette*, El. 22. A ſmall bag pipe, C.
- Miſt*, Ch. 49. *Poor*, *needy*, C.
- Mitches*, El. 20. *Ruins*, C.
- **Mitte*, G. 153. A contraction of *mighty*, C.
- Mittee*, M. 65, G. 125. E. II. 28. *mighty*, C.
- Mockler*, St. C. 105. *More*, *Greater*, *mightier*.
- **Moke*, Æ. 964. *Dark*.
- Moke*, Ep. 5. P. G. I. G. 137. *Much*, C.
- Mokie*, Æ. 434. G. 48. *Lad*. 17. El. 29. *Black*, C.
- Mokynge*, H. II. 584. *mocking*, *murmuring*, qu.
- Mole*, Ch. 4. *ſoft*, C.
- Mollock*, G. 90. *Wet*, *moiſt*, C.
- **Molteryng*, Le. 35. R. C. 3. *Mouldy*, *mouldring*,
- **Mone*, E. II. 50. *Morn*.
- **Moneyng*, Ch. 17. *Lamenting*, *moaning*.
- Morthe*,

- **Morie*, Æ. 459. *Marfhy*. N.
 **Mormrynge*, Æ. 751. G. 18. Ne, Le. 11. Æ. 36. P. G. 6.
 murmuring. Not, C.
 Morthe, Æ. 307. *Death*, Ne, St. C. 43. *No, or, none*.
 murder. Ne, St. C. 58. *Nigh, or,*
 Morthynge, El. 4. *Mur-* nearly.
 dering, C. Nedere, Ep. II. Æ. 252.
 **Mofe*, Ch. 7. *Moſt*. 290. *Adder*, C.
 **Moſte*, Æ. 14. *Muſt*. Neete, St. C. 41. *Night*.
 Mote, P. G. 10. M. 83. Neſh, Æ. 163. T. 16. *Weak,*
 E. I. 22. *Might*, C. tender, C.
 Motte, H. II. 184. *Word*, Nete, Le. 2. Æ. 114. 551.
 or motto. 570. *Nothing*, C.
 **Mottring*, St. C. 4. H. II. Nete, Æ. 399. 895. M. 22.
 654. *Muttering*, *mur-* *Night*.
 muring. *Nethe*, Æ. 404. *Beneath*.
 Myckle, Le. 16. T. 96. Nillynge, Le. 16. *Unwil-*
 Much, C. ling, C.
 **Mychte*, Æ. 262. *Mighty*. Nome-depeyncted, E. II. 17.
Myghte amein, H. I. 72. Rebus'd ſhields, &c. C.
 Main force. *Notte*, Æ. 300. *Knot, faſten*.
 Myndbruche, Æ. 400. St. C. *Notte browne*, St. C. 49.
 74. 145. *Firmneſs of* Nut brown.
 mind, ſenſe of honor, qu. *Noyance*, Æ. 453. *Annoy-*
Mynemenne, H. II. 435. *ance*.
 Miners.
 Mynſterr, G. 75. Ba. 305. O.
 S. E. 41. *Monastery*, C. **Oares*, E. II. 13. *Wher-*
 **Mynſtrelle*, E. III. 80. A *ries*.
 minſtrel is a muſician, *Oathed*, Æ. 1104. *Bound*
 C. *upon oath*.
 Myrynge, Æ. 1217. *Wal-* Obaie, Æ. 385. E. I. 41.
 lowing. E. II. 26. *Abide*, C.
 **Myſtell*, H. II. 157. *Miſ-* Offrendes, Æ. 51. 421.
 call. Preſents, offerings, C.
 Myſterk, M. 33. *Myſtic*, C. Olyphauntes, Æ. 57. H.
 II. 619. *Elephants*, C.
 **Onſtemed*,

- *Onflemed, G. 192. Undismayed, C.
 Onknowlachynge, G. 171. T. 178. E. II. 26. Ignorant, unknowing, C.
 Onlist, Le. 45. Boundless, C.
 Onlyghte, Æ. 678. *Darken qu.*
 Ontylle, Æ. 1036. *Until.*
 *Onwordie, G. 172. *Unworthy.*
 *Oppe, T. 45. *Up.*
 *Optics, H. I. 407. *Eyes.*
 Orrests, G. 100. Overlets, C.
 Ouch'd, T. 80.
 Overest, Æ. 442. *Uppermost.*
 *Ounde, Æ. 366. 449, E. II. 8. *Wave.*
 Oundaynge, Æ. 440. *Undulating, swelling, qu.*
 Ouphante, Æ. 887. 928. H. I. 229. Ouphen, Elves.
 Ourt, H. II. 578. *Overt. Fr. Open. qu.*
 Ouzle, Æ. 104. Black bird, C.
 *Owlett. T. 56. E. I. 8. Owl, C.
 Owndes, G. 91. Waves, C.
 P.
 Paizde, H. II. 223. *Poised.*
 Pall, Ch. 31. *Contraction from appall to fright, C.*
 Paramente, Æ. 52. St. C. 45. Robes of Scarlet, C. M. 36. A princely robe, C.
 Parker, E. I. 36. *Park-keeper.*
 *Passente, El. 28. *Passing.*
 *Passent, T. 67. *Walking leisurely, C.*
 Paves, Æ. 647. Shields.
 Pavyes, Æ. 432. Shields.
 Payrde, L. C. II. 15. *Compared.*
 Peece, Ch. 5. Pied, C.
 Peene, Æ. 482. *Pain.*
 Penete, Ch. 46. Painted, C.
 Penne, Æ. 727. Mountain.
 Pensmenne, P. G. I. *Writers, historians, C.*
 Percase, Le. 21. Æ. 387. 1108. *Perchance, C.*
 Perdie, H. I. 147 * *For a certainty.*
 *Pere, Æ. 186. *Pear.*
 *Pere, E. I. 41. *Appear, C.*
 Pereynge, Æ. 96. *Appearing, peeping.*
 Perforce, Æ. 635. H. I. 353. *Of necessity.*
 Perpled, St. C. 99. Purple, qu. *Scattered, diffused, qu.*
 Persante, Æ. 560. 597. Piercing.
 Pete,

- Pete, *Æ.* 1000. *Beat, or pluck, qu.*
- *Peýnctedd, *Ep.* 4. Painted, C.
- Pheeres, *Æ.* 46. 202. Fellows, equals, C.
- Pheon, *H. II.* 272. In heraldry, The barbed head of a dart.
- Pheryons, *St. C.* 147.
- Picte, *E. III.* 91. Picture, C.
- *Piercedd, *T.* 133. Broken, or pierced through with darts, C.
- Pittie golphe, H. I.* 517. *The hollow of the pit.*
- Pleasaunce, Ep.* 12. *Æ.* 962. *M.* 44.¹ *Pleasure; blessing.*
- *Plies, *T.* 50. Sounds, C.
**Rather, bends, or frequently uses.*
- Plonce, H. II.* 564. *Plunge.*
- *Pole, *H. I.* 164. 378. *The crown of the head.*
- Pouche, Ch.* 62. *Purse.*
- Poyntelle, *Æ.* 6. 649. 682. *Le.* 44. A pen, &c. C.
**In the last place rather exactness, punctilio.*
- *Pre, *v.* *Æ.* 513. *To prey.*
- *Pre, *n.* *Æ.* 636. *Prey.*
- *Preche, *Æ.* 833. *Preach, exhort, recommend.*
- *Preeffschyppe, *E. III.* 42. *Priesthood.*
- Prevyd, *Æ.* 23. Hardy, valorous, C.
- Proto-flene, *H. II.* 38. First slain.
- Prowe, *H. I.* 108. *H. II.* 504. Forehead.
- *Prowes, *Æ.* 505. *G.* 32. Might, power, C.
- Puerilitie, H. I.* 67. *Childhood.*
- Pyghte, *Æ.* 60. 1083. 1137. *G.* 39. 76. *T.* 38. Pitched, or bent down. *M.* 73. Settled, C.
- Pyghtethe, *Ep.* 15. Plucks, or tortures, C.
- Pynant, *Le.* 4. Languid, insipid, pining, meagre.
- Q.
- Quacedd, *T.* 14. Vanquished, C.
- Quanfled, *Æ.* 241. 427. Stilled, quenched, C.
- Quayntyffled, *T.* 4. Curiously devised, C.
- Queede, *Æ.* 283. 455. 986. The evil one, the devil.
- Quent, *S. E.* 28. *Quaint, strange.*
- R.
- Rampynge, *Æ.* 282. *T.* 6. *Furious.*
- Receivure, *G.* 151. Receipt, C.
- Recendize, *Æ.* 543. For, Recreandize, cowardice.
- Recer,

- Recer, H. I. 87. For, Reynynge, Æ. 627. 846.
 Racer. Ch. 72. Running, C.
 Recrandize, Æ. 1192. For, Reytes, Æ. 899. Water-
 Recreandize, Cowar- flags, C.
 dice.
 Reddoure, Æ. 30. Vio- Ribaude, Ep. 9. Rake,
 lence, C. lewd person, C.
 Rede, Le. 18. Æ. 2. 68. Ribbande geere. St. C. 44.
 Wisdom, C. Ornamentsofribbands.
 Reded, G. 79. Counfelled, *Ribible, E. I. 25. Violin,
 C. C.
 Redeynge, Æ. 227. 601. *Riese, E. 11. 8. Rise.
 Advice. Riped, Æ. 181. Ripened.
 Regrate, Le. 7. Æ. 1038. Rodded, Ch. 3. Reddened,
 M. 70. Esteem, Favor, C. C.
 C. Roddie, Æ. 1014. M. 5. Red.
 Reine, T. 27. E. II. 25. *Roddie levynne. M. 104.
 Run, C. Red lightning, C.
 Rele, n. Æ. 529. G. 144. Rode, Æ. 851. E. I. 59.
 M. II. Wave, C. Complexion, C.
 Reles, v. Æ. II. 63. Waves, Roder, Æ. 1064. Rider,
 C. traveller.
 *Rennomde, Æ. 732. H. I. Rodeynge, Æ. 324. Riding.
 344. Honored, renowned. Roghlynge, T. 69. Rolling,
 Rennome, Æ. 287. 480. C.
 T. 28. Honor, glory, C. Roiend, Æ. 577. Ruined.
 Rentynge rolls. St. C. 127. Rostlying, E. I. 7. Rustling.
 Rentrolle, Ch. 86. Rou, Æ. 303. 526. G. 10.
 *Requiem, Ep. 19. A Horrid, Grim, C.
 service used over the Rouncy, Le. 32. Cart-
 dead, C. horse, C.
 *Responfed, St. C. 4. Royn, Æ. 324. Ruin.
 Answered. Royner, Æ. 242. 324. 613.
 Ruiner.
 *Rewynde, Ba. 58. Ruined. Rynde, Æ. 1191. Ruined.
 Reyne, Æ. 481. 509. G. *Ryne, Æ. 254. Run
 120. Run, C.

- S.
 Sabalus, E. I. 22. The Devil, C.
 Sabbataners, Æ. 275. 583. *Booted Soldiers.*
 *Sable, Le. 14. *Black, in heraldry.*
 *Sable, E. II. 60. Blacken, C.
 Sable, Æ. 1009. *Darkness.*
 Sable Æ. 1006. 1053. *Black,*
 Saie, H. I. 51. *Sagum Lat. Military cloak.*
 Sanguen, El. 10. *Bloody.*
 Sarim's plain, H. I. 301. *Salisbury plain.*
 'Sayld, H. II. 299. *Affailed.*
 Scalle, Æ. 202. 730. 996. Shall, C.
 Scante, Æ. 1132. Scarce, C.
 Scantillie, Æ. 1009. H. II. 525. *Scarcely, sparingly, C.*
 Scarpes, Æ. 52. Scarfs, C.
 Scarre, Æ. 982. *Mark.*
 *Scathe, Ep. 12. Hurt, damage, C.
 Scathe, Ch. 86. *Scarce.*
 Scaunce-layd, C. H. 5. *Uneven.*
 Scauncing, St. C. 56. *Glancing, or looking obliquely.*
 Scethe, T. 96. Damage, mischief, C.
 *Schafstes, Æ. 253. *Shafts, arrows.*
Scheafted, H. II. 542. Adorned with turrets.
 Scille, E. III. 33. Gather, C.
 Scillye, G. 207. *Closely, C.*
 Scolles, Æ. 238. *Shoies.*
 Scondè, H. I. 20. for Abfcond.
 *Scritch'd, H. I. 436. *Shrieked, screamed.*
 Seck, H. I. 461. for Suck.
 Seeled, Ent. II. *Closed, C.*
 Seere, Æ. 1163. Search, C.
 *Selke, Æ. 250. *Silk.*
 Selyness, Le. 56. Æ. 81. C. H. I. *Happiness, C.*
 Semblamente, St. C. 10. *Appearance.*
 Semblate, St. C. 67. *Appearance.*
 Seme, E. III. 32. Seed, C.
 Semecope, Ch. 87. *A short under-cloke, C.*
 Semlykeene, Æ, 9. 1145. G. 56. *Countenance, beauty, C.*
 Semmlykeed, Æ. 298. St. C. 113 *Countenance.*
 Sendaument, St. C. 126. *Appearance.*
 Sete, Æ. 1068. Seat.
 Shap, Æ. 34. 364. T. 36. Fate, C.
 Shap scurged, Æ. 602. Fate-scourged, C.
 Sheene T. 3. E. II. 19. *Lustre, shine.*
 *Sheene,

- **Sheene*, *Le.* 36. *Æ.* 8. *To shine.*
- Shemres*, *Æ.* 9. *E.* II. 37. *Shines.*
- Shemrynge*, *Æ.* 738. *G.* 14. *T.* 3. *E.* II. 14. *Glimmering*, *C.*
- Shente*, *Æ.* 1092. *T.* 157. *Broke*, *destroyed*, *C.*
- Shepen*, *St. C.* 97. *Innocent qu.*
- Shepsterr*, *Æ.* 87. 115. *E.* I. 6. *Shepherd*, *C.*
- Shettynge*, *Ch.* 69. *Shooting.*
- Shoone pykes*, *Ch.* 53. *St. C.* 44. *Shoes with piked toes. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by* 3. *Edw.* 4. *c.* 5.
- Shotte*, *Æ.* 994. *Shut.*
- Shotteyng*, *E.* I. 37. *Closing, shutting,*
- Shrove*, *H.* II. 432. *Shrouded*
- **Siker*, *H.* II. 97. *Sure.*
- Skyne*, *H.* II. 405. *Sky.*
- **Slea*, *G.* 51. 85. *Slay*, *C.*
- **Sleath*, *E.* I. 43. *Destroyeth, killeth*, *C.*
- **Sledde*, *Ba.* 189. *Sledge, hurdle.*
- **Slee*, *Æ.* 968. *G.* 68. *Slay*, *C.*
- **Sleene*, *Æ.* 415. 693. *G.* 125. *Slain*, *C.*
- Sleeve*, *H.* I. 178. *Clue of thread.*
- Sletre*, *Æ.* 538. 800. *Slaughter.*
- **Sleyghted*, *St. C.* 74. *Slighted.*
- **Sleynges*, *T.* 79. *Slings.*
- Slughornes*, *Æ.* 255. 690. *E.* II. 9. *A musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy*, *T.* 31. *A kind of clarion*, *C.*
- Smethe*, *Æ.* 817. 1100. *T.* 101. *Smoke*, *C.*
- Smething*, *Æ.* 409. 607. *G.* 10. *T.* 161. *Smoking*, *C.*
- Smore*, *H.* I. 412. *Besmeared*
- Smothe*, *Ch.* 36. *Steam, or vapors*, *C.*
- Snett*, *T.* 46. *Bent*, *C.* *Snatched up, qu.*
- **Snoffelle*, *C. F.* 4. *Snuff up.*
- Sockeynge*, *Æ.* 442. *Sucking*
- Solle*, *R. C.* 9. *Soul.*
- Sorfeeted*, *Æ.* 604. *Surfeited*
- Sothe*, *Æ.* 39. *Truth.*
- Sothen*, *Æ.* 227. *H.* II. 704. *Sooth*, *qu.*
- Soughle*, *Æ.* 8. 279. 414. *Soul.*
- **Soughlys*, *E.* III. 63. *Souls C.*
- Souten*, *H.* I. 252. *For, Sought*, *pa. t. sing, qu.*
- Sparre*, *H.* I. 26. *A wooden bar. or inclosure.*
- Spedde*, *St. C.* 5. *H.* II. 525. *Reached, attained, qu.*

- Spencer, T. II. Dispenfer, C.
 Spere, Æ. 69. *Allow. qu.*
 Sphere, Æ. 488. *spear.*
 *Splete, H. I. 110. 295.
Cleaved, split.
 Sprenged, Æ. 161. *Sprinkled.*
 *Sprytes, Æ. 195. 286. E.
 II. 1. Spirits, souls, C.
 Spyring, Æ. 706. Tower-
 ing.
 *staie, H. II. 621. *Support,*
prop.
 Staie, H. I. 198. *Fastening.*
 Starks, T. 73. Stalks.
 *Steck, H. II. 516. *Stuck.*
 *Stednefs, G. 169. Firmnefs,
 stedfastnefs, C.
 Steeked, Æ. 1187.
 *Steemde, H. I. 234. *Reeked,*
steamed.
 Steemie, H. I. 386, *steam-*
ing.
 Steeres, S. E. 40 Stairs.
 Stent, T. 134. Stained, C.
 Steynced, Æ. 189. *Alloyed,*
or stained, qu.
 *Steyne, Ent. 5. *Stain, blot,*
disgrace.
 Stoke H. I. 511. *Stuck.*
 Storthe, G. R. 10. *Death.*
 Storven, Æ. 607, Dead, C.
 *Storven, Æ. 441. *For,*
strove, qu.
 *Stowe, H. II. 251. *Place,*
city.
 Straughte, Æ. 59. 164. G.
 198. T. 143. Stretched,
 C.
 stre, H. II. 712. *straw.*
 Stree, H. II. 454. *strew.*
 Stret, Æ. 158. Stretch, C.
 Strev. Æ. 54. 356. Strive.
 Stringe, G. 10. E. I. 35.
 Strong, C.
 *strynge, Æ. 504. 643.
strong.
 stynts. H. II. 639. *Stops.*
 *Substant, H. I. 189. *Sub-*
stantial.
 Suffycyll, Æ. 62. 980.
Sufficient.
 *Super-hallie, G. 78. Over
 righteous, C.
 *Surcote, E. I. 5. A cloke
 or mantel which hid
 all the other drefs, C.
 *Suster, Æ. 389. G. 54.
Sister.
 *Swanges, Ch. 40. *Wave to*
and fro.
 Swarthe, Æ. 265. *Spirit,*
ghost.
 Swarthlefs, H. II. 563.
Dead, expired.
 Swarthyng, Æ. 295. *Ex-*
piring.
 Sweft-kervd, E. II. 20. short
 liv'd, C. *Rather quick*
made.
 *Sweltrie, T. 61, Ch. I.
 Sultry, C.
 Swolteryng,

- Swolteryng, *Æ.* 444. *Overwhelming, qu.*
 *Swolyng, *G.* 91. Swelling, *C.*
 *Swote, *Æ.* 43. *E.* I. 23. Sweet, *C.*
 *Swotelie, *Æ.* 157. *T.* 169. Sweetly, *C.*
 Swotie, *Æ.* 101. *E.* II. 9. Sweet, *C.*
 Swythe, *Æ.* 117. 431. Quickly, *C.*
 Swythen, *T.* 12. Quickly, *C.*
 Swythyn, *Æ.* 206. Quickly, *C.*
 Syke, *Le.* 13. *Æ.* 12. *E.* II. 6. Such, *to, C.*
sythe, s. E. I. since.
 Sythence, *Æ.* 470. 717. Since then.
 T.
 Takells, *Æ.* 278. 509. *T.* 72. Arrows, *C.*
Talbots, H. II. 453. A species of dogs.
Teeming, H. I. 5. Prolific.
 Teint, *H. I.* 462. For, Tent, *Rather, Tincture.*
 Tempest-chaff, *E.* III. 92. Tempest-beaten, *C.*
 Tende. *T.* 113. Attend or wait, *C.*
 Tene, *Æ.* 366. Sorrow.
 Tentyflie, *E.* III. 48. Carefully, *C.*
 Thight, *H.* II. 578. *Consolidated, closed.*
Thilk, H. I. 81. 203. That, or, such,
**Those, Æ. 140. G. 25. Thus.*
 Thoughtenne, *Æ.* 172. 1135. *Ch. 54. For, Thought, pa, t, sing.*
 Thraflarke, *qu. H. II. 427. For, Thrasleaves, Thrushes.*
 Throfle, *Æ.* 857. Thrush.
 *Thyk, *G.* 28. Such, *C.*
 Thyssen, *E.* II. 27. These or those, *qu.*
 Tochelod, *Æ.* 205. *Tackled, or joined, qu.*
 Tore, *Æ.* 964. 1019. Torch, *C.*
Tofte, Æ. 458. For, Tofs.
 *Tourneie, *T.* 85. 126. *H. I. 133. Turnament, C.*
 Trechit, *H.* II. 93. For, Treget, Deceit.
 Treynted, *Æ.* 454. *Scattered.*
 *Trone, *G.* 38. 131. *E.* II. 11. Throne, *C.*
 *Trothe, *E.* III. 60. Truth, *C.*
 *Troulie, *St. C.* 124. *True, truly.*
 *Tryckde, *M.* 68. *Ba. 296. Dressed.*
 *Twaie, *G.* 200. Two, *C.*
 *Twayne, *E.* III. 70. Two, *C.*

Twighte,

- Twighte, M. 7. E. II. 78. Plucked, pulled, C.
 **Twistynde*, T. 55. *Twisted, entangled.*
 Twytte, E. I. 2. Pluck or pull, C.
 Tyde, Æ. 86. 291. *For, betyde.*
 Tyngge, Æ. 282. Tongue.
 Tyngge, M. 49. *Tint, tinge.*
 Tyngue, Æ. 353. 512. Tongue.
 Tytend, H. I. 488. *Tightened, fastened.*
- V.
- Val, T. 188. Helm, C.
 Venge, H. I. 119. *Vengeance, revenge.*
 Vengouslie, H. I. 347. *Revengefully.*
 Vengynge, H. II. 64. *Revengeing.*
 Vernage, H. II. 11. Vernaccia, Ital. A fort of rich wine.
 Verte, T. 81. *Green branches and leaves.*
 Ugsomlie, Æ. 555. *Terribly.*
 Ugfomme, Æ. 303. 594. *Terrible, E. II. 55. Terribly, C.*
 Ugsomness, Æ. 506. *Terror, C.*
 **Villeyne*, H. I. 419. 560. *Vassal, servant.*
 Virgyne, Ch. I. *The sign of Virgo.*
- Unaknelled, H. I. 288. Without any knell rung for them. qu.
 Unburled, Æ. 1185. G. 27. Unarmed, C.
 *Uncouthe, M. 13. Unknown, C.
 Uncted, M. 30, Anointed, C.
 Undelievre, G. 27. Unactive, C.
 Undevyse, Æ. 448. *Explain.*
 Unenhaptend, Æ. 635. Unaccustomed, C.
 Unespryte, G. 27. Unspirited, C.
 **Uneyned*, Æ. 515. *Blind.*
 *Ungentle, P. G. I. Inglorious, Ch. 18. Beggarly, C.
 Unhailie, Ch. 85. Unhappy, C.
 *Unkend, G. 59. Unknown, C.
 Unknelled, H. II. 556. As, Unaknelled.
 Unliart, P. G. 4. Unforgiving, C.
 Unliste, E. III. 86. Unbounded, C.
 Unlored, E. 25. Unlearned, C.
 Unlydgefulle, Æ. 536. *Rebellious, disobedient.*
 Unplyte, Æ. 1237. G. 86. Explain, C.
 Unquaced, E. III. 90. Unhurt, C.
 Unsprytes,

Unsprytes, Æ. 1211. Un-
fouls, C.

Untentyff, G. 79. Uncare-
ful, neglected, C.

*Unthewes, M. 32. Barba-
rity, C.

Unthylle, T. 30. Uselefs, C.

Unwere, Æ. 519. 965. E. III.

87. Tempest, C.

Unwote, H. I. 261. Unknown.

Volunde, Æ. 73. Memory,
understanding, G. 140.

Will, C.

Upryfte, Æ. 927. G. 59. Ri-
fen, C.

Upryne, H. II. 719. *Raise*
up.

Upfwalynge, Æ. 258. E. II.
15. Swelling, C.

*Upfwol, E. II. 84. Swoll-
en, C.

*Vyed, Æ. 41. *Viewed*.

W.

Walsome, H. II. 92. Wlat-
some, loathsome.

Wanhope, G. 34. Despair. C.

*Wanne, Ba. 138. H. II. 76.
Pale.

*Warde, E. I. 30. To keep
off, C. Æ. 372. *Watch*,
observe.

Wardest, Æ. 49. *Watchest*,
observest.

*Wafch. Æ. 325. *Wash*.

Wafle cake. St. C. 100. *Cake*
of white bread.

Waylde. Æ. II. Choice, fe-
lected.

Waylynge, E. II. 68. De-
creasing, C.

Wayne, E. II. 49. E. III.
Car. C.

Weale, Æ. 599. T. 20. *Govern-*
ment.

Wede, M. 43. *Dress*.

Weere, Æ. 834. 999. Grief, C.

*Weirs, H. I. 125. 400. *Locks*
or sluices, qu.

*Wele, Æ. 343. *Welfare, go-*
vernment.

Welke, H. I. 34. *Heavenly*
course, qu.

Welked, E. III. 50. Wi-
thered, C.

Welkynne, Æ. 167, 524, 1054.
Heaven, C.

Whaped, H. II. 574. *As, A-*
whaped.

*Whestlyng, Æ. 165. *Whistling*.

*Whydder, G. R. 6. *Whither*.

*Whylomme, P. G. I. Of
old, formerly, C.

*Widder, St. 138. *Wither*.

Wiseegger, E. III. 8. A phi-
losopher, C.

Wite, G. 176. Reward. C.

Wites, H. II. 21. Men, people.

Withe, E. III. 36. A contrac-
tion of wither, C.

Woden blue, St. C. 45. *Dyed*
blue with woad.

*Woe, T. 102. Hurt or da-
mage, C.

Woe-

- Woe-be-gone*, Ch. 23. *Woe-ful*, miserable.
Woe-be-mentyng, El. 36.
Woe-bewailing.
**Wolfynnes*, Æ. 496. 637. M. 85. *Wolves*.
Wolfsome, Le. 5. Æ. 519. H.II. 567. As, *Walfome*.
Wordeyng, Æ. 1229. *Sending word*.
**Wordhy*, Æ. 483. 612. *Worthy*.
Wote, G. 145. L. C. I. 7. C. H. 3. *Know*.
Wotted, H. II. 8. *Knew*.
Wotteth, L. C. I. 10. *Knowest*.
Wraytes, St. C. 8. As *Reytes*.
Wrynn, Æ. 653. T. 117. *Declare*, C.
Wurche. v. Æ. 499. E. III. 19. *Work*, C.
**Wurche*, n. P. G. 5. *Work*. C.
Wurcheſt. E. III. 61. *Workest*, C.
**Wurchethe*, Æ. 329. *Worketh*.
**Wurchys*, Æ. 1237. *Works*.
Wychnecref, Æ. 420. *Witchcraft*.
Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief*, trouble, C.
**Wylfes*, Æ. 993. *Wolves*.
Wympled, G. 207. *Mantled*, Covered, C.
Wynnynge, Æ. 219. *Charms*, allurements.
**Wyſche*, Le 56. Æ. 505. G. 83. *Wiſh*.
Y.
Yan, Æ. 72. *Than*.
Yaped, Ep. 30. Æ. 234. *Laughable*, C.
Yatte, Le II. 29. T. 9. *That*. C.
Ybereyng, Æ. 732. *Bearing*.
Yblente, Æ. 48. 393. *Blinded*, C.
Yborne, Æ. 135. *Son*.
Ybrende, Æ. 611. *Burn*.
**Ybrente*, Æ. 258. T. 137. *Burnt*, C.
Ybroched, G. 96. *Horned*, C.
Ybroghten, Æ. 918. *Brought*.
Ycame, H. II. 675. *Came*.
Ycleped, M. 68. H. I. 453.
Ycorne, Æ. 374. *Engraved*, carved.
Ycorvenn, T. 170. *Tomould* C.
Ycraſedd. T. 132. G. R. 16. *Broken*, C.
Ydeyd, H. II. 9. *Dyed*.
Ydronks, T. 39. *Drinks*.
Yeave, G. 133. *Give*.
Yenne, *Then*.
Yer, Le 12. Ent. 3. E. II. 29. *Their*.
Yer, Æ. 152. 611. *Your*.
Yev, Le. 34. Æ. 360. 915. T. 12. *Give*, C.
**Yeyre*, Æ. 633. G. 101. *Their*, C.
Yie,

- Yie, Æ. 536. Thy. Yspende, T. 179. Consider, C.
 Yformed, H. II. 203. *Formed*. Ystorven, G. 140. E. I. 52.
 Ygrove, H. II. 434. *Graven*, Dead, C.
 or formed. Ytorne, Æ. 366. H. II. 46.
 Yinder, Æ. 691. Yonder. *Torn*.
 Yis, This. Ytsel, E. I. 18. Itself.
 Ylachd, H. II. 436. *Enclosed*, Ywielde, Æ. 670. G. 157. *Wield*.
 shut up. Ywreene, E. II. 30. Æ. II.
 Ylayn, Æ. 271. *Lying, lain*. Covered, C.
 Ymade, H. II. 281. *Made*. Ywrynde, Æ. 129. M. 100.
 Ynhyme, Ent. 5. Interr, C. Hid, covered, C.
 Ynutyle, Æ. 198. Useless. Ywrynde, Æ. 335. St. C. 71.
 Ypass, H. I. 552. *Pass, pass-* *Disclosed. qu*.
 ed. Ywryte, Æ. 648. *Write*.
 Yreaden, H. II. 207. *Made* *Ywroghte, Æ. 199. *Wrought*.
 ready. Yyne, Æ. 539. Thine.
 Yreerde, L. C. I. 6. *Reared*, *Yynge, Æ. 516. *Young*.
 raised.
 Yroughte, H. II. 318. For, Z.
 Ywroughte. Zabalus, Æ. 427. As, Saba-
 Yspedde, Æ. 786. M. 102. lus, the Devil.
 Dispatched, C.

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